THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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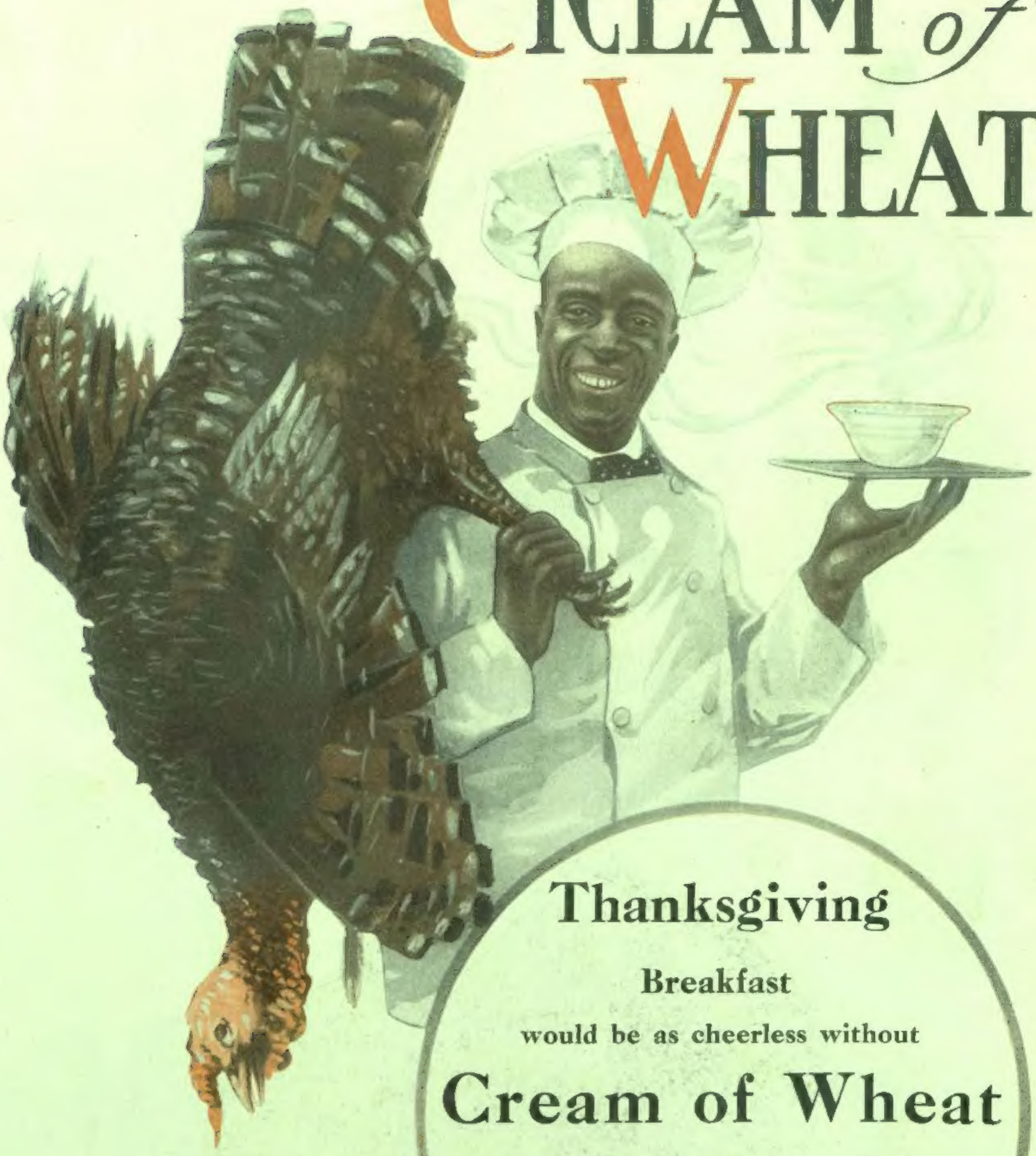
THANKSGIVING

CREAM of WHEAT



Thanksgiving

Breakfast

would be as cheerless without

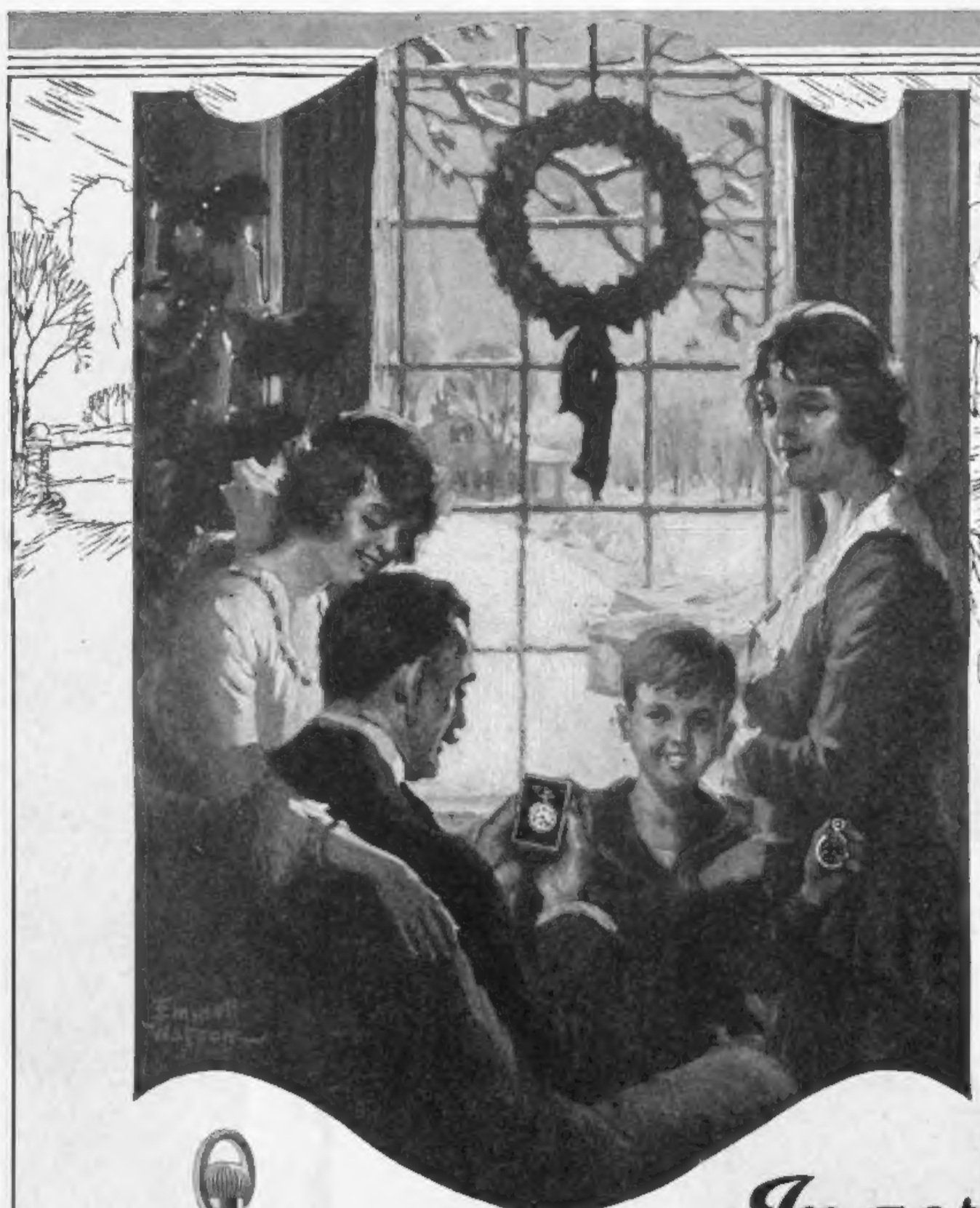
Cream of Wheat

as the dinner would be without a Turkey

Cream of Wheat

FOR SALE AT ALL GROCERS

CREAM OF WHEAT CO.
MINNEAPOLIS



THERE'S no gift like a watch, nothing used so much, consulted so often, carried so long. The Ingersoll you give now will be ticking *Christmas Greetings* next July—next September, and so on through the years to come.

Ingersoll Watches

There are fifteen different Ingersoll models from which to choose, including jeweled watches and the famous Radiolites that tell time in the dark.

Radiolite—$3.25
Tells time in the dark. Radium does it.
In Canada $3.50

Reliance 7-jewel
Thin bridge model. In nickel case at $8.00 or in gold-filled at $11.50.
In Canada $8.75 and $13.50

Waterbury Radiolite
A jeweled Ingersoll that tells time in the dark—$6.25
In Canada $7.25

Radiolite Two-In-One
The Radiolite in an ivory-like stand—$3.50
In Canada $3.75

Gift Suggestions

***For the* COLLEGE GIRL**
Stores located near the famous girls' colleges do a rushing business on Ingersolls. Why not give an Ingersoll? The dealer will show you several models: Wrist watch, "Two-In-One," Midget.

***For the* DOCTOR**
A doctor needs "spare" watches—on his desk—or his wrist. Give him a "Two-In-One," $3.50, or a Wrist watch, $5.75. Or one of the jeweled watches at the left.

***For the* HOUSEKEEPER**
The Radiolite "Two-In-One" for desk, dressing table, on the piano or in the kitchen. Price $3.50. Ingersolls are watches for the home.

***For the* NURSE**
A Wrist watch that tells time in the dark—the Ingersoll Midget Wrist Radiolite—a useful gift. $5.75.

***For the* FARMER**
A farmer needs two watches—a watch for work and one for "dress-up." In other words, one of the low-priced Ingersolls and a jeweled Ingersoll. He'd prefer a Radiolite.

***For the* BUSINESS MAN**
The "Two-In-One" as a *desk* watch at $3.50. And if he hasn't a good pocket watch, one of the jeweled models—at the left.

***For the* TEACHER**
"Two-In-One" pictured at the left. Or the Wrist watch at $5.75. Or the Midget Radiolite, $5.25, a small watch for women.

***For the* SPORTSMAN**
A Radiolite Wrist watch, of course. The time's always in sight at a glance. Besides, it tells the time in the dark. Price $5.75.

***For the* MAN WHO DOES HEAVY WORK**
Ingersolls are sturdy but they keep accurate time. The famous Yankee at $2.25, or the Eclipse at a dollar more or a Radiolite. For "dress-up" a jeweled Ingersoll.

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Nothing would please a boy as much as a Radiolite at $3.25, or the Eclipse Radiolite at $4.25. For older boys, too, a Waterbury Radiolite, as illustrated.

***For the* SALESMAN**
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***For the* MOTORIST**
Give a Wrist watch, $5.75, or any one of the Radiolite models. The Waterbury Radiolite is a jeweled Radiolite.

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BIG PEOPLE

By Henry Sydnor Harrison

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

MR. WOLLASTON took some time to read the papers. The emissary from the Navy Department sat by the window looking down into the littered and lamp-lit street. Her complete immobility suggested a certain tension, proper enough in an underling awaiting a verdict of moment from supreme authority. But the inference was deceitful; the emissary had forgotten the papers, forgotten the great Board Chief altogether; and her thoughts, which had been tinged all day with bitterness and with a curious excitement, too, were a thousand leagues away.

To this office she had first come literally as a messenger. Her instructions that day did not even include waiting for an answer. But the waters of much experience, much resolute labor, had flowed under the bridge since then. On the bureau roster of a year ago this girl's name had appeared—extremely near the bottom—as "F. E. Hardy, landsman for yeoman," a title whose strange technical mysteriousness had in the beginning stirred and elated her. Now the blue sleeve of her smart uniform bore the rating marks, obviously new, of a C. P. O. By faith and works the greenest of the amateur stenographers had made herself, morally speaking, the personal assistant of the division head, though for obscure reasons—possibly connected with sex antagonism—Lieutenant Charles still let the title rest with Ensign Frothingham, who, as Yeoman Patrick once disrespectfully observed, "wouldn't know a Northern neutral if one bit him on the ankle." Such inhibitions meant nothing to George Wollaston of the Board, however, who, prizing exact knowledge above rubies, took and applauded it where he found it, regardless of badges, ribbons, stars or sexes. The effect was the more agreeable in that Mr. Wollaston, in peace or in war, was a personage, beyond ensigns and lieutenants. A strikingly successful man of business—he was a rubber manufacturer from Ohio and made money by the drayful, Mr. Charles said—here, in his sabbatical year of service, he had easily taken place as one of the most interesting and commanding figures in dollar-a-year Washington. But for a long time now he had been treating this girl, who came increasingly often to his office for responsible consultations, quite like an equal, and she was at home in the august presence.

"I Adore Missing the First Few Acts," Noted Ethel as They Rose

It was five-thirty o'clock, after hours, and the immense government shack, with its acres of pasteboard walls and miles of flimsy corridors, was almost empty. Mr. Wollaston came to the end of the long exposition, shuffled the sheets together, said "Hm" and turned back to the beginning again. Chief Yeoman Hardy continued to stare down at piles of building débris, sparsely dotted with red lanterns. The quiet had become like solitude, and she had had neither solitude nor quiet before, that busy day. Her gloved fingers touched her breast, and beneath tunic and blouse, close to her heart, she could feel the square of folded paper round which her secret and essential thought had continually fluttered, while head and hands were occupied far otherwise. The paper was a message, from a long way off, a summons completely personal. She had looked at it but once—when she found it lying face-up in her "Incoming" basket at quarter to nine that morning—but the words, few and simple, were well remembered:

Sailing Bordeaux Transylvania twenty-third. Expect leave on arrival. Can you meet me New York?
RUSSELL.

And now, as she sat officially, with expressionless face, her mind was a jumble of acute hidden feeling, of rare nervous anxieties, of complicated, general but profound resentments, and above all of passionate pride in the sender of the summons, who by his exploits and his service stood so newly upon a pedestal, a nimbus about his brow.

"I suppose you wrote this?" said Mr. Wollaston suddenly.

The girl's head turned. Attentiveness and intelligence swam instantly into her eyes, but she did not jump or start.

"Yes. Of course, under Lieutenant Charles' direction."

"It goes pretty far."

"Our position is that American business is entitled to that much relief at least—and the sooner the better."

"That's the argument of course. By the way, my sister and her husband are here from St. Louis—Colonel and Mrs. Burley. I'm having a few people to lunch with them to-morrow at the Shoreham. Will you come?"

"I?"

"Why not?"

At another moment, beyond surprise, the girl must have been flattered at so unprecedented a mark of esteem. Renown apart, it happened that she personally admired Mr. Wollaston; she even feared him a little; by the knowledge of many meetings she liked him very much. But now, looking directly at him, in his prosperity and his ease, she seemed principally aware that the blight was upon him too; the blight that for days past had seemed to lie so heavily upon the contented young officers and yeomen with whom her days went.

Besides, she had a simple rule in regard to all men met in a business way, however distinguished or sedate.

"Thank you, I'm afraid I can't. But it's nice of you to think of it."

To mitigate the baldness of that she added, after a deliberate pause: "You see, I can allow myself only half an hour for lunch. We are frightfully busy just now—busier than ever since the armistice, it seems."

"Too bad. I'm really sorry," said Mr. Wollaston. "My sister's a very nice woman—not a bit like me."

His eyes, which had one day made her think of a granite wall round an institution—it was the occasion when she had learned to fear him a little—dropped to the papers. However, he raised them at once and said without any change of expression:

"You seem a little distrait to-day. Am I right?"

"Distrait? I wasn't conscious of seeming so. May I apologize?"

"In fact the thought crossed my mind the last time you were here—Monday, wasn't it? I hope ——"

"Really this is unpardonable of me. Is Mr. Charles to be told that I'm not proving satisfactory as his representative?"

Disregarding this feminism, the man said straightforwardly, "May I ask if there's anything wrong?"

She was struck with the evidence of an insight, a sympathy even, which in other directions had sometimes seemed to her wanting. But a light showed in her eyes.

"Yes—everything! I will confess. However, an analysis of my sentiments would bore you, I fear. You might even think it womanly!"

Her deceptive vivacity faded a little, despite herself, as she added: "A man just told me that he had had the happiest year of his life—here in Washington."

Mr. Wollaston leaned back a little, with a stare. He was thirteen years older than she and possibly considered that he knew five times as much.

"Am I to understand that you're against people's being happy?"

"Well, I wonder at it, under the circumstances. And that explains me in a way too—briefly. For the more people there are who feel perfectly happy these days the more it appears necessary for others to feel—though not necessarily to seem—what you call distrait. You agree?"

"How can I agree—when I don't understand a little bit? You are absolutely too subtle."

The girl smiled. She was dark, with a colorless skin, and her face in repose looked overserious. But Ensign Dawson, who wrote verse in secret, had likened the effect of her smile to "flinging ope a stained-glass window giving on a golden garden." He had tried over many versions of the concept in his fancy, but this may be accepted as on the whole his final text. The present smile, however, was a feat of character; it was transient and it was not pacific.

"I thought I was childlike in my simplicity. Of course I spoke of the obligation—in honor, if you like, for it's a common cause—from those who give nothing to those who give everything."

"The obligation? To do what?"

"Naturally, to share in their giving, in their suicidal generosity—in the only way we can. Through the understanding—through the feelings."

"But what good does that do?"

"Good?"

"Really, does it help anybody or anything to spend time and energies in lamenting—sentimentalizing perhaps—the unescapable sufferings of war? For that's what I understand you to say? Don't we who stay at home in fact help the sufferers more by plugging to keep the world going somehow—by trying to lay hold of some positive good in the mess—and being happy if we can?"

Her instant feeling was that in that rationalism, harder than a stone and with the fatal smoothness of convenience, the captain of industry had written his own epitaph. Even Lieutenant Charles had his moments when he brandished a slender fist and classically damned the Germans.

The pause was long enough for one to count ten. The petty officer said with quickening breath:

"I spoke of it as an obligation. That isn't right of course. It's an instinctive response. People either feel it or they don't feel it. But of course one gets in the habit of judging people by what they feel or fail to feel under acid tests like this." Having let fall another pause, she resumed in a measured way:

"If I seem abstracted to-day there's a coincidence to account for it perhaps. A few hours before this man told me how happy he was—he's a young man, with all his faculties, doing work as tame as a girl's—I heard that one of our best friends, a soldier, was sailing for home this week. He belongs with another class, with those who've given everything—suffered everything. I'm proud of him, I adore him for what he's done and I—shrink from seeing him."

If the Board Chief's gaze now clearly questioned her she was not aware of it, needing no more prompting. Conceivably, since she was a woman, the simple desire to talk about what lay close to her heart was not wholly wanting. Beyond that she was driven by a conscious longing to shake this ease, to pierce this man with a hurting knowledge of those vicarious tragedies which seemed to her latterly to people the world.

"I'm not thinking of his wounds particularly—though as a matter of fact he was wounded twice. Once, the first time, at Soissons—with the bayonet. And then in the Argonne he got three machine-gun bullets in his knee, cleaning out some German nests. He got a citation for that—and was retired. That's why they're letting him come home so soon—they've lamed him. But wounds to the body don't matter so much, do you think? At least they speak for themselves, so the dullest understand. I've been thinking so much lately of those—those deeper hurts which people hardly notice and never praise, of the men who have given us, not their lives but in some way themselves—who have felt everything so intensely that they can never have much interest in anything again. I've known several—rather bad cases lately. But perhaps this does bore you, after all. Perhaps I'm keeping ——"

"You do not bore me—you're not keeping me. I assure you I'm very much interested. Please go on."

Pressing her hand against her breast, where her cablegram lay, the girl spoke movingly—to herself at least—of a friend of hers in Caledonia, Henry Risdale, the promising and once ambitious, who had come home in September with only a finger or two missing, very brown and husky looking, but whom no cajolery or ingenuity had shaken so far in his strange voiceless depression. And then she sketched Major Gunther, who had been meant for a poet and looked so eerily handsome with his suddenly white hair, and who after three months' rocking in a wicker chair on the back porch at home had blown out his brains while the bells were ringing on November eleventh.

She had meant to speak of her brother Frederick, who had just returned "entirely recovered" from a touch of shock, loquacious and very fat, and taken instantly to public lectures and drink. But she found she couldn't bear to speak of Frederick. She let her case rest.

"I've been thinking that men like these are the true tragic heroes of the war. They are heroes because they've ruined themselves to save the rest of us. They are tragic because the ways in which they've ruined themselves are terrible—obscure, unhonored and soon forgotten. Well, I don't mean to forget them. That's the sum of what I am trying to say. I refuse to regard such suffering as—a philosophic abstract. And I'd despise myself if I pretended that it meant or could mean any kind of positive good."

"I'll Meet You Here on the Sidewalk at One o'Clock. Do You Know, I Think You're Doing a Very Nice Thing"

She continued to look down at her interlocked slim hands, disclaiming any excitement, denying by her pose that she had said anything special, or pointed, or personal. Mr. Wollaston's face, strongly and saliently cut under crisp dark hair, wore a thoughtful look. He took her up sympathetically enough:

"And this other friend you mentioned, who's just coming home—you've some reason to think that apart from his wounds he has suffered in less reparable ——"

"Letters show very little of course. I'll know when I see him. But I'll tell you one reason I'm afraid of that: It would be such perfect poetic justice."

"For ——"

"For me. Oh, I don't mean that I ever held the purely heroic view of war—the fife and drum view. I wasn't so silly even then, and that was just at the beginning. He was the first man in our town to go. But I did think," said the girl resolutely, over a mounting inner disturbance—"I did feel that the experience might be—be good for him. Think! And that's hardly eighteen months ago. I've known him ever since I was born, you see. We—our family—are all devoted to him. And still I've always criticized him—nagged at him—in one foolish way. I thought he took life too lightly. I thought he was too pleasure-loving—too easy-going. I wanted him to be serious and settled—and old. I was lecturing him up to the minute he went away."

She stopped short, and as clearly as in a moving picture she saw her shaded porch in Caledonia that sultry September afternoon last year when Lieutenant March—as he then was—had come to say good-by. There he sat in the old canvas swing, brave and handsome in his new trappings, telling with endearing boyishness of the new friends he had made at the O. T. C., of the farewell dinner and ball at the hotel in Indianapolis. He had been in love with her since she was sixteen, had twenty times asked her to marry him. And now he was going away, launching upon the heroic service which, as it gradually unrolled itself, was to raise him so high in her imagination. She knew she was not to see him again. And still, even then, her mind pursued him, running like a common scold at his smiling ways, his young expressions. A thousand times she had remembered, with humiliation, saying to him under the shadow of that parting: "Why must you always trip the light fantastic, Russell? Can't you ever just dance?"

Ah, what wouldn't she give to hear him say that now with the old jolly laugh!

"I can understand your feelings, I think," Mr. Wollaston's calm voice was heard to say. "But after all this is just a feeling as yet, isn't it—rather than anything concrete? Mayn't we hope that these—quite natural—anxieties will prove unfounded in this case? I ——"

That recalled her quickly enough. From him upon her present mood the speech resounded like the willful depreciation of a hero. Now it was as if she were determined that her warrior should have suffered to the nethermost, for the shame and confusion of all safe stay-at-homes.

"That part is mere feeling, if you wish. But I have another reason, more logical perhaps. It is this: In times of common risk the best give the most. It takes a fine soul to feel things enough to disintegrate—and our friend has proved himself that sort. And since I judge everybody now by what the war has meant to them, I place at the other end of the scale—the bottom end—those who have gone through it without being affected at all and, in fact, have kept happy. I am angry when I think of them."

Mr. Wollaston's rejoinder to this broad summary was partly circumvented. The door of his office had abruptly opened and a Board messenger stood revealed upon the threshold, a freckled and youthful courier on roller skates, a friendly lad and a stranger to self-doubt.

"Well, boy?"

"Is that Miss Hardy there? Well, Lieutenant Charles says to come back to the office as soon as you get through here. Says he's got work must be got off to-night. Says he's sorry. I think he said that."

"How did you get the message?"

"Didn't you hear your phone ringin' and ringin' in here? Well, I did. So I stops in as I passes and I answers it."

Miss Hardy's heart sank a little. It had been a long day and she was supposedly bound for "home" and rest. Beyond that, the turn that this official interview had taken left her deeply unsettled. But she seemed ready to end it now. She had risen at once, and as the lad rolled away down the thin echoing corridor she spoke impersonally, in the recovered voice of the emissary:

"About the memorandum? What may I tell Mr. Charles?"

The Board Chief, standing, picked up her papers, laid them down again and frowned briefly at the green dome of his desk light.

"It's a first-rate statement. Tell him I approve—I approve. I'll handle it at the board meeting on Friday."

"He will be glad. I know this matter has worried him a good deal."

But Mr. Wollaston had his say, his last word, after all. Courteously walking with her, he opened his door for her; and having opened it, he halted large and firm upon the sill, the knob retained by a strong hand. So confronting his girlish colleague, he looked down at her with undisturbed friendliness and said in quite a soothing way:

"Won't you allow me to say that at least it never helps to cross bridges before we come to them? May it not be that your friend has—after all—got out of his experiences exactly those benefits you wished for him? Who knows, as you say? And in that case, if you will pardon me, I think I might still claim a positive good—for everybody concerned."

"Your optimism is beautiful," said the petty officer.

She went away frustrated and angry.

Her resolve was that this subject should be discussed again with the evidence in; and she anticipated producing then facts concrete enough to shatter this complacency forever.

He Had Been in Love With Her Since She Was Sixteen, Had Twenty Times Asked Her to Marry Him

The late return to the office had this compensation—that it gave opportunity for a private word with her chief, a rare thing in these days.

Lieutenant Charles greeted her gladly—for him. He was a tall pale young man with a button of a nose, large ears as white as lilies and an elaborate, satirical manner which nowadays practically never deserted him. He was twenty-nine years old, had a wife who was independent of him—a little too much so, by report—and ambitious above wars and rumors of wars. Moreover, he had a will like a rod of steel and ran with great success the most difficult division in that sufficiently difficult department.

At twenty minutes past seven, when he was dashing away toward a cherished engagement, his assistant—morally speaking—said in controlled tones:

"I'll type this out then and sign it for you and get it off by messenger before I go. And, by the way, I'd like to have leave about the fifth of January."

Lieutenant Charles, leaping into his overcoat, stood arrested in midair, as it were. He blinked at her out of china-blue eyes which looked weak but saw everything, and the stunning imperturbability on which he prided himself for a moment threatened to crack. However, he only said in his quietest voice:

"How long did you think you'd want?"

The assistant answered with a frostier calm than she felt perhaps: "I can't tell exactly. Probably only a day—possibly longer. I thought I'd ask for three days on the understanding that I should be charged with that time, though I'd use only ——"

"Tush—and again tush! Why, when was I found among the cheese parers? The only little point in the thing is, why not postpone the happy holiday for, say, a couple of weeks?"

"I'm sorry. In this case I have to make my plans to meet the—the movements of others."

The pale young man's character smile took on significance.

"I make no doubt it's a m—" he began, but changed his mind cleverly and concluded—"matter of importance?"

She said distantly: "Otherwise naturally I shouldn't think of inconveniencing ——."

"Speak no more, Miss Hardy, speak no more! You haven't had a day and you've been here a year. Of course the place is yours. One merely indicates what an important person you are aboard this ship, only discloses that your honored captain leans on you like a crutch. I can't get along without you—and I'll put through the papers tomorrow. Good night!"

He fled to his pleasures. Chief Yeoman Hardy, left alone with plenty of work to do, sat staring for at least a minute at the point where he had disappeared from view. Her expression as she so gazed was hardly one that a man sees gladly—at his expense—on the face of a charming girl. But then Lieutenant Charles, having blithely dropped and blithely forgotten his remark about being so happy this year, could scarcely have been expected to believe that that look was worn for him.

For two weeks the girl's mind moved among nervous extremes, various and subtle, not all of which by any means had been disclosed to Mr. Wollaston. Within five minutes of the remeeting the last of the secret anxieties—or at least all the worst of them—faded and vanished. The first swing of the pendulum was far indeed. At lunch time on the red-letter day, looking and looking over the table at her warrior come home, she was conscious of thinking that these hours must stand as the happiest time of her life.

The war, which overthrew empires and set off gigantic cataclysms, had silently reached out in remoter ways, touching in obscure details the lives and customs of people of no importance. This girl from the provinces, typically and conventionally bred, had struck work and taken a night's journey in an upper berth to meet a young man at his convenience in a strange hotel. Two years ago—even a year ago—this would have seemed to her an inconceivable enterprise. Now the supreme naturalness of the proceeding and the ease of its accomplishment had left her wishing only that she had had a harder thing to do for Russell.

Even the practical arrangements, which had promised to be complicated, had worked out with the smoothest simplicity. The shipping man at the office supplied the most reliable information; she had learned to a minute when the Transylvania was to dock; her telegram from Washington had reached Captain March with marvelous promptness. Before eleven o'clock she had heard his voice on the telephone; before twelve he was with her.

At once her mind, so joyfully released from its hidden burden, could begin the eager exploration of the reacquaintance; and the first all-important observation was followed by hosts of others, supplementary and divers, as an author will jot down footnotes to qualify his finished text.

They had met in the library of the great hotel in which she had rented a cubicle upon the twenty-second floor. Here again fortune smiled upon them. For company in the dim odd trysting place they had only the librarian, who was old and fond of knitting, with a brown mole beside her nose and a small Christian smile, and one yet older lady, sole patron of the books, who slept heavily upon a distant sofa, her fingers clasping a large green volume called How to Develop the Memory. Behind the shelter of a projecting book stack the young people had found seclusion like the privacy of home. And the minutes flew in talk of those little things, personal and impersonal, which seem always to come first into people's minds in times like that, leaving them to marvel afterward what possessed them to waste opportunity so riotously.

Russell was changed of course. He was marked with the symbols of his gallant sacrifice. Most conspicuous was his lameness, which was worse than she had anticipated and which—he mentioned in the most casual debonair way conceivable—was likely to be permanent. But the whole look of the soldier, his changed aspect and bearing, carried the unmistakable souvenirs of service. The handsome face, still bronzed despite the weeks in hospital and thinner than she had last seen it, had noticeably aged. There were new lines about the once boyish mouth. In repose his expression looked to her, in the first sight of it, decidedly sobered; at least it was visibly *settled*. And in his movements and his manner, too, in hardly definable ways, she seemed to be aware of corresponding changes—less sprightliness perhaps, but more maturity, increased poise, the new authority of the ruler of men.

But—she was positive from the beginning—there was no sign here of those profounder changes, subtle and sinister, such as had so moved and shocked her in William Gunther and her poor brother Frederick.

Captain March had twelve hours' leave. He was in luck at that, he said. It developed that he had planned to the last detail how the brief holiday should be spent. No sooner had they met and greeted—or so it seemed to her—than it was time to rush on for luncheon. Actually the forehanded young man had a table engaged, through the offices of his friend Captain Jasper.

Their talk had been so happily normal, her relief so powerful and uplifting, that the soldier's purely physical disability had literally passed from memory. They had sprung up from the cushioned settle between the stacks chattering like two excited children. Once again he—the twice promoted, with the ribbon on his breast—had cried out proudly at the becomingness of her uniform.

"And to be a chief too, Fanny! I simply can't get over it!"

All was merry. And then as he turned to clutch up cap and stick she was struck suddenly and heavily with what she had forgotten; and the simple thought shot her through that Russell—her Russell, the light-footed—might never dance again. The stroke was swift, like a needle in her heart. Her pride in him melted in a rush of tenderness, new in her experience. Half behind his unconscious figure as she was, she slipped her arm through his, brought her other arm to meet it and, folding the khaki sleeve against her breast, had briefly touched it with a cheek as soft as swan's-down.

"Russell—I'm so happy to be with you."

The rare tribute had unsteadied the tall captain. She thought he meant to take her in his arms. And probably that had been his novel aspiration—up to the instant when both became aware of the eye of the librarian, intensely regarding them. But the memory of that moment lingered.

By now, in her reassurance, she was almost ready to draw Russell out a little, to hear from his own lips something of his experience and his exploits. But the fashionable restaurant manifestly was not the background for serious talk. If the girl could have wished for a quieter nook she was more than compensated by her soldier's candid satisfaction in his choice; it was clear that he basked in this smart atmosphere, this agreeable and expensive scene. Having ordered an excellent lunch, which he selected with unexpected skill, he thrust a bill into the palm of his fellow captain of the serving staff and demanded speed, as required by his program.

"We've got exactly one hour, mind! I want everything hurried."

He had his way; sections of the repast began to arrive almost instantly. He attacked them with devastating earnestness. She praised his discrimination as a chooser of delicious things from a bewildering assortment, and the look in his remembered eyes said speakingly that her approbation was the reward he coveted most upon earth.

"I hope I have learned something since—the Palace Hotel, Caledonia! For one thing—well, I spent three days in Paris last year as the guest of Johnson Fielding, 2d. If there's anything Johnson doesn't know about what a chef can do I never found him out—that's all! By the way, he's a wonderful fellow, Fanny. I'm going to visit him at Newport this summer if I can. And when it comes to spending money like a prince—gad, he's as good as a college education!"

"I shouldn't liken your method to a pauper's exactly. I've a notion, Russell, amounting to an icy conviction, that this lovely place is fantastically extravagant."

He laughed winningly and quoted a saying from their childhood days:

"Brush, the best is none too good for you!"

"But what is the best, my dear? I'll tell you: To see you, to talk to you, to listen to you, to have you tell me a thousand things and tell you a thousand back. And we could have that as well at a lunch counter."

"Not on your life! I don't say you wouldn't adorn that setting, but I prefer to see you where you absolutely belong. And then, too, I'll say something is due to an officer in the world's best Army, back after fifteen months!"

"Agreed!"

"But to set your mind at rest, Fanny—I'm just bursting with it! Got three months' pay I haven't had a chance to slice into yet, and then what did Aunt Gertrude do, dear old thing, but come through with a thumping fat check the day I got on the boat!"

The girl laughed delightedly.

"But you'll need it, Russell—you'll need it! Why, you don't even know yet whether you can get your old place back or not! At least—do you?"

He gave her an animated look in which something like exultation warred with something else like surprise.

"My old place! Listen at her! Why, I wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole! Teller in the Caledonia National Bank! Great heavens, Fanny! You seem to think I've been standing still all this time."

"But—Russell, what *do* you mean?"

(Continued on Page 60)

GERMANY IN TRANSITION

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

BERLIN was bathed in autumn sunlight. As I walked down Unter den Linden, the main thoroughfare, I felt those mingled emotions that novelists delight to write about. Behind me bulked the Brandenburg Gate, its central arch no longer reserved for the exclusive passage of royalty. At the other end of the long avenue rose the dome of the ugly sprawly palace—once the home of William Hohenzollern—the walls still pock-marked by the machine-gun bullets of the spring revolution.

Watching the crowd that surged back and forth I could not help thinking that these men about me who wore the black-and-white ribbon of the Iron Cross—no male person in Germany seems to have escaped a decoration—and who smoked and talked so amiably were perhaps the same steel-helmeted soldiers in field gray whose shells I dodged a year ago. Furthermore, I mused, the badly dressed women who drank their coffee and chatted volubly in the many pavement cafés were possibly the identical ones who strafed America with every grace before meals. Yet, so far as externals were concerned, normal life had apparently been resumed amid the serenity of this September afternoon.

Suddenly I heard overhead the purr and whir of a Zeppelin motor. Twelve months before this same noise in London or Paris was the prelude to swift destruction, for it invariably announced that the air raider was abroad. Instinctively I turned to cover. Then I realized that the war was over. I looked up and saw a giant airship sailing gracefully over Berlin. It was the Hamburg-American Line Zeppelin starting on its triweekly four-hundred-mile trip to Friedrichshafen, with passengers and freight. After circling a few times it moved off toward the south and was soon lost to sight in the gathering twilight.

That Zeppelin did more than give me a surprise. It showed that Germany, stripped of her shipping at sea, had turned, with peace, to the air to retrieve her lost near-mastery of transportation. More than this, it demonstrated that the defeated and discredited Fatherland will capitalize every last word in science and invention in the effort to achieve a rehabilitation fraught with supreme significance for the whole world. What is true of aviation will be true of many other activities, once the nation has struck its stride. For the moment this seems a remote consummation. The present German hour is dark with a despair that is developing into a menace to international recovery.

Why is Germany's plight of such universal importance? In the answer lies a revelation of conditions as tangled and troubled as ever the war itself disclosed. It would be difficult to find the parallel in all history.

A Menacing Balance of Power

TO VISUALIZE this unprecedented situation and to understand fully the wholly unexpected influence that Germany wields even in her travail we must go back a bit. For at least fifteen years before that fateful August of 1914 she stood up erect and strong, an arrogant empire of blood and iron. Her trade, her science, her resource, her vast and compelling desires—conjured up fear. She beat the big drum in the concert of Powers, and though the note was often discordant it rang out above all the rest. Through her commercial penetration she became the spinal cord of the economic body of Europe, and contributed in addition much sustenance to the world business structure. "What will Germany do next?" was the invariable query.

As we all know, she did aplenty. She plunged a civilization, hypnotized with a mistaken sense of security, into war and for nearly four years dominated its stupendous drama of death. Again she held the calcium.

But war, however long-drawn and hideous, is at worst a temporary thing. Thus in time the greatest of all wars ended, whereupon the optimists said: "At last Germany is eliminated as a factor."

It was dangerous optimism, for the curious reason that Germany, beaten and severed, remains a force to be reckoned with in the eternal struggle to live and labor, which knows neither race, prejudice nor war hang-over. Like the battle of business it is a permanent thing. Men are not compelled to fight every day, but they must be fed three times a day. The irony of fate now dictates that the one-time bulwark reared by Bismarck out of the humiliation of France emerges from the dust of conflict to confute and embarrass its foes and impede the general rehabilitation.

Maximilian Harden

Automatically, and largely because of her former economic prestige, Germany still holds an uncanny balance of power, which if unconserved may yet bring widespread disaster and nullify the costly fruits of Allied victory. In other words, Germany, nemesis of peace before the war, remains a death's-head to economic security now that the war is over. How is this possible?

If you dispassionately analyze Europe as it is to-day you soon find out. Here are the facts: It is exactly a year since the armistice was signed, and peace remains as much a will-o'-the-wisp as in the dark days of 1917. The only difference, in a larger sense, is that the Allies and the Central Powers no longer hurl shot and shell at each other. The poison gas of the battlefield has been succeeded by a deadly distrust and a more destructive inaction that are stifling initiative and sterilizing real recovery.

Following the colossal energy that swept the war to its titanic proportions is a supineness that has become epidemic. No nation is immune from this plague of idleness, and Germany, once the stronghold of thrift and industry, has joined the slackers. Belgium is the only country in Europe that has really settled down to business.

But Germany has gone her enemies one better. She has tasted of the crimson fruits of revolt, and the virus of discontent has entered her system. Nor is this surprising. Kept in practical ignorance of the hopelessness of her national struggle until defeat actually stared her armies in the face she has developed an indifference that borders on abandon to any emergency. After four years of overwork and underfeeding this unrest is as much pathological as otherwise. But whatever its origin it is there and growing. It is one definite phase of Germany in transition.

If the Actionists, alias the Spartacides, which is just another name for Bolshevists, plunge the country into another revolution—and it is among the possibilities—it will not only mean anarchy in Germany but the kindling of a flame that may sweep England and the Continent.

Remember in this connection that "revolution" is the glib word on the tongue of misguided uplifter and malcontent everywhere. The brotherhood of anarchy knows no geography. Its symbol is just as red in Italy and France as in Germany and Russia. One touch of scarlet makes all the radicals kin.

A red Germany might mean an alliance with red Russia. All Europe is on razor edge, and the advent of winter, with a world-wide shortage of fuel and food—and cold and hunger are the first aids to revolt—will not help to dull it. Once the terrible tides are loosed, the hordes of hate will only know one cause, and that cause, destruction. As Germany goes these next few months, so will a considerable part of Europe go, politically and economically.

The Collapse of the Mark is Eloquent Evidence of Germany's Decline

Germany a Center of Contagion

IT ALL means that if Germany is wiped out or becomes the plaything of the forces of evil she will come dangerously near being a sort of Samson among the nations, dragging the whole temple of cash and credit down with her. It is one thing to curb her expansion as it should be curbed in the interests of a permanent peace and as I have often pointed out in these columns, but it is a different and more serious matter to permit a disintegration that would work hardship in every direction.

This sounds like strong speech, and it is. But no man can study Europe, and for that matter he need not leave America, without discovering that this strike-mad world of ours to-day has not, for the time at least, been made a better place to live in, despite the welter of blood and sacrifice that began in 1914.

Germany's political collapse under a reign of terror would upset a large part of the European scheme of reconstruction. First, because it would prevent the payment of the indemnities exacted by her outraged conquerors, which are essential to French and Belgian development; second, because she is still technically the spinal cord that I have described. With or without her departed trade authority she is unfortunately indispensable to the larger prosperity. She is so intimately bound up in the commercial fortunes of her neighbors that bankruptcy and worse for her mean dislocation of the Entente business machine, now in such sad need of renewal and lubrication.

I found convincing evidence of this in the crowd of British, French and Belgian commercial travelers that I met throughout Germany and more especially in the occupied area, who were in hot competition to resume economic relations with the Germans.

If the Germany that murdered the Lusitania, sank the Britannic, shot Edith Cavell, ravaged Belgium and made the whole conduct of war a rebuke to humanity were an isolated entity we should have not the slightest compunction about her eclipse. One would even be glad to see the vultures come home to roost. But the lustful Germany that made Europe a shambles happens to be so intimately related to the universal process of demand and supply that she cannot be eliminated. To put it concretely—Germany to-day is like a rotten apple. Isolated on the shelf she would decompose and cause no damage. But this procedure, unhappily, is impossible. Economically she is in a basket of apples, and her taint, unless remedied at once, is likely to contaminate the whole lot.

Her importance to-day would never have manifested itself if the rest of the world had turned to peace with a proper frame of mind and the will to work. Just as the war itself smashed all precedent, so has the aftermath overthrown all calculations. Though dislocation follows every conflict nobody expected the upset that has followed the war of wars. Along with many others I believed, for example, that Germany, with a tremendous incentive for recovery, would startle the universe with the swiftness of her comeback. But she, like all the rest of the universe, is infected with the discontent that is sapping order and frustrating reconstruction everywhere. Instead of converting the sword into a plowshare Europe has turned from a war of force to a battle of class more

subtle and dangerous. It all operates to enhance the strategic importance of the beaten Germany.

In short, Germany must be salvaged if we are going to save Europe, and our stake abroad is now so great that we cannot afford to be an inert bystander in this new crisis. This salvation is possible only through work. A busy nation has no time to think of mischief. Keep a people fed and busy and you likewise keep them out of trouble, provided, of course, they have no military masters itching for war. Fundamentally the German is a worker, but at the time I write he is without the tools with which to labor.

The principal tool that Germany lacks to-day is raw material. If I were asked to state the most pressing need on the Continent to-day I should without hesitation say that it is the necessity of starting the flywheel of industry. Production, the unfailing instrument of regeneration, is as essential to Germany as it is to the rest of the world. This production, once stimulated in Germany, will act as a speeder-up for the nations now involved in industrial turmoil, because it will rob the German agitator of his job. Repose in Germany confutes a red alliance with Russia, and this in turn is the antidote for the unrest that is undermining all constructive endeavor.

At this point the average man will say: "How about the needs of the other European nations, and more especially our Allies and those small and gallant peoples who have passed through darkness to self-determination?"

Once more you find the beaten Germany potent even in her downfall. These little nations and their big brothers as well can have no prosperity without a real peace, and there can be no real peace until Europe is at work. This peace cannot be accomplished by politics, legislation or revenge. The time has come for frank talk and this talk resolves itself into the statement that American credits for Europe must mean credits for Germany if we are ever going to make a start in real rebuilding. This implies neither sentiment nor sympathy. It is plain economic self-preservation.

With this statement of the most outstanding feature in present-day Germany we can proceed with our story. What is happening behind those frontiers that were so long an almost impenetrable curtain? What are the German people thinking and doing? Who are the new leaders? What is the American interest in the evolution that has followed revolution?

I went to Germany to find out. I visited the occupied, neutral and free zones. I talked with cabinet ministers, soldiers, captains of industry and plain people. What follows in this and in the succeeding articles was gained at first hand at a time when the long shadow of war had only lengthened with peace.

Fourteen Points

A NATION in trouble usually faces either a political or an economic crisis. Germany has both, and at the same time. Appraise the situation to-day and these facts stand out:

FIRST: Germany is not only beaten but knows and admits it.

SECOND: Things are likely to be worse before they are better.

THIRD: Her morals are at lowest ebb. Theft and even murder are as common as the discontent throughout the nation.

FOURTH: Despite the depreciation of the mark, food and other prices in Germany are low, and the stocks fairly abundant.

Only luxury articles are expensive.

FIFTH: The Kaiser illusion is shattered and there is not the slightest chance that a Hohenzollern will ever return to power. A constitutional monarchy, however, is among the possibilities.

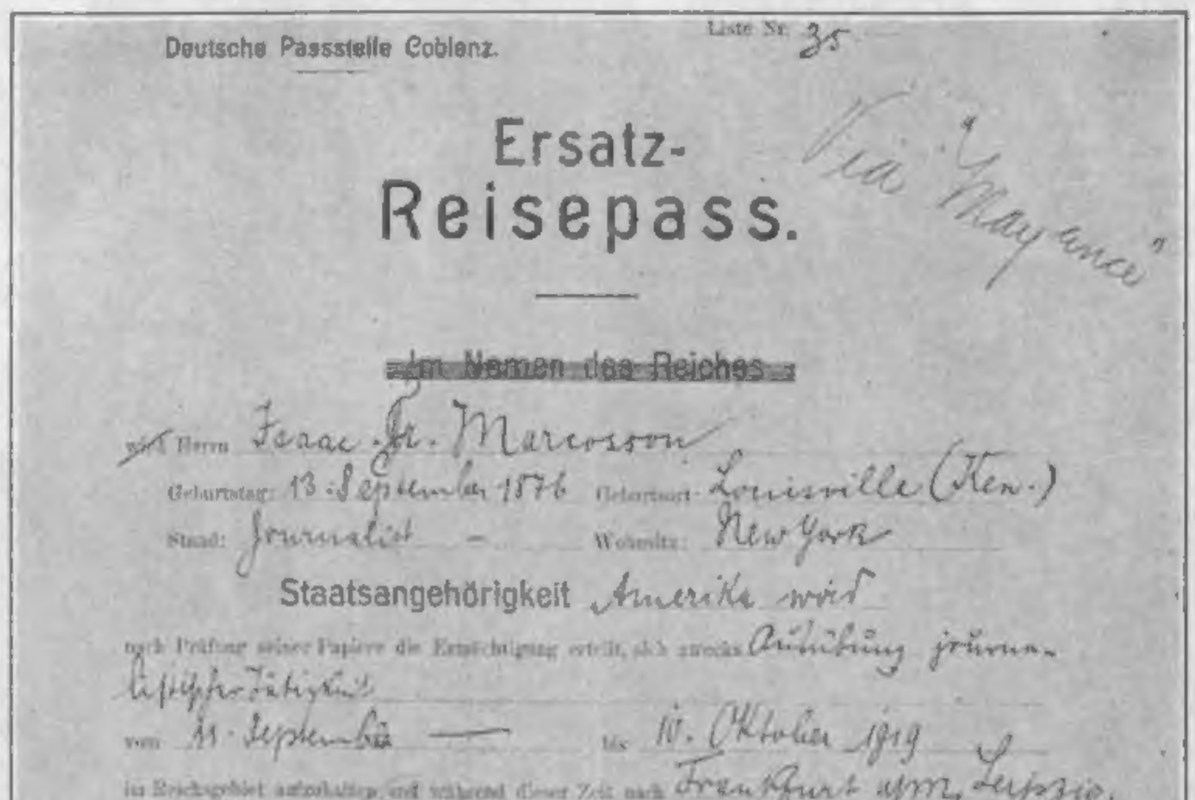
SIXTH: Though a large body of intelligent Germans more or less philosophically accept the peace terms a great many people seem to be indifferent to their fate. "Why work for the French?" is their refrain.

SEVENTH: Conscious of the misdeeds of his soldiers and sailors on land and sea the German, with a psychology peculiarly his own, expects the world with which he fought to forget them with the dawn of peace.

EIGHTH: German production is partially paralyzed by reason of insufficient fuel and lack of raw materials. Even the democratization of industry now in process has so far failed to bring the discontented workers back to work, even where work is available.

NINTH: Contrary to widespread belief before the war and since Germany has no large accumulated stores of finished or unfinished materials. Thus she is unable to enter upon any extensive dumping campaign. The Germans are shamming about some of their shortages, notably with iron and steel.

TENTH: The institution of German propaganda is still at work. Its chief object now is to convince visitors to Germany that the country is unable to pay the drastic indemnities and must obtain some modification of the peace terms.


Deutsche Passstelle Coblenz. Liste Nr. 35

Ersatz-
Reisepass.

Im Namen des Reiches

Herrn Isaac F. Marcosson
Geburtstag: 13. September 1876 Geburtsort: Louisville (Ken.)
Stand: Journalist Wohnsitz: New York
Staatsangehörigkeit Amerika wird
nach Prüfung seiner Papiere die Ermächtigung erteilt, sich zwecks Ausübung journalistischer Tätigkeit
vom 11. September bis 10. Oktober 1919
im Reichsgebiet aufzuhalten und während dieser Zeit nach Frankfurt a/M, Leipzig, Berlin zu reisen.

Dieser Pass gilt nur in Verbindung mit einem Personalausweis, der die übereinstimmende Unterschrift des Inhabers trägt, und sein Lichtbild enthält

Alle Behörden werden gebeten, dem Inhaber Schutz und Hilfe auf Anfrage zu gewähren.

Unterschrift des Inhabers: Isaac F. Marcosson

Deutsche Passstelle

Autorisé à passer par Bruxelles se présenter aux Autorités françaises à l'arrivée dans cette ville.

Coblenz, le 9 Septembre 1919
Le Chef de la Mission Française
p.o. le Capitaine Rolland

Mr. Marcosson's German Passport

TENTH: The institution of German propaganda is still at work. Its chief object now is to convince visitors to Germany that the country is unable to pay the drastic indemnities and must obtain some modification of the peace terms.

ELEVENTH: Though the utmost friendliness is expressed and displayed toward Americans the man most unpopular in Germany to-day is President Wilson, who is held personally responsible for what the Germans consider national confiscation.

TWELFTH: Germany has had all the war she wants for a long time to come. The great mass of the people feel so beaten, there is such bitter resentment toward militarism, the children are so impoverished from underfeeding, that a long time must elapse before the nation is physically and temperamentally fit again.

THIRTEENTH: Unless Germany gets credits with which to purchase raw materials her recovery at the moment seems impossible. In this event she will be unable to pay her indemnities and she will come dangerously near bankruptcy, more especially if the mark continues to fall. Just as she is shamming with her shortages, so is she exaggerating her financial needs. Every money demand of hers must be halved.

FOURTEENTH: Given credits, the miasma into which industry is plunged will vanish. Work—the unfailing antidote for all unrest—will succeed discontent, and Germany will surprise the world with her recovery. She has lost none of her skill and efficiency. I doubt if a prosperous Germany will ever again be a war-mad Germany, not merely because the myth of her invincibility is shattered but because the overhead of defeat is too great to risk again. The nation is sapped.

These fourteen points are not based on what Germans told me. The penalty that Germany pays for the crimes of the war is the world's lack of confidence in her utterances. What I have just written is the record of what I have seen.

Before we go into the detailed analysis of the present-day German balance sheet let us first have a look at the country and the people. I thought that my thrills and surprises had ended with the signing of the Armistice, but I was mistaken. The Germany that I peacefully invaded presented a series of dramatic situations almost as impressive as any I had faced through the years of the war.

To begin with, I was no stranger to Germany. I had known her back in those prewar days when the world felt the lure of her opera and cures. Far less pleasant was my vicarious wartime contact. I had looked down into her from Switzerland, gazed at her from across the Dutch frontier, beheld her troops across many a shell-swept No Man's Land. Through all these hazardous years of travel and tumult Germany to me was as a sealed book. Now at last the time had come when the curtain was pulled aside, the iron ring broken, and I stepped into her confines.

Apathy and Depression

OFTEN during the war I wondered just what my first experience in Germany would be. I had ridden on British troop trains marked "On to Berlin," had watched our own soldier-laden cars labeled "The Rhine Limited," and speculated whether I should cross the great German divide with an army of conquest or otherwise. As a matter of fact I rode into Germany late at night in an unromantic first-class coach from Metz, and it was only with the breaking of dawn that I realized my long dream.

An American bugle woke me out of my sleep in a hotel at Coblenz. I stepped out of my window to a balcony and saw the Rhine flowing at my feet. On the footbridge directly opposite marched a company of doughboys, while from the heights of the old fortress of Ehrenbreitstein across the river the Stars and Stripes flashed in the sunlight. It was the new Wacht am Rhein!

The Germany that I found on the eve of the final ratification of the Peace Treaty late in September is in human respects not much different from the Germany of a year ago, stunned by the Armistice. No man can visualize the completeness of the jolt to Germany, however, until he is well within the German confines. This is one reason why the world has been fed up with so much misinformation, written in the main by long-distance observers, about Germany's so-called "victory in defeat." To be sure, she wields the uncanny influence due to her social unrest and her interrelation with the rest of the economic world which I have already described. The great mass of her people, however, are dull with apathy.

The smug cocksureness and self-complacency which in the old days irritated every visitor in Germany are gone. Once inside the country you get a sense of depression that almost amounts to listlessness. This impressed me deeply the moment I began to talk to Germans, whether in Coblenz, Cologne, Wiesbaden, Frankfort, Düsseldorf or Berlin.

(Continued on Page 49)

TUTT AND MR. TUTT

By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"Hold Up Your Hands, You! You Do Solemnly Swear That in the Case of The People Against Mock Hen You Will Tell the Truth, the Whole Truth and Nothing But the Truth"

Case Number Nine: Ways That are Dark

"Oh, East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet."
Ballad of East and West.

"But the law of the jungle is jungle law only, and the law of the pack is only for the pack."
Other Sayings of Shere Khan.

A HALF turn from the clattering hubbub of Chatham Square and you are in Chinatown, slipping, within ten feet, through an invisible wall, from the glitter of the gin palace and the pawnshop to the sinister shadows of irregular streets and blind alleys, where yellow men pad swiftly along greasy asphalt beneath windows glinting with ivory, bronze and lacquer; through which float the scents of aloes and of incense and all the subtle suggestion of the East.

No one better than the Chink himself realizes the commercial value of the taboo, the bizarre and the unclean. Nightly the rubber-neck car swinging gayly with lanterns stops before the imitation joss house, the spurious opium joint and tortuous passage to the fake fan-tan and faro game, with a farewell call at Hong Joy Fah's Oriental restaurant and the well-stocked novelty store of Wing, Hen & Co. The visitors see what they expect to see, for the Chinaman always gives his public exactly what it wants. But a dollar does not show you Chinatown. To some the ivories will always be but crudely carved bone, the jades the potter's sham, the musk and aloes the product of a soap factory, the joss but a cigar-store Indian, and the Oriental dainties of Hong Fah the scrappings of a Yankee grocery store. Yet behind the shoddy tinsel of Doyers and Pell Streets, as behind Alice's looking-glass, there is another Chinatown—a strange, inhuman, Oriental world, not necessarily of trapdoors and stifled screams, but one moved by influences undreamed of in our banal philosophies. Hearken then to the story of the avenging of Wah Sing.

'Tis a tale was undoubtedly true
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.

In the murky cellar of a Pell Street tenement seventeen Chinamen sat cross-legged in a circle round an octagonal teakwood table. To an Occidental they would have appeared to differ in no detail except that of a varying degree of fatness. An oil lamp flickered before a joss near by, and the place reeked with the odor of starch, sweat, tobacco, rice whisky and the incense that rose ceilingward in thin, shaking columns from two bowls of Tibetan soapstone. An obese Chinaman with a walnutlike countenance in which cunning and melancholy were equally commingled was speaking monotonously through long, rat-tailed mustaches, while the others listened with impassive decorum. It was a special meeting of the Hip Leong Tong, held in their private clubrooms at the Great Shanghai Tea Company, and conducted according to rule.

"Therefore," said Wong Get, "as a matter of honor it is necessary that our brother be avenged and that no chances be taken. A much too long time has already elapsed. I have written the letter and will read it."

He fumbled in his sleeve and drew forth a roll of brown paper covered with heavy Chinese characters, unwinding it from a strip of bamboo.

To the Honorable Members of the On Gee Tong: Whereas it has pleased you to take the life of our beloved friend and relative Wah Sing, it is with greatest courtesy and the utmost regret that we inform you that it is necessary for us likewise to remove one of your esteemed society, and that we shall proceed thereto without delay.

Due warning being thus honorably given I subscribe myself with profound appreciation,

For the Hip Leong Tong,
WONG GET.

He ceased reading and there was a perfunctory grunt of approval from round the circle. Then he turned to the official soothsayer and directed him to ascertain whether the time were propitious. The latter tossed into the air a handful of painted ivory sticks, carefully studied their arrangement when fallen, and nodded gravely.

"The omens are favorable, O honorable one!"

"Then there is nothing left but the choice of our representatives," continued Wong Get. "Pass the fateful box, O Fong Hen."

Fong Hen, a slender young Chinaman, the official slipper, or messenger, of the society, rose and, lifting a lacquered gold box from the table, passed it solemnly to each member.

"This time there will be four," said Wong Get.

Each in turn averted his eyes and removed from the box a small sliver of ivory. At the conclusion of the ceremony the four who had drawn red tokens rose. Wong Get addressed them.

"Mock Hen, Mock Ding, Long Get, Sui Sing—to you it is confided to avenge the murder of our brother Wah Sing. Fail not in your purpose!"

And the four answered unemotionally: "Those to whom it is confided will not fail."

Then pivoting silently upon their heels they passed out of the cellar.

Wong Get glanced round the table.

"If there is no further business the society will disperse after the customary refreshment."

Fong Hen placed thirteen tiny glasses upon the table and filled them with rice whisky scented with aniseed and a dash of powdered ginger. At a signal from Wong Get the thirteen Chinamen lifted the glasses and drank.

"The meeting is adjourned," said he.

Eighty years before, in a Cantonese rabbit warren, two yellow men had fought over a white woman, and one had killed the other. They had belonged to different societies, or tongs. The associates of the murdered man had avenged his death by slitting the throat of one of the members of the other organization, and these in turn had retaliated, thus establishing a vendetta which became part and parcel of the lives of certain families, as naturally and unavoidably as birth, love and death. As regularly as the solstice they alternated in picking each other off. Branches of the Hip Leong and On Gee tongs sprang up in San Francisco and New York—and the feud was transferred with them to Chatham Square, a feud imposing a sacred obligation rooted in blood, honor and religion upon every member, who rather than fail to carry it out would have knotted a yellow silken cord under his left ear and swung himself gently off a table into eternal sleep.

Young Mock Hen, one of the four avengers, had created a distinct place for himself in Chinatown by making a careful study of New York psychology. He was a good-looking Chink, smooth-faced, tall and supple; and he knew very well how to capitalize his attractiveness. By day he attended Columbia University as a special student in applied electricity, keeping a convenient eye meanwhile on three coolies whom he employed to run The College Laundry on Morningside Heights. By night he vicariously operated a chop-suey palace on Seventh Avenue, where congregated the worst elements of the Forty-second Street

and Broadway district. But his heart was in the gambling den which he maintained in Doyers Street, and where anyone who knew the knock could have a shell of hop for the asking, once Mock had given him the once-over through the little sliding panel.

Mock was a Christian Chinaman. That is to say, purely for business reasons—for what he got out of it and the standing that it gave him—he attended the Rising Star Mission and also frequented Hudson House, the social settlement where Miss Fanny Duryea taught him to play ping-pong and other exciting parlor games, and read to him from books adapted to an American child of ten. He was a great favorite at both places, for he was sweet-tempered and wore an expression of heaven-born innocence. He had even been to church with Miss Duryea, temporarily absenting himself for that purpose of a Sunday morning from the steam-heated flat where—unknown to her, of course—he lived with his white wife, Emma Pratt, a lady of highly miscellaneous antecedents.

Except when engaged in transacting legal or other business with the municipal, sociologic or religious world—at which times his vocabulary consisted only of the most rudimentary pidgin—Mock spoke a fluent and even vernacular English learned at night school. Incidentally he was the head of the syndicate which controlled and dispensed the loo, faro, fan-tan and other gambling privileges of Chinatown.

Detective Mooney, of the Second, detailed to make good District Attorney Peckham's boast that there had never been so little trouble with the foreign element since the administration—of which he was an ornament—came into office, saw Quong Lee emerge from his doorway in Doyers Street just before four o'clock the following Thursday and slip silently along under the shadow of the eaves toward Ah Fong's grocery—and instantly sensed something peculiar in the Chink's walk.

"Hello, Quong!" he called, interposing himself. "Where you goin'?"

Quong paused with a deprecating gesture of widely spread open palms.

"'Lo yourself!" he replied blandly. "Me go buy li'l' glocery."

Mooney ran his hands over the rotund body, frisking him for a possible forty-four.

"For the love of Mike!" he exclaimed, tearing open Quong's blouse. "What sort of an undershirt is that?"

Quong grinned broadly as the detective lifted the suit of double-chain mail which swayed heavily under his blue blouse from his shoulders to his knees.

"So-ho!" continued the plain-clothes man. "Trouble brewin', eh?"

He knew already that something was doing in the tongs from his lobby-gow, Wing Foo.

"Must weigh eighty pounds!" he whistled. "I'd like to see the pill that would go through that!" It was, in fact, a medieval corselet of finest steel mesh, capable of turning an elephant bullet.

"Go 'long!" ordered Mooney finally. "I guess you're safe!"

He turned back in the direction of Chatham Square, while Quong resumed his tortoiselike perambulation toward Ah Fong's. Pell and Doyers Streets were deserted save for an Italian woman carrying a baby, and were pervaded by an unnatural and suspicious silence. Most of the shutters on the lower windows were down. Ah Fong's subsequent story of what happened was simple, and briefly to the effect that Quong, having entered his shop and priced various litchi nuts and pickled starfruit, had purchased some powdered lizard and, with the package in his left hand, had opened the door to go out. As he stood there with his right hand upon the knob and facing the afternoon sun four shadows fell aslant the window and a man whom he positively identified as Sui Sing emptied a bag of powder—afterward proved to be red pepper—upon Quong's face; then another, Long Get, made a thrust at him with a knife, the effect of which he did not observe, as almost at the same instant Mock Hen felled him with a blow upon the head with an iron bar, while a fourth, Mock Ding, fired four shots at his crumpling body with a revolver, one of which glanced off and fractured a very costly Chien Lung vase and ruined four boxes of mandarin-blossom tea. In his excitement he ducked behind the counter, and when sufficiently revived he crawled forth to find what had once been Quong lying across the threshold, the murderers gone, and the Italian woman prostrate and shrieking with a hip splintered by a stray bullet. On the sidewalk outside the window lay the remnants of the bag of pepper, a knife broken short off at the handle, a heavy bar of soft iron slightly bent, and a partially emptied forty-four-caliber revolver. Quong's suit of mail had effectually protected him from the knife thrust and the revolver shots, but his skull was crushed beyond repair. Thus was the murder of Wah Sing avenged in due and proper form.

Detective Mooney, distant not more than two hundred feet, rushed back to the corner at the sound of the first shot—just in time to catch a side glimpse of Mock Hen as he raced across Pell Street and disappeared into the cellar of the Great Shanghai Tea Company. The Italian woman was filling the air with her outcries, but the detective did not pause in his hurtling pursuit. He was too late, however. The cellar door withstood all his efforts to break it open.

Bull Neck Burke, the wrestler, who tied Zabisko once on the stage of the old Grand Opera House in 1913, had been promenading with Mollie Malone, of the Champagne Girls and Gay Burlesquers Company. Both heard the fusillade and saw Mock—a streak of flying blue—pass within a few feet of them.

"God!" ejaculated Mollie. "Sure as shootin', that's Mock Hen—and he's murdered somebody!"

"It's Mock all right!" agreed Bull Neck. "That puts us in as witnesses or strike me!" And he looked at his watch—four-one.

"Here, Burke, put your shoulder to this!" shouted Mooney from the cellar steps. "Now then!"

The two of them threw their combined weight against it, the lock flew open and they fell forward into the darkness. Three doors leading in different directions met the glare of Mooney's match. But the fugitive had a start of at least four minutes, which was three and a half more than he required.

Mock Hen took the left-hand of the three doors and crept along a passage opening into an empty opium parlor back of the Hip Leong clubroom.

Diving beneath one of the bunks he inserted his body between the lower planking at the back and the cellar wall, wormed his way some twelve feet, raised a trap and emerged into a tunnel by means of which and others he eventually reached the end of the block and the rooms of his friend Hong Sue.

Here he changed from the Oriental costume according to Chinese etiquette necessary to the homicide, into a nobby suit of American clothes, put on a false mustache, and walked boldly down Park Row, while just behind him Doyers and Pell Streets swarmed with bluecoats and excited citizenry.

Hudson House, the social settlement presided over by Miss Fanny and affected for business reasons by Mock Hen, was a mile and a half away. But Mock took his time. Twenty-five full minutes elapsed before he leisurely climbed the steps and slipped into the big reading room. There was no one there and Mock deftly turned back the hand of the automatic clock over the platform to three-fifty-five. Then he began to whistle. Presently Miss Fanny entered from the rear room, her face lighting with pleasure at the sight of her pet convert.

(Continued on Page 69

Mr. Tutt Pondered Upon the Matter for About an Inch of Stogy and Then Informed the Committee That the Terms Were Eminently Satisfactory

LET THE SELLER BEWARE!

By WILBUR HALL

The President's Answer Always Was That the Profit Sheets Showed Increasing Returns on the Right Side of the Ledger

THERE had been a good deal of talk in the executive offices about appointing a purchasing agent, but the president was lukewarm on the subject. He seemed to be pretty well satisfied with the existing system—which was no system at all, since it comprised a young clerk who filed catalogues and price lists and could sometimes find them when they were wanted—and every department head bought for himself. Some of the younger officials of the concern chafed under this condition, but the president's answer always was that the annual profit sheets showed increasing returns on the right side of the ledger. It was a hard argument to get round.

Then one day the superintendent of operations dropped a bomb in the president's lap and it exploded.

"I came in to tell you," the superintendent said bluntly, "that we're due to shut down the plant about the first of the month."

"We're what?"

"We will have to close up on the first."

"What are you doing—being funny?"

"No, I wish I were. I'm in dead earnest. I've only known it ten minutes myself—but there's no mistake about it now."

The president groaned.

"Another strike, eh? I thought our boys were all satisfied since ——"

"Oh, it isn't a strike, Mr. Baker! It isn't labor trouble or transportation or a shortage of raw materials or a change in our market. When I tell you what it is you'll laugh."

"Laugh about a shutdown? Don't worry! What's the difficulty?"

"Box nails."

"Box—nails?"

"We have just enough on hand to run us ten days."

"But what's that got to do with it? Get out into the market and order some nails!"

"There aren't any in the market. There won't be for two or three weeks."

"Then use some other kind of nails."

"Can't! Our box shooks are cut to take a certain nail—what the trade calls a five-penny cement-coated cooler. Nothing else will do."

"That's easy—get some new box shooks to tide us over."

"That might be done—though it would mean changing all our shipping weights and raise Cain in the transportation department—only there happens to be the stevedores' strike to consider."

"Oh, couldn't get shooks from up the river, eh?"

"That's the answer."

"But good Lord Harry, man! I still don't see why you can't figure out a scheme for beating this emergency!"

The superintendent grinned uncomfortably.

"I've been trying to, chief. The only solution seems to be to buy an entirely new box for our gross-lot cases. If we do that it means changing the size and shape of our containers and cartons. If we do that we've got to abandon our filling machines and fill by hand—which puts the whole factory system on the blink. I know it sounds funny, but without those particular box nails we've got to close down for a while or rebuild the factory."

The president sat digesting this.

"It looks absurd," he agreed finally, "but I can't suggest anything. What I'd like to know is who fell down on the nail orders."

"That," the superintendent of operations replied, "is not my territory. The best I can make out of the mess is that the supply department hesitated a few weeks back about buying nails because the market was high then and there were indications that it might break. When the supply clerks realized that we were getting low the boys tried to cover and found they were too late. There wasn't a nail to be had. If we had had a purchasing department now ——"

"Oh, don't rub it in!" the president interrupted. "I'll have to fight our way through this somehow. As you go ask the treasurer to drop in, will you?"

Frantic telephoning in the next few minutes convinced the two officials that they were blocked in the matter of box nails—and no mistake about it. They brought others into conference—the only brilliant suggestions were an ironical one on the part of the secretary that they ship their product in gunny sacks and an earnest one on the part of the sales manager that they appeal to a man he knew to buy for them.

"Who's this man?" the president demanded sharply.

"Wiley of Sharp Steel."

"A purchasing agent?"

"Assistant to John Greer, the purchasing agent. He's a live young fellow, and Greer is the best purchasing chief in the city—as I have many reasons for knowing."

"See if Wiley will go to lunch with me," the president ordered finally.

And the conference broke up on that.

Wiley proved to be an alert, neat, keen-eyed young citizen with an agreeable smile above a very firm chin and with a quick and accurate way of summing up that made a few words go a long distance.

"I'll admit that it's a hard nut to crack, Mr. Baker," he told the president. "Why haven't you had a purchasing agent long ago?"

"Didn't see the need of one," Baker admitted. "Now I'm beginning to. And if you can pull us out on this nail business I'll want to make you a proposition."

"I'll see what I can do," young Wiley said cautiously.

And at four o'clock that afternoon a heavy truck backed up to the supply department warehouse platform and began unloading five-penny cement-coated box nails. The president was notified, and called Wiley.

"Can you come over at five o'clock?" he asked.

"Yes."

"And by the way, you'd better tell your people that you're going to leave them on the first."

Young Wiley's laugh sounded.

"We'll see about that later," he said, and hung up.

Shortly after five he appeared and was shown into the president's office. The latter made him a generous offer. Wiley did not hesitate.

"I'll take it with one provision—that you give me full authority in my department."

"Certainly! That's understood. And you'll start with us on the first. Now I wish you'd tell me how you managed to find nails where our men fell down cold."

"It was simple. The purchasing agents of the city have an association, as you may know. The secretary doesn't pretend to know everything about the stocks carried by the various houses his members represent, but he is a pretty fair market student. When I called him up and said 'box nails' he ran over his lists and decided that some of the war babies that were left homeless after the armistice ought to have what I wanted. One of them did—the Nevers Brass Foundry. You might have combed the town and missed them. As far as that goes, I might have too. But the association saved us."

The president chuckled.

"You've sold the purchasing-agent idea to me now for keeps," he said. "I feel better already. Go to it!"

That was the beginning of a new era in the history of the company.

At the end of eight months the auditing department got out a special report on the activities of the purchasing agent's department that showed that Wiley had made or saved an amount equal to fifteen per cent of the total profits of the firm for the preceding year. And there were no more awkward hitches due to lack of supplies or raw materials or needed machinery. The younger officials had a chance to say "I told you so," and the president had excellent reason for admitting that he had been wrong. But he had more to learn.

The time came when it was necessary for the company to add four five-ton trucks to its fleet. The president knew little about trucks, but he owned and drove a Mileage touring car and was an enthusiastic booster for it. He called the purchasing agent in and said so.

"All right," the P. A. said. "What about it?"

"I think," said the president, "that it would pay us to have Mileage trucks. If they are as good as the passenger cars we couldn't ask for more."

The purchasing agent frowned.

"I'm just beginning to look into the truck question, Mr. Baker," he said. "From what I've already seen I am inclined toward the Grand. But I'll investigate further."

A week later he came back.

"I've decided on the Grand truck," he said.

The president looked up sharply.

"What's the matter with the Mileage?" he demanded.

"Nothing that I know of. But let me tell you how I came to eliminate it in reaching a decision."

"Go ahead."

"As soon as the truck dealers found we were in the market they came down on me in swarms. I discovered that there were about eighty different motor trucks on the market. From the catalogues and the selling talk of the agents they all looked good. But in thinking the matter over I decided that what we wanted to buy wasn't looks or names or even low first cost—what we wanted was mileage. Service, you understand."

"Go on." *(Continued on Page 54)*

SYNDICALISM STRIKES

By L. E. McKenzie

DECORATION BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK

WHEN the few other Americans in the block are mad clear through and helplessly afraid, what are you going to do? You'll probably do what one American did—snap out the lights, bolt the doors, and hope the state police will arrive before the riot breaks from Tenth Street, where it began in fifteen languages, into your block and the only business avenue in the town. You'll be as mad as the other Americans, and just as scared, unless you are one of those foolhardy persons who don't believe anything un-American and Bolshevistic can possibly happen in Donessen, because Donessen is in America and oversubscribed all five Liberty Loans.

You'll be mad because you're an American and helpless, and you'll be afraid because you are sandwiched in between the Lithuanian Club on one side and the Greco-Italian Club on the other, with the headquarters of the Croatian colony just across the street.

Your helplessness comes from knowing that you are only one of fifteen hundred scattered Americans, whereas, hurriedly mobilized, imbued with a new kind of class hatred, ignorant of the law, and so much plastic mud in the hands of a choice group of red radicals, are thirteen thousand five hundred foreign-born steel workers, believing that you and your puny fifteen hundred compatriots, assisted by a dozen state police, are all that stands between them and ownership—actual ownership!—of the Pennsylvania mills stretching for three miles along the Monongahela River behind you.

You're fairly certain the steel strike can't win. Corporation advertisements have been hurling that at you in twenty different languages until you believe it. But that isn't going to make you forget that you watched free-born, independent sons of the Stars and Stripes cower in cold fear for the safety of their wives and families while past their front door flowed a steady stream of Magyar, and Slovak, and Austrian, and Croatian, and Serbian, and Bulgarian, and Italian, and Greek, and Polish, and Lithuanian, and Russian, and Rumanian and a dozen other internationalisms.

Advance Agents of Syndicalism

A COMMITTEE of senators came down from Washington and interviewed a great many "workers"; and it looked calm and peaceful as a summer's day, while up a back alley in Donessen a hand press was grinding out a flame of red revolution that flared forth in these words:

The Workers Shall Rule. Now is the Time to Throttle Your Masters. Stick Together and We Shall Tear Down the System. The Courts Can't Touch You, for We Will Own the Courts. Don't be Misled by the Stool Pigeons of the Masters.

And before the senators stood a witness from Donessen, stood and told them that the "brutal thugs and gunmen had shot down many peaceable citizens in cold blood; had herded workingmen in groups into buildings and told them they would hang them; had killed many."

Yet you knew that in the month of strike there had been no person killed. You knew that the only persons threatened were American citizens, that homes of workingmen had been fired by aliens, instructed and coached by two or three separate brands of agitators representing the sabotage of the I.W.W., the bombing ideas of the superanarchists, the advance agents of syndicalism speaking to gullible masses of foreigners in their own language, without even the check of an official interpreter.

Further, you saw a parade mob wind its way through the peaceful streets of Donessen, bent on the invasion of another steel community across the river. Over there the burgess had called for volunteers and had prepared fifteen hundred American citizens to resist the breach of state and municipal law prohibiting assemblies of this character in times of disorder.

Yes, the sun shone on a peaceful American community. Nothing could happen in Donessen.

They repeated it over and over again, did American citizens, seeking to reassure themselves against this arrogant demonstration of syndicalist agitators. The parade tramped soundingly past your door and down onto the bridge three blocks away. At the borough limits of the neighboring town you were told that citizens—lawyers, doctors, ministers, editors, business men and workingmen—had armed themselves and were stationed on the heights overlooking the river.

Still, it couldn't be. You laughed, and if the laugh trembled a little it was no reflection on your Americanism. Then a shot rang out. Another and another, until the firing had grown into a fusillade. You rushed to the door and you wondered if it would be possible to get your own family to safety somewhere outside this seemingly Russianized zone. The fusillade swelled in volume. There were some who had said this was to be merely a peaceful parade of striking workers, peacefully conducted.

Then the tramp, tramp of five thousand feet on the shaking bridge sounded ominously nearer again. They were returning. What had happened? This: Without apparent reason, other than to demonstrate their power and the intent that might underlie it, members of the parade mob had been amusing themselves by firing on one of the plants of the steel mills where they were employed. Windows were smashed by the volley, that was all. No one was at work in the mills.

At the far side of the bridge a small troop of Pennsylvania state police turned the head of the parade, galloping among the leaders and firing as they came, but pointing their riot guns heavenward. The parade mob turned on itself because it lacked leadership to go ahead. Radical agitators were not there to assume command; they rarely are in evidence when law and order perforce unholsters its weapons. Back came the thwarted strikers through the streets of Donessen, and a muttering, mumbling, guttural mob it was, as it again swung past your door. Riding closely behind were the state police.

One thing that day stood between the American homes of Donessen and the fanning of the spark of disorder into a flame of violence. This was the wholesome respect of the alien for the Pennsylvania state constabulary. "The Cossacks are coming!" was passed along the line of the parade. They call the police that, the term emanating from the group of Russian and Finnish reds with whom the whole effort to disrupt labor organization and law and order in the valley of steel is permeated.

The "Cossacks" were enough to break up the assembly—merely a good handful of them. Representing the best type of Americanism they rode through the polyglot gathering, advising the workers in their own tongues to return to their homes. No person in all that mob—which had within the hour sought a demonstration of force as opposed to American law and order—was molested by any state trooper.

Yet it was of this day's incidents that the senate committee was told "many citizens were shot down in cold blood by brutal thugs and gunmen." It was of these same incidents that the senate committee was told "the men were herded in groups in a building and told if they did not go back to work they would be hanged."

Americanize or Deport

HAD you lived in the midst of the handwriting of class antagonism on the walls of your own supposedly American town, and discovered you stood on the edge of a melting pot that had boiled over with quickly stirred alien prejudice, and had you watched the plant of syndicalism grow and grow until it assumed the proportions of mob spirit, held in check only by the sheer reputation of a trained state constabulary, you to-day would be saying to the senatorial committee: Yes, they must be Americanized—and if you are for the safety of America and American ideals do your Americanizing now—or your deporting, or whatever it is that must be done. And then, not only lop off these limbs of revolution but lay the ax to the root of the tree of syndicalism. Do that now also. And have done with any method that merely checks and does not crush this communistic spirit.

No more peaceful town existed on that ominous morning of the parade. We flung our small-town jests with small-town frankness born of daily contact. Yankee jests with a Yankee zest, the kind that tell we haven't been taking things very seriously since the Armistice was signed and the influenza took its grim toll and passed on.

The most cheerful optimism was abroad, for we thought of these peoples of a score of tongues as our neighbors—more, our friends.

This, mark, was the town that had sent five hundred of its sons—they, too, of the many tongues—across the River Marne and into the Argonne to un-Prussianize Prussianism. If you could know this town and a score of other steel towns like it in this Pittsburgh district where great mills had been booming along at capacity

(Continued on Page 120)

Rip Van Winkle Lands an Order

By Robert R. Updegraff

ILLUSTRATED BY WILSON C. DEXTER

From Then on it Was a Joke Round the Office That Victor Havelock, Jr., Could Sail and Dine With the President of the C. M. & B., But He Couldn't Sell Him a Pint of Varnish

WHEN Rip Van Winkle rose stiffly, rubbing his eyes after his twenty-year sleep in the Catskill Mountains, and picked up his rusty musket he little thought that he would ever be drafted to help Victor Havelock, Jr., of the Chicago sales office of the Havelock Varnish Company to sell a bill of varnish to a procrastinating prospect. In view of the fact that railroads were not at that time in existence we need feel no surprise that Rip experienced no symptoms of the coming sale as he stumbled agedly toward the village, rubbing his forehead in perplexity as he raised his cracked voice to call his dog. And inasmuch as it is not the present writer's intention to attempt to collaborate with Washington Irving in telling the story of Rip's return to civilization, we may safely leave the old man to make his trembly way back to his old haunts under convoy of Mr. Irving and ourselves take the elevator to the sixth floor of the Monarch Building, Chicago, on the morning of April 16, 1917, the day being Monday.

In the elevator we discover Edward R. Carrington, manager of the Chicago sales department of the Havelock Varnish Company of Boston. As the elevator gate clangs as the car leaves the fifth floor Mr. Carrington—being one of those I-carry-the-office-key-myself managers—reaches into his right-hand front pants pocket for his bunch of keys and deftly selects one of them by feel as he steps out into the marble-walled corridor of the sixth floor. He turns to the left, strides down the corridor with an aggressive swing past five doors bearing the name "Havelock Varnish Company," and stops at the door of Room 614, which bears down in the lower right-hand corner the word "Entrance." Nodding in high good humor to the office boy and the two stenographers who are hovering at the door, he inserts the key, turns it and the door swings open, disclosing the usual Monday-morning scatter of mail on the floor, pushed through the door slot by the letter carrier on his Saturday-afternoon rounds.

Ordinarily Carrington pays no attention to the Monday-morning mail on the floor, leaving it for the office boy to pick up. But this morning his attention is attracted by a certain white envelope, long and narrow, lying over by the water cooler. This he knows at a glance to be the personal stationery of the president of the company and he stoops and picks it up almost involuntarily, for a personal letter from the president is something to sit up about.

He enters his private office. Ripping open the long white envelope before removing his hat, he reads the letter which brings us to the opening of our story:

Boston, April 14, 1917.

Mr. Edward R. Carrington,
Manager Chicago Sales Office,
Havelock Varnish Company,
614 Monarch Building,
Chicago, Ill.

My dear Mr. Carrington: My son, Victor, Jr., has just completed his four years at Harvard and I now want him to enter our business. During part of each of his vacations he has been working in our laboratories to get an understanding of the chemical end of the business and he is now anxious to learn the selling end, selling being his natural inclination.

It has seemed to be desirable, owing to his relationship to me, not to have him start on either the Boston or the New York sales force, but to send him out to Chicago where he will start among strangers. I suggest that you start him in the railroad department.

Needless to say, Victor will be expected to enter your office on just the same basis as any other new man, and under no circumstances is the fact that he is my son to influence you to show him any special consideration.

He will arrive on the Twentieth Century Tuesday morning.

Yours very truly,
VICTOR HAVELOCK,
President.

As Carrington finished reading the letter his assistant, Gordon Williams, entered the outer office carrying a suitcase and tennis racket and wearing a week-end coat of tan.

"Oh, say, Gord, look at this," called Carrington as Williams hung up his hat and coat.

"Huh!" grunted Williams when he had finished reading the letter.

"Just our luck, isn't it?" Carrington demanded sourly. "When Boston has anything they don't want they wish it onto us."

"Huh!" grunted Williams again, staring at the letter.

"I've never met this young Harvardite, have you?" asked Carrington.

"Yes," said Williams; "I met him once in the elevator when I was at the home office."

"Well, then you are elected to be a committee of welcome to go over to La Salle Station to meet the Century tomorrow morning with the keys to the city for His Nibs. Take him over to my club. We'll have to put him up there until he gets his bearings. I'll arrange about a room for him when I go to the club for lunch to-day."

Williams stood smoothing back his cherished pompadour, still looking at the letter hard.

"Ye gods!" he blurted finally. "I wonder what the old man's thinking about to suggest putting a new cub into the railroad department."

"I know it!" exclaimed Carrington hotly. "Of all jobs to pick, selling to the railroads is the prize pick. Why, I've been on this territory for eleven years and I don't feel any too comfortable going after railroad business myself! Only an old seasoned technical man like Longstreet ought to be allowed to handle the railroads."

"Well, the old man only suggests that you put this budding graduate into the railroad department."

"Humph!" said Carrington shortly. "If you'd ever worked in the Boston office with the chief you'd as soon think of ignoring one of his suggestions as you would of ignoring the suggestion of a mad bull that you get on the far side of the fence or get gored. That's the worst of it," he continued, throwing open the roll top of his desk with a bang. "The chief sends the kid out here fresh from Harvard, and no matter what happens, as long as we don't kick, the chief will think he's doing fine. And being the boss' son, we don't dare kick on him. So he can just stay on, fattening up on experience on our pay roll and getting us in a mess with the railroad purchasing departments. I tell you, it's just like Boston to wish their lemons onto us."

"Well," said Williams dryly, his face suddenly lighting up with a significant smile, "if he's a lemon we might squeeze him."

"How?"

"Well, there's the C. M. & B., for instance. Longstreet or no one else in this office has ever pried a varnish order out of them. They're regular bears over there. That might be a good prospect for some young fellow to start on."

In spite of himself Carrington grinned.

"I get you! After working on a prospect like the C. M. & B. for a few months the railroad end of the business might not look so attractive. Then if he didn't decide that Boston or some other Eastern office would go better with his complexion, why, at least he might decide that calling on the retail trade would be a nice change. And," he added, warming to the idea, "we have some lovely territory out through Iowa and the Dakotas with nice long rides between stations that might be developed by some young college man."

"Exactly!" agreed Gordon Williams.

"Well, fix up a desk for him in Longstreet's office. Gosh, but won't Longstreet be delighted to have a little sales colt running round in his pasture!"

By noon everybody round the office knew that the chief's son was coming out to the Chicago office. There was considerable excitement. More than one stenographic gum quid was neglected that morning, excepting in the case of Martha Scriver, who seemed to be able to chew better when talking. It was Martha who sounded the keynote of the office opinion when she said: "Well, George Longstreet will give little Victor Harvard Havelock a nice little post-graduate course that will make Harvard seem like a kindergarten."

The main fireworks of the morning were set off in the privacy of Carrington's office with Longstreet as the skyrocket. He'd be blankety blanked if any blankety blank young cub from Harvard could come out and call on his prospects, even if he was the president's son. Why—why—why, blankety blank blank!

It was thirty-five minutes before Longstreet could get near enough to earth even to see any humor in the idea of this new cub calling on the C. M. & B. But finally when Carrington drew a word picture of young Havelock interviewing Maganch, the purchasing agent of that road, a faint flicker of a smile flitted across Longstreet's face, and Carrington knew that the pyrotechnics were almost over for the present. In the end Longstreet had to give in, of course, for the newcomer was the president's son, and, father's letter to the contrary notwithstanding, presidents' sons are presidents' sons.

"Well," asked Carrington as Gordon Williams entered his office the next morning, where he and Longstreet were having it out for the second time, "did you get him fixed up at the club all nice and cozy? And did he notice the Harvard banner I got the steward to put up on the wall of his room?"

"Yes—he did not."

"What do you mean? Didn't he arrive?"

"Yes, and he said to tell you that he thought it was mighty fine of you to offer to put him up at your club, but he really believed it would be better for him to look out for himself from the beginning. He went over to some small hotel that he knew about and said he'd be over here in about an hour."

"Humph!" grunted Carrington, glancing out of the corner of his eye at Longstreet, who sat sullenly thumbing his loose-leaf price-list book. "He's commendably independent anyway."

"Snippy, I should say," snapped Longstreet, ignoring the fact that Carrington's remark had not been addressed to him. "Now, looka here, Mr. Carrington; you've known me for nine years and you know I'll stand for a lot, but when ——"

"Yes, yes, I know," soothed Carrington. "You've told me that a dozen times in the last half hour. But, Long, old boy, he's the president's son and we've got to give him a chance. Now just lie low and watch a certain young Harvard graduate go up against the C. M. & B. And,"

he added significantly, "if some young fellow should soon decide that the railroad end was a little too stiff a proposition for a greenhorn, why, there's some half-a-day-between-towns retail trade that needs developing out through Iowa and the Dakotas that might make Boston look more like home to a Bostonian. Get me?"

Longstreet grinned in spite of himself.

At eleven o'clock sharp the elevator gate clanged, steps sounded down the corridor and the door of 614 opened with a businesslike swing.

"Mr. Carrington, please. Say it is Victor Havelock, Jr., from Boston."

In the outer office there was much covert craning of necks to get a squint at the president's son through the glass partition that fenced off the reception office. And Gridley and Whitmarsh and Roy Farrell, three stars of the Chicago sales force, who had been hanging round the office all morning to give the newcomer the once-over, all suddenly had business that took them out through the reception office, where they winked at Marjorie Bent as she made out the name slip for the boy to take in to Carrington—a wholly unnecessary formality, since the latter had been sitting in suspense for fifteen minutes trying to think up a second C. M. & B. type of prospect for the new man to buck up against to keep him away from conflict with Longstreet.

"He's got nice hair anyway," was the mental comment of Marjorie Bent, who was always more impressed with what was on top of a man's head than with what was inside.

"Show him right in," directed Carrington when the boy delivered the slip a minute later.

As the junior Havelock was ushered into the manager's office such a buzz of comment ran through the outer office that Carrington hastily closed the door.

At twelve the door opened again and both men came out with their hats on.

"We'll go over to my club for luncheon," Carrington was saying. "It's quiet there and we can talk without any interruptions. When we come back I'll introduce you to Longstreet and the rest of our family. Now, as I was saying, I think perhaps the best prospect for you to approach first would be the C. M. & B. They ——" And that was all Marjorie Bent's sharp ears could catch before the outer office door shut.

It was not until after lunch that the office force and such of the salesmen as happened to be in got a real good look at Victor Havelock, Jr. What they saw was a tall young man with rather wavy brown hair and grayish eyes and a serious face that lit up occasionally with a smile that seemed to be about a fifty-fifty mixture of deviltry and dignity.

At the luncheon table Carrington had suggested that perhaps Havelock would prefer to spend a week going the rounds with Longstreet and learning the ropes. But to Carrington's great relief Havelock had declared that if it would be all the same he'd rather jump right overboard and get wet all over. In fact he even announced that if agreeable to Carrington he would call on the C. M. & B. the very next morning and try to interest them in Havelock goods.

"All right, go to it," Carrington had said. Havelock hadn't seen the quizzical smile that played round his lips, a smile that suggested that he was enjoying some very private thoughts that were as amusing as they were private.

And the reason he hadn't seen Carrington's quizzical smile was that he had not dared look at him for fear Carrington would see the smile that he felt must certainly be showing through his own normally rather owl-like face, for it had taken him about three seconds to see through the C. M. & B. deal when Carrington had first suggested that road as a prospect.

The fact was he knew something about the C. M. & B. that Carrington didn't know, or Longstreet either. He knew that the next morning the C. M. & B. would have a new purchasing agent, quietly taken on as assistant to the present purchasing agent, who had suddenly found it necessary to be out of the city for a spell. What was more, the new purchasing agent was a friend of his—had in fact been a senior at Harvard during his own freshman year and had been one of his pals in spite of their difference in classes. Further, this new purchasing agent, Arbuckle by name, who had been for the past two years assistant to the purchasing agent of a large Eastern road, had been his traveling companion on the Twentieth Century from Boston and they had talked over the railroad-varnish problem at great length and Arbuckle had halfway promised to swing some of the C. M. & B. varnish business to Havelock just as soon as he could arrange it, because he knew from experience that it was as good as any, if not better.

One more fact young Havelock knew that Carrington didn't, though he had always suspected it: The reason that Longstreet had never been able to sell the C. M. & B. was that Maganch, the old purchasing agent, was getting a bit of graft on much of the business he placed. That was why he was to be fired—dropped as quietly as possible—just as soon as they could break Arbuckle in.

II

SHORTLY after ten the next morning Victor Havelock, Jr., stepped into the rickety little elevator, one of the few surviving gas-lighted elevators in Chicago, and was jerked slowly to the fourth floor of the antiquated building housing the C. M. & B. general offices.

Making his way along the gloomy corridor past offices labeled "Supt. of Dining Car Service," "Supt. of Telegraph," "Trainmaster" and "Engineer of Bridges and Trestles," he finally arrived at a door marked "Purchasing Agent." A crudely painted fist pointed to a little window beside the door and under it was a brusque request to "Present your card at the window."

Havelock's visit with his old Harvard friend was pleasant socially, but—as might have been expected—was not productive of an order. At noon Havelock explained to Carrington in a perfectly naïve way and with a sober face that while he hadn't landed an order from the C. M. & B. he did think he was on the right track to get one. And Carrington repeated his words to Longstreet after lunch, causing the latter to laugh outright for the first time in two days.

Meanwhile Carrington turned Havelock loose on another hard nut of a prospect that Longstreet had given up as hopeless long since—the Chicago purchasing agent of a group of small Western interurban trolley companies which pooled their buying.

But if Victor Havelock, Jr., had expected to make rapid headway with the C. M. & B. through his friend Arbuckle he was doomed to rather dismayed disappointment, for after two months, in spite of the fact that the old purchasing agent was still "on a little business trip," Arbuckle found it very difficult to swing the promised varnish business to young Havelock.

For you must know that varnishes and varnishers are fussy things to work with. Arbuckle knew varnish pretty well from the laboratory standpoint, for Havelock had shown him a series of laboratory tests that were startling, but he did not know it from the human-nature standpoint. He had not realized that a harmless order for a new varnish—even though it be a better varnish—might stir up such a commotion in the paint shop that—figuratively speaking—it could be heard in the president's office. And not so figuratively either, for paint-shop strikes have occurred on lesser pretexts.

But he had learned much in his first few weeks on the job and he had sensed even more than he had learned. And so it was that he was afraid to change varnishes too suddenly.

He had therefore hopes but no orders to hand out to his college friend whenever he came round, which was quite often, as he had to report his calls to Carrington and the latter had told him to concentrate pretty much on the C. M. & B. until he had landed their business. It made it rather stupid having but four or five prospects to work on—for that is all Carrington would give him—but he made no comment.

At the end of the first three months two things had happened: Havelock had landed one railroad order, a small one for finishing varnish, and he had been able to show Longstreet a laboratory demonstration that had enabled that clever salesman to bring through several big orders for varnish from hard-nut prospects. The demonstration was one that young Havelock had worked out the previous summer in the factory laboratory, and after Longstreet had sold his first order on the strength of it everybody in the office noticed that he no longer spoke of his understudy as "that Harvard cub." In fact he was known to have referred to him quite respectfully by his name on one or two occasions, which had given the office a distinct shock.

And finally the day came at the end of nearly five months when Longstreet actually asked Havelock to go to Milwaukee with him to a convention of railroad master painters before which he was scheduled to make a talk. He had discovered that young Havelock really knew the chemistry of varnish from C to Y and he wanted him to conduct some experiments for the painters—tests Havelock had worked out himself which demonstrated the qualities of Havelock varnishes as no one else had ever demonstrated them before.

That convention was the beginning of a real friendship between Longstreet and the president's son. For two days they lived and worked together in Milwaukee and when they came back Longstreet insisted that Havelock call with him on some of his big customers and perform some of the same tests. In fact he even suggested to Carrington that he give Havelock two or three other railroad prospects to work on by himself.

To the surprise of the entire office a week later Havelock brought in a good-sized order from one of these roads whose purchasing agent had been only lukewarm on the Havelock line.

Things were in fact beginning to look up a little with "the Harvard cub" and everybody was getting used to the situation when one morning the mail brought a certain white envelope, long and narrow, addressed to Mr. Victor Havelock, Jr. The letter inside was on the president's personal stationery and it read as follows:

Mr. Victor Havelock, Jr.,
Chicago Sales Office,
Havelock Varnish Co.,
614 Monarch Building,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir: According to advices received some months ago our Chicago manager, Mr. Carrington, assigned to you the solicitation of the varnish business of the C. M. & B. Railroad.

Up to date we have received no record of your having procured any business.

The Havelock Company has been built up on aggressive and persistent salesmanship, backed up by good varnishes. The factory is still turning out good varnishes.

Very truly yours,
VICTOR HAVELOCK,
President.

A pink-sheet carbon copy of this letter went to Carrington as manager of the Chicago office, as was customary with all letters pertaining to sales matters in the territory. Carrington was reading it as Gordon Williams burst into his office full of news.

"Gord, what do you think of this?" Carrington demanded, handing him the pink tissue and not noticing the excitement in his assistant's face. Williams read it and arched his eyebrows when he came to the last sentence.

"Gosh, but the old man hits hard! 'The factory is still turning out good varnishes'!"

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"Who Do You Suppose Was Dining With Him? None Other Than the President of the C. M. & B. and Our Young Friend, Victor Havelock, Jr.!"

RIDE 'IM, COWBOY!

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

When the Horse Doesn't Buck Sufficiently, the Wranglers "Speed Him Up"

IT HAS been rumored persistently that the old West is dead. Out where Bill Cody once rode pony express the automobile average is one car to every thirteen persons. The dance halls of Cripple Creek have become garages and restaurants. On the Sioux reservation most of the braves know the difference between a transmission and a crank-shaft, while Boise, Idaho, is about thirty per cent safer than Broadway. A padlock has been placed on the doors of the Stockade in Butte, leaving only shadows and faded finery to linger in the place where once the days were one wild succession leading up to nights even wilder. The road that long ago brought down the miners from the diggin's at Creede, Silver Plume, Georgetown and Barrow's Point now is an automobile highway broad enough for three machines to pass at once. Up in Wyoming the last of the stage lines has been abandoned; auto busses whirl you through the Yellowstone, stopping now and then to allow you to feed the bears. The only Indian seen on the streets of Denver in the last three months wore his civvies when off duty and his headdress while working. He was advertising a motion-picture show. Atop Mount Lookout tourists from Albuquerque, New Mexico, and El Paso, Texas, to say nothing of Phoenix, Arizona, and Provo, Utah, have nicked and cut the tree which shelters the grave of Buffalo Bill until hardly enough of it is left to sustain life. Yes, the old West is ——

Dead? Perhaps. Dead as far as the outer manifestations are concerned—the lack of transportation, the isolation from the more civilized world, the absence of culture and education and comfort and convenience and all those things which are as easily procurable in Salt Lake as within the sight of Subway kiosks. But certainly not dead as to spirit or dead as concerns the memory of other days—not even approaching death. It is merely in its second childhood. As evidence:

Fifteen thousand persons are packed into an inclosure capable of giving comfort to ten. Before them is a tangled mass of color, of leaping, sprawling horses, of swirling ropes, of dust, horse wranglers surreptitiously biting the ears of their charges when the humane agents aren't watching; men in chaps and clanking spurs and silk shirts that blaze with raucous hues; of high beaver hats creased down the center; of belts carved and monogrammed and plated with silver; of high filigreed boots and leather gauntlets and high-pommeled ridin' saddles; of women in buckskin and cowhide with the hair left on; of excitement and danger and the voice of the roaring announcer:

"Maggie Martin from Poudre River, on Fidgety Ann!"

A rumble from the fifteen thousand. A high-pitched "y-e-e-u-p" of a cowpuncher who arrived at the arena in a sixty-horse-power speedster. A scurrying of figures as the gunny-sack blind is removed from the eyes of Fidgety Ann and the fidgets begin. Five minutes later the ambulance jogs back to the white emergency-hospital tent a quarter of a mile away carrying Maggie Martin, plus one broken leg and a dislocated shoulder. There is no panic in the grand stand—hardly any excitement. The next event is on, and besides this is the fifth ambulance run for the day. Maggie had only one leg broken. The man who tried to beat the bucking-horse record of the world just ten minutes before her was far more interesting. The horse lay down and rolled on him. And under such conditions one hardly can say that the case of the old West is beyond redemption. It is only leading a Jekyll-and-Hyde existence.

The Usual "Review of the Plainsmen"

Which is the Jekyll and which the Hyde is purely a matter of choice. Throughout eleven and three-quarter months of the year every city beyond the western end of Nebraska is an ordinary twentieth-century town, with ordinary twentieth-century ideas, with the usual elections, aldermanic squabbles, franchise fights and police clean-ups. Then a sort of mental measles seems to break out. The point of infection makes little difference. The symptoms are always the same.

The staid dealer in coal suddenly throws away his fedora and covers his head with a fifteen-inch beaver sombrero; trades his bump-toed shoes for a pair of filigreed boots with three-inch rowels clanking behind; his percale shirt becomes a livid thing of sea-green silk surmounted by a cerise handkerchief at the neck with the knot tied at the back. The banker, the butcher, the street-car conductor lose interest in the price of clothing and the fall styles. Tailored suits are gone from the shop windows. In their places weird designs in solid-colored shirtings appear; Angora chaps dyed in colors equaled only in the dreams of a rarebit fiend; saddles, filigreed, carved, with silver and gold mountings; quirts, gauntlets of carved calfskins, beaver hats, lariats, tie ropes, cinches, snub ropes—everything that went with the West of other days has suddenly shoved progress into the back end of the store where it neither can be seen nor thought about. Tom-toms pound in the gray of dusk and the glint of dawn. Sioux bucks and squaws and papooses wander the streets, again in their beads, buckskins and vests adorned with elk teeth; their war bonnets of eagle feathers and dancing bustles of turkey tails. Bow-legged cowpunchers, long-armed horse wranglers, clattering herds of wild-eyed outlaw horses bound for the corrals just outside town.

All these things appear overnight, taking their places as naturally as though they never had been away. The staid municipality has become a cow town again, to remain a cow town for one happy garish week. Then it settles back to its era of progress, while the epidemic of memories spreads to Cheyenne, Thermopolis, Casper and to Butte, on to Pendleton and Calgary; down to Phoenix, perhaps Tucson, over to Las Vegas and Sante Fé, then round to Amarillo in the

Panhandle country, or Bovina or Salinas, thence to Rocky Ford and Monte Vista, with sporadic outbursts everywhere along the line that can corral an outlaw horse, a bulldogging steer and the necessary cowpunchers.

Here and there, struggling bravely to make ends meet, a county fair strives to create interest, or a Chautauqua hangs out its banners and beckons to trade. But woeful is either unless it has as its adjunct the wild-steer roping, the bulldogging and bucking-horse contests of a rodeo, a frontier day or a stampede.

For these, like the prize pumpkin of the East, are the institutions of the West. Men—and women—play with death all year that they may be able to deal a new hand with the same old menace when westernism begins to sweep the West. There is a sort of religious earnestness about it all, as though progress had been allowed a whole year in which to glut humanity, that retrogression—if you can call the one fevered week by such a name—might brighten up things until the next time rolls round.

There is ranch after ranch in Colorado, Wyoming, Utah and other states of the western West where horses seldom travel to town. The automobile looks after that. The produce is hauled on heavily horse-powered trucks and the chuck wagon long ago became motorized. But the horses are there just the same, to be taught the old tricks of the range as studiously as though automotive power never had been invented. Other animals—ragged, unkempt, wild—roam the ranges from summer to summer, not to be approached until the fever of the old West begins to rise and the storekeepers are putting red-silk shirts in their windows.

Happy is the ranch owner who can produce the outlaw horse with enough devil in him to fight the strongest pair of bowlegs that ever cowboy grew! Happier is that spraddled cow-punch if he can hang on long enough to send that four-hoofed fiend back to the ranch and to oblivion a broken, beaten thing. With the years it has become a professional sort of contest—men and women who train from month to month, who study every whim and fancy of the bucking horse and live by the rewards of the rodeo, if the surgical bill isn't greater than the prize money.

And therein lies one of the reasons why grand stands are packed year after year. It's a he-man's game, this turning back the clock, no matter whether played by man or woman; their range of endeavor encompassed in a program which consists of such gentle sports as riding wild horses without a saddle and with only a rope nose cinch for a bridle; of throwing Texas longhorns with bare hands; of roping and tying wild steers; of sitting—or attempting to sit—on the hurricane deck of an outlaw animal while it sunfishes, spins, twists, pitches, bucks, breaks through fences and does its best to commit murder; of Sioux war dances; relay contests where the accident rate runs fifty per cent; of squaw races on barebacked ponies, which always result in fat lobby lady Injuns flopping off their horses all the way round the track, while squawking bucks lasso the recreant mounts and later absent-mindedly rescue their respective wives; of blood and ambulances and broken bones and sprains and wrenched, torn muscles and—the happiest grins that ever came to a human being, even while the doctor hesitates between the bandages and the call for an amputation. That part of it is hard to understand—how on earth men and women can get any pleasure out of being cut and torn and generally hashed up. But they do—more, they thrive on it!

Prairie Rose Henderson Riding a Bucking Horse, Just Following an Accident in a Relay Race

War Dancers. Above—Nearing the Finish of a Bulldogging Contest. The Bulldogger Failed to Throw the Steer With His First Leap and Now Must "Wrassle" Him Until He Falls

Back in 1912 I stepped from a train in Cheyenne expecting to find the staid capital of Wyoming capitalizing in its ordinary way, and found instead a madhouse of men in red and green chaps, loud shirts, broad hats and shooting irons. A week later I went hazily away with the dazed memory of rocking ambulances and much gore—but with little knowledge of what it was all about. As far as I could see, it was about as near concerted suicide as anything else.

But other rodeos came—here, there and the other place. They were all the same. More cuts, more bruises, more smashed collar bones, more squawking, grunting Indians, more ambulance runs and more grins! Always the same, always the happiness. And then it began to dawn on me that perhaps these people were self-appointed apostles of a day that is gone, striving to the limit of their bone and sinew to keep alive the traditions and the romance of the land where irrigation is running the prairie dog out of business and the motor horn calls more often to its mate than does the coyote. But naturally one couldn't expect the apostle himself to look upon things in that light. He—or she—is only having a good time. To wit: Cal McMillan.

I met Cal in Cheyenne five years ago bending over the water barrel near the judges' stand at Frontier Park. In spite of his spraddled chaps, his sunset shirt, his high-crotched beaver and his stilt-heeled boots with their rusty spurs, there was a memory of having seen the man before in the ordinary clothes of an ordinary citizen. And if I'm not mistaken, I'd seen him at the soda counter of a drug store meekly devouring a pineapple sundae. But now Cal, with the cup poised before his lips, was all that a movie director could wish for.

Far across the inclosure, its edges fringed with thousands of horses and riders, a dozen bechapped wranglers were striving to jam a gunny sack over the eyes of a murderous-looking outlaw which had been pushed, pulled and jerked with

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CABELL DRIVES THE NAIL

By Alice L. Tildesley

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

AS SHE stepped out of the low red car Cabell flashed an apprehensive glance at the big apartment house. Fully one-third of its windows glowed cheerfully in the October dusk. It must be later than she had imagined.

"I had a gorgeous time, Mr. Christie," she effused, sparkling up at the driver with what she privately thought a fascinating smile.

"Prove it by coming again."

The idea made Cabell gasp. She dared a "I'll think about it" airily, and ducked the French tam—like those all the girls were wearing—so that she had to look at him sidewise.

"How about to-morrow—same time?"

"Oh—to-morrow?" She began unfastening her gloves. "Why—I don't know. I'll see. Mamma might have something on."

"I'll call you up, then." His strange almond-shaped eyes gave her one of their odd long looks—the kind that made her feel as if she were the heroine of a screen drama.

"We-ell, after nine in the morning. Mamma's gone by that time. She'd die if she knew." Cabell laughed nervously. "Maybe she's home now. I'd better fly." She took a step toward the curving drive, then dashed back to the car. "Wait a minute! My books!" He lifted them by their strap and tossed them to her. His perfect teeth shone whitely in the purpling dark.

"After nine!" he agreed; and added "Good night, little pal!" as she sped up the gravel. She darted into the east entrance and paused before one of the hall mirrors to see how she had looked when they had said good night.

Oh, dear, had that straight piece of hair really straggled like that? The tam should have been pulled farther over the right eye. She rectified these things with a frown and pinned the collar of her fluffy blouse higher in preparation for her mother's critical glance. Then she proceeded to mince to the nearest elevator. Her heels were not so high as she would have liked, but all the girls said she had an elegant walk.

"Good evening, Walker!"

She minced into the elevator with a gay nod. Cabell was always gracious to the employees of the Stratford. She hoped they regarded her as a lovely young princess and dreamed of what they said about her to each other. She would have been genuinely surprised if she had heard what they actually said.

"Doug home yet?"—with a repetition of her fascinating smile.

"Ain't seen him. Your ma's in." Walker stopped the cage and slid back the door with one movement. "She's waitin' on you-all."

The girl nodded and minced along the corridor. Her mind was working too rapidly to answer. Where should she say she'd been? If she just knew what time it was! All the other girls had wrist watches.

She saw the light above the door and paused with one hand on the knob, her eyes mechanically reading the name plate, "Mrs. Shirley C. Smith," while her brain went on with a plausible story.

When she finally opened the door and stole in, the crowded little living room was empty. She made her way among the big mission chairs to her own tiny room and snapped on the pink-shaded lights. She could hear her mother moving about the next cubicle, but she pretended not to. Why shouldn't mamma say something herself? Cabell put away the tam and hung up the coat of her suit. Mamma hadn't approved of that suit; said it was too old for a schoolgirl. Too old! But Cabell had worn it home, so there could be no question of its going back.

"That you, Cabell?" at last, when the girl was fluffing up her fair hair for the third time.

"Yes, mamma. You home?" with bright surprise.

"Where's Douglas?"

Mother and daughter met in the overfurnished living room, Cabell still wearing the sweet, pleased smile she had put on when she replied to the first query. She did not let it fade, even while she observed that she didn't know a thing about Doug. Hadn't seen him since lit. You know, Doug's class passed out of Miss Malley's room when she went in for lit.

"Nearly seven," commented Mrs. Smith with a glance at her watch. She moved restlessly from the table to the stand where the mail lay, and ran over the letters as she talked. She was used to doing more than one thing at a time. "I have something to say to you. I'll wait for Douglas. No use going over it twice."

"You Let Go of Me This Minute. I'll Get Daddy. I Guess He'd Settle You!"

Cabell sitting on one foot in the farther armchair, thus exhibiting a length of black-silk stocking above the other neat pump, was not interested. It would be some dull business or other, very likely.

"By the way, weren't you rather late yourself?" The mother's brown eyes flashed alertly from the bill before her to her daughter.

"A—little. I was—— Stelle and I ran downtown to the library for a book Miss Malley wanted us to read in lit."

"What book?"

"Oh—something by Balzac. I've got it written down. It wasn't in. And—we went to a picture show." She caught a flyaway lock and began pushing short hairs upward busily. It had come to her as an inspiration, as she would giggle to Stelle to-morrow. "It's Friday, mamma, and we've got all day Saturday to study."

Her mother didn't appear to be listening. She was biting her upper lip and a frown was drawing her brows together. She did not inquire what picture they had seen, though Cabell was quite ready with "Mary Pickford." You could always say she was so cute, and nobody objected to the plot—except herself and Stelle. They preferred films entitled Her Immortal Soul or something about wives or, better still, outcasts. Those advertising "Children under sixteen not admitted" especially attracted them.

Mrs. Smith glanced at her watch again and said Skelton's bill was outrageous. Bad as dressing a débutante to clothe a schoolgirl.

Cabell decided it was no time to tease for money. And she wanted a scarf for her dance frock.

Douglas came in—breezed in, he would have said. He was a year younger than his sister, with the same fair hair—except that his was curly—O Injustice!—and his gray eyes looked oddly light in his dark skin.

"Do you know what time it is?" inquired his mother. He threw his cap into his room with an assumption of ease. No; how could he tell time without a watch?

"It's seven. Wash your face and hands and come to the dining room. It will be closed if you dawdle much longer. And—Douglas! Don't just put your hands under the tap and wipe the dirt on my towels. The laundry can't get it out. Cabell and I will go on."

She led the way briskly. Cabell following wished she wouldn't stalk like that. It was so inelegant. She didn't know what Lance Christie would think!

"'Evening, Mason. Tea, please. Cocoa for the children. What's on hand? . . . Well, bring it—not those fried things. Nor pie. The rest. . . . And hurry, Mason!"

Cabell took her place at their little table, after a pause by another, where sat three ladies whom she considered her admirers. She was so fond of admiration. She could never get enough praise.

"Mamma, I hate cocoa. We're not babies. Goodness, it's enough to make a cat laugh to hear you."

Her mother ignored that. "Hope you and Stelle didn't gorge on sundaes and spoil your appetites."

"We didn't have a thing."

That was true. It had been too late when Cabell and Lance Christie got back to town. He had wanted her to go to a cunning chop-suey place, but she'd refused. She wished it hadn't been necessary to refuse. It would have been the crowning touch.

"You have on too much powder. You girls dip your heads into it. No, other side. Oh—meet me at Skelton's at one, to-morrow. We'll lunch there and you can try on the winter coat I had them put aside for you."

"Oh, goodness, mamma, do I have to?"

"Anything else on?"

"Why—a—Stelle and I sort of thought we'd go to the art museum. We're s'posed to write a theme about statues. . . . What kind of coat is it?"

"Dark blue—rough finish—plush collar that can be buttoned round your ears." Mrs. Smith paused to direct Mason. "Very girlish model."

"I hate girlish models! And I'm sick of blue. Can't I have black? I saw a gorgeous one in Marcey's window, a tail thing that goes over your shoulder and hangs down the back. Broadcloth, mamma, with fur that thick."

"Ages too old. You'd look like a little old maid in it. . . . Well, young man, where were you?"

"Washing my hands. Didn't you tell me to?" He jerked up his good-looking square chin. His gray eyes held a curious defiance, more than half apprehension.

"You know what I mean. . . . No, eat your soup. It's very good."

"I'm not hungry." But he drew his plate back and dabbled his spoon in it. His mother waited, brows raised, and he presently growled: "I was with the bunch."

That this satisfied her amazed her children. Not so much as an inquiry as to the whereabouts of the bunch. They exchanged meaning glances.

"I have something to say to you both after dinner," was Mrs. Smith's only remark, and she relapsed into preoccupied silence.

Her son and daughter talked intermittently.

"Saw you on Market Street," hazarded the boy. "See me there?"

Cabell started. Market Street! Suppose he'd seen her with Lance Christie? "Me on Market Street?" she managed with wide eyes.

"Yeh. Standing on the corner, yapping at the scenery," grinned Doug. Something was evidently off his mind.

"O-oh! Oh, yes. I was waiting for Stelle. She—took a message to one of those funny shops." In reality she had been waiting for Lance Christie. They had thought

nobody ever walked along Market. "What were you doing?"

He inspected his salad. "Why I was just going along. Got any money, Cab?"

"Money? Help!"

"Well, 's anything the matter with mom? Safe to make a touch?"

"I want some too, Doug. I'm flat."

"Aw, gimme first chance. I need it. You always get everything. . . . Say, mom, can't I have some money?"

"What's that? Why, how much?"

"How much can I have?".

"What for, Douglas? You've overdrawn your allowance now."

Her son explained that you couldn't see his allowance through a telescope. All the other fellows got twice that.

His mother's thin lips twitched. "You're treated abominably, poor child. How about five dollars?" She rose as she spoke and stalked out, with a brief nod at those directly under her eagle eye. Douglas at her elbow coaxed under his breath; his heavy lashes dropped over his gray eyes that he might not have to notice his fellow diners.

Cabell lagged behind, flashing her fascinating smile here and there.

"Oh, Mrs. Allesby, how lovely to see you down again! We've missed you so much! . . . How's the sore arm, doctor? . . . So? Keep it up. . . . What a darling blouse, Cora! Make it yourself? Wish I was smart!"

She closed the screen door after her exit—said exit being accompanied by a brilliant smile thrown over one slim shoulder—fully convinced that her going had been like the withdrawal of sunlight from the room.

"Hey, boot it along!" urged Douglas from the waiting elevator.

"Sit down, both of you." Mrs. Smith closing the apartment door indicated the mission chairs, but did not seat herself. "I've been going to tell you for some time, but somehow—at any rate I must tell you now. You know Mr. Brewster—Wallace Brewster?"

"Running for governor," said Douglas.

"The one that comes here sometimes?" from Cabell.

"Yes. Well, I'm going—he—that is, we're going to be married." She brought it out with some irritation. She prided herself on always speaking to the point.

Such a thing had never remotely occurred to either. They couldn't quite believe it. Mr. Brewster had called not more than twice—or was it three times?

"Well—when?" gasped Cabell.

"Married! What for?" from Douglas.

"Soon." Their mother had the faintest color in her brown cheeks. "As soon as election's over. About two weeks now."

"But—isn't it sudden?"

"Not so especially sudden. Mr. Brewster and I are old friends. Since before either of you was born. He's been urging this for three years."

"When did he get a chance? He doesn't come here very often."

"He is general counsel for the firm."

That conveyed nothing illuminating. They probably didn't know she had charge of collections for Overbeck & Collins, and went to Brewster's office every Monday.

A storm of questions broke upon her. If Mr. Brewster was elected governor, would they all live in the gubernatorial mansion? Oh, baby! They could come out to school in one of his cars, couldn't they?

"You'd hardly expect the daughter of a governor to hang to a strap! Oh, won't the girls be furious! My, I can't wait to tell them. I wonder if he'll give us each our own car."

"He'll not necessarily give you anything. You mustn't ask for anything. Cabell, put your feet down! In that tight skirt ——"

"Isn't he rich?"

"He has some money. He's been under a great expense in this election and he may not win."

"What'll we do if he doesn't win?" Douglas wanted to know.

"He will go back to the law. He has a house on Pearl Street. We may decide to live there."

"Wouldn't it be maddening if he didn't get in? Oh, mamma, shall we all take his name? Cabell Brewster! That's so much classier than Smith."

"Gee, Cab, course we won't get his name. Don't you know anything?"

Mrs. Smith agreed dispassionately. "You—like him, don't you?" She was self-conscious. She had never discussed emotion with the children.

Oh, sure. He was all right. They didn't know anything about him.

"He's coming to-night. I want you to be nice to him."

Which Cabell considered most unnecessary advice. She intended to be the sweetest little daughter in the world. Mr. Brewster would be utterly captivated and would insist on her presence everywhere, stating he found he made better speeches when he could look down at his golden-haired inspiration. Cabell's idea of a governor was a man who devoted all his time to making speeches. Her mother might come to be a little jealous perhaps. The thought touched the edges of her lips with a smile.

"Won't we need more money if we belong to the governor?" asked Douglas.

"My dear child! What for?"

"Well, it looks funny for a fellow to keep asking the time ——"

"You shall each have a watch for the wedding," promised their mother. "But you're not to mention money to Mr. Brewster. Here's that five, Douglas."

Cabell rushed into eager questions about the wedding. Could she be bridesmaid? Could she have an orchid-colored satin and carry laurel and wear a wreath of galax leaves? Doug would have to give mamma away.

"The wedding will be very informal. It's not necessary for me to be given away at my age. You may have a new frock of course, if you're willing to dress like a schoolgirl and not a grass widow. . . . Wasn't that our bell?"

It was. A moment later Wallace Brewster came in.

Cabell and Douglas surveyed him with new interest. Tall, erect, soldierly, with very thick, very white hair over

(Continued on Page 76)

A Moment Later Wallace Brewster Came In. Cabell and Douglas Surveyed Him With New Interest

The First Lady of Cranberry Isle

By Richard Matthews Hallet

TALES, like philosophies, have much to do with causes and effects. Therefore, as a moving cause of this our tale, let it be set down and known for truth that Captain Hat Tyler had been, in tyrannous and unjust wise, relieved of command of her ship, the Minnie Williams. Yet this, the moving cause, was in itself an effect, if I may be believed. Nay, the philosophers asseverate that in a sense truly profound every cause is in some measure the effect of its effect, and every effect the cause of its cause. If there is no effect how could there have been a cause?

Let us look then first at the effect of the effect, and next at the cause of the cause. Certain it is that at the instance of Mr. James Rackby, owner of the Minnie Williams, Mrs. Tyler came ashore one summer's evening, bag and baggage, as those who saw her come affirmed. Outrage was manifest in all her giant frame.

"The gall of the man! The unparalleled gall of him!" she said, sitting in Lena Kidder's bakeshop in her shoregoing hat, and with her skirt of broadcloth rumpled round those massive, slightly bowed, seagoing legs. She was doing justice to a good meal of victuals, which had been placed for her at the table in the front window, where all men might see that no act of Mr. Rackby's, however low, however degraded, could make her lose her appetite by so much as one new potato or one dish of spinach heaped mountain high and drowned in vinegar. As she was free to say, and did say freely, if she had a dollar for every time she had wished that man at the bottom of the sea in the last three or four months she would never have to lift her hand again in the way of work. Mrs. Kidder inquired in her sympathetic tones: "How did he approach the subject, Hat?"

"I guess there wasn't much in the nature of an approach," Mrs. Tyler answered bitterly. "My heavens, if I had run his ship aground, or alienated his affections, or scandalized him in any way, shape or manner, I don't say but what he might have had reason on his side; but nothing of that kind took place. What does he do but just walks himself aboard and says in that nasty voice of his that he guesses he can dispense with my services henceforth."

"He hadn't been drinking, had he, Hat?"

"No, he's too cussed mean to drink," retorted Hat. "Oh, the more I think of it the worse my blood boils! Just you think, for one thing, of his waiting until I had seen my husband off on that coaster going to South America, and then watching his chance and taking it out on an unprotected woman."

"I will bet you can give as good as they send, when it comes to that," spoke up another, a lumpy-jawed man at one of the less well-lighted tables. This was Mr. Patrick Whalen, a pugilist, a one-time state champion in fact, known to fame under the style of the Megunticook Assassin. He was known to Hat of old. Indeed, he still owed her a bill for furniture bought of her when she and Tyler broke up housekeeping to go to sea. This furniture was now, with the rest of his effects, stored on board his scow, or house boat, which was anchored off Cranberry Isle.

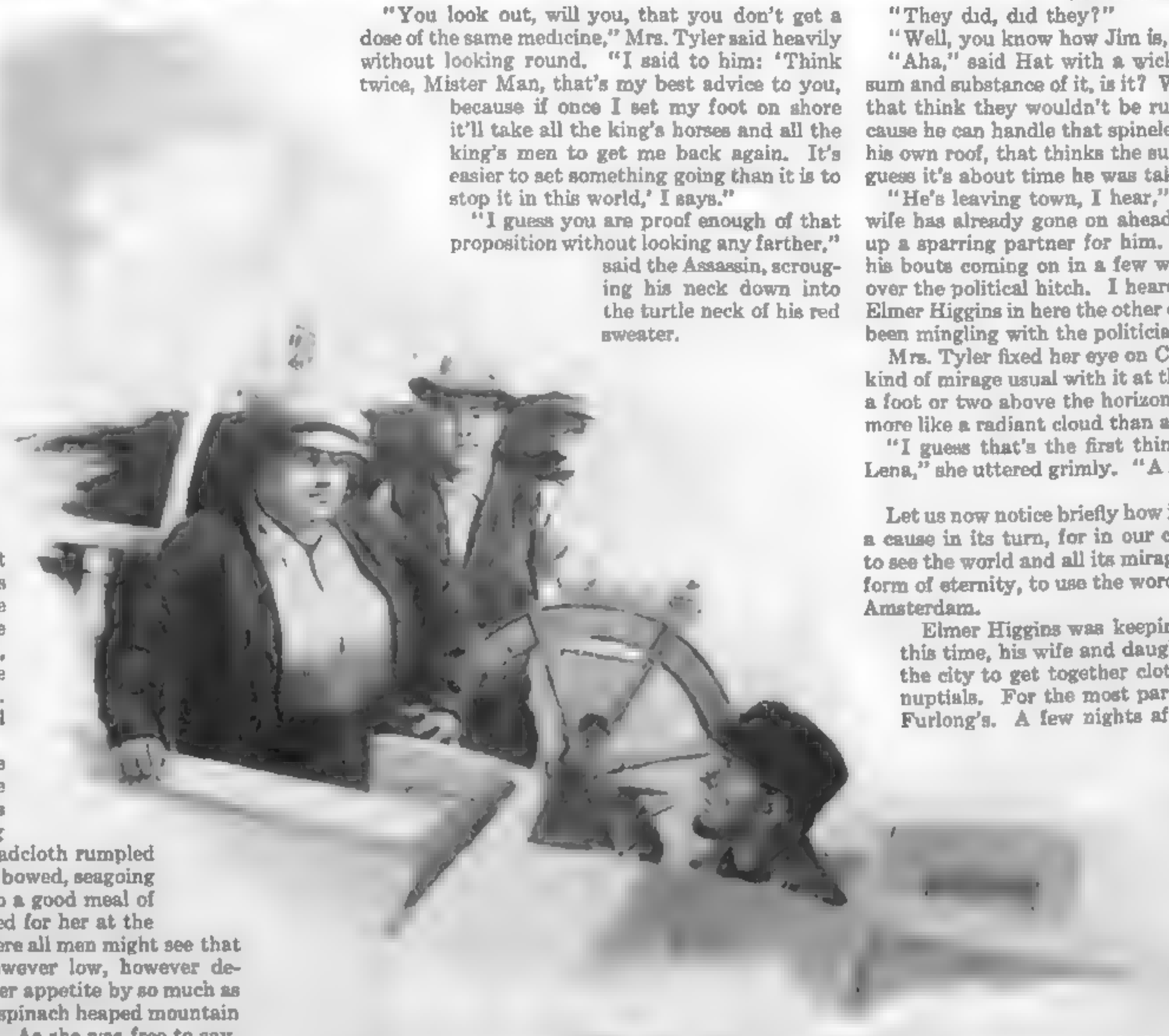
"When I want an opinion I'll ask for it, Mr. Whalen," Mrs. Tyler said with cool insolence. Addressing herself exclusively to Mrs. Kidder she continued: "Don't that show what part of a man he is?

"I was combing out my head at the time, and I know I was just dancing, hopping mad enough to have hung him by the neck until dead, with my own hair for a rope, and I told him so too."

"Trust you," muttered the Assassin, falling off a little in politeness.

"You look out, will you, that you don't get a dose of the same medicine," Mrs. Tyler said heavily without looking round. "I said to him: 'Think twice, Mister Man, that's my best advice to you, because if once I set my foot on shore it'll take all the king's horses and all the king's men to get me back again. It's easier to set something going than it is to stop it in this world,' I says."

"I guess you are proof enough of that proposition without looking any farther," said the Assassin, scrouging his neck down into the turtle neck of his red sweater.



Captain Hat Tyler Had Been, in Tyrannous and Unjust Wise, Relieved of Command of Her Ship, the Minnie Williams

"I guess you'll find it so if you go on as you are going," said the sea captain in organ tones. "I have set better men than you are by the ears, in times past. If the time ever comes that I have to stand and deliver every time a string of a man like you opens his head I'll sell out for little or nothing."

"There, there, deary," Mrs. Kidder uttered soothingly. "Well, it'll do you good to stop on terra firma for a little and make up some of the beauty sleep you lost getting up so often in the middle of the winter nights. I don't believe a woman ought to make a practice of going to sea myself. She doesn't get enough electricity into her from the ship's deck."

Hat raised her big fist.

"There's enough electricity left in me to settle that man's hash if I hear he's been talking about me behind my back. And another thing—I'd like to see the man that I would allow to talk twice to me in that strain either. Show him to me, that's all I ask of you."

Her eyes rested on the Assassin, who said satirically: "Ain't that a pretty good imitation of a dog barking twenty miles off?" and went out and slammed the door.

"I'll have him down off his high horse if he isn't careful," said Hat. "What is he trying to get off anyway? He needn't think because he can punch a bagful of wind a little while three times a day that he can lord it over me, because he can't."

"He'll be all right to-morrow," said Lena Kidder. "He got out on the wrong side of the bed this morning, that's all."

"You let him cross me once more in my present mood," said Mrs. Tyler, "and I'll put him where there won't be any call for him to get out of bed at all for some time to come. Champion! I'll champion him!"

"I shouldn't wonder if he was at the bottom of the whole business," said Mrs. Kidder thoughtfully. "I happen to know through Kidder that they were talking the woman question down at the Tall Stove Club the other night, the way the men do eternally when we're not round. It seems they were discussing that case of husband beating they had up in the criminal calendar, and Pat Whalen said we didn't have to look that far away from home for a case of where a woman had a man right under her thumb, and they all looked at Rackby and laughed."

"They did, did they?"

"Well, you know how Jim is, weak as water ——"

"Aha," said Hat with a wicked accent, "so that's the sum and substance of it, is it? Whalen is one of these kind that think they wouldn't be ruled by a woman, just because he can handle that spineless creature he's got under his own roof, that thinks the sun rises and sets in him. I guess it's about time he was taken in hand."

"He's leaving town, I hear," said Mrs. Kidder. "His wife has already gone on ahead to Roger's Inlet to look up a sparring partner for him. You know he has one of his bouts coming on in a few weeks, if only they can get over the political hitch. I heard him talking it over with Elmer Higgins in here the other day. You know Elmer has been mingling with the politicians lately."

Mrs. Tyler fixed her eye on Cranberry Isle, which, by a kind of mirage usual with it at this time of day, was raised a foot or two above the horizon line, and seemed to float more like a radiant cloud than a substantial island.

"I guess that's the first thing that wants tending to, Lena," she uttered grimly. "A stitch in time saves nine."

Let us now notice briefly how it is that an effect becomes a cause in its turn, for in our capacity we are privileged to see the world and all its mirages and illusions under the form of eternity, to use the words of the illustrious Jew of Amsterdam.

Elmer Higgins was keeping bachelor's house about this time, his wife and daughter having gone away to the city to get together clothes for that young lady's nuptials. For the most part he got his meals at Mr. Furlong's. A few nights after the coming ashore of Mrs. Tyler he said to Neeze, who was sliding a clam chowder under his nose:

"How about a mess of short lobsters for a change?"

"How about the danger end of it?" Neeze in his turn inquired. "What with a fine of five dollars a lobster and a jail term for conspiracy to defeat the statute a man is put to it to see how he is coming out when that he has goods like that on the premises."

"There ain't anybody that I know of charged with a duty of keeping watch but the fish warden," said Elmer, "and he is asleep most of the time in his wheelbarrow, ain't he?"

"Still," said Neeze, "where a house is above suspicion it is just as well to steer clear. I did get myself into a box, it appeared like, about three nights back, when that Pat Whalen come in here drunk; and what possessed him to try to sell me a bag of short lobsters I don't know. I mistrusted I would get one of these Fail-not-on-your-peril notes from the county seat if I dickered with anyone as liable to blart as he was in that condition, so down I leaned to where he was and I said to him: 'Mr. Whalen, you ain't in no condition to sell lobsters, and you know it as well as I do—well, almost as well,' I says.

"So he stood thinking on it, and pretty soon he says: 'I'll just dodge in on my way back along, then,' and off he went, convinced, as I supposed; and thinks I to myself: 'Good riddance, if ever there was one.' I couldn't see him for a spell on account of that quirk they is in the road, but my soul, in two shakes of a lamb's tail back he come tearing with a crocus bag bulging with them, and into the shop with them, and propped them up right where you are sitting, like so much sawdust. I over the counter, and out through that screen door in less time than it takes to tell, and who should I see but that long fish warden wheeling his wheelbarrow along, sad. Thinks I: 'I snummy, now I am in a quandary.' So I hauled that prize fighter into the back shop by the slack of his pants, as much as anything, and I out with those shorts onto a pile of rubbish I had in the alley, and slung boards over them; and then I back out into the front shop with him, and what I said to him was aplenty. There he was standing, and holding onto the door just as a matter of precaution—same as you have got your arm out to the wall—and I hooked my foot into that door like a good one, and down he went, and the dog on top of him. As a general thing if they don't finish me at one slop I can calculate on the dog coming in.

"'I'll see if you'll offer to sell me short lobsters again,' I says to him; but he see who was top dog for once, and he warn't in any condition to resent it, and then again the dog encouraged him to go away, too, and that was the larst I saw of him for that time.

"I didn't go near those lobsters till night howsomever. If Mrs. Furlong had known they were in the house she wouldn't have slept no more than if there had been a corpse wilting under the cellar stairs. 'Murder will out,' she says. But as soon as she was tucked into her downy I brought 'em in and cracked 'em and shredded the meats into that stone jar I got marked 'Leeches' that the apothecary threw away, and I put the shells in the fire, and says I to myself: 'Now, Mr. Pat Whalen, you ain't done such a bad day's business for me after all, as it turns out, and if you'll come round here in a sober frame of mind you'll get your pay.'

"So I didn't think no more of it until next night about sundown, when I was out here filling the sugar bowls, and picking out a splinter here and there, and I looked out the door and who should I see but Whalen paddling along in the middle of the street with his eye on my place. Well, say, when that he catched my eye he braced up, and come about and puffed all out, the way that fish they call the robin fish will puff out and get squintish when you touch your foot to it. So when I see he meant business I begun to feel a little cold, and I dropped the dishrag and sung out to the girl: 'You better dust out of here as quick as the Lord will let you. There's going to be terrible trouble in just about a minute.'

"So she dusted, and in he boomed. Well, say, the minute he set foot inside the door he struck an attitude and he says to me: 'My name's Pat Whalen, and I'm forty-three years old come August next, and I weigh 195 in the altogether, and I haven't been licked before by any man of my weight in this state except one or two,' he says. 'Now then,' he says, 'you give me a good licking last night, mister.'

"Understand, I was looking out at him through that round hole I had cut me in the door, and I was a-quaking like a dog after a bath, and my heart a-pounding, but when that I could pluck up courage I whisked open the door and out I basted like fluging, and up I come inside his arms, and my two fists shaking with fear, much as anything, and I hollers out: 'Yes, and I can do it again!'

"'Wait a minute,' he says, hauling off. 'I want to tell you that you done just right, Neeze.'

"Well, say, after being screwed up that way in expectation of a battle royal it was just as if he had throwed so much cold water in my face. I went as limp as that boardful of dough you see there stretched across the head of the fish barrel. Well, to show you how he took the tuck out of me, I had to squat down a minute in a chair and kind of let myself go before I could get recruited up again.

"So then I went in and got out his old sooth hat that I had basted his skull with and gave it to him, and when he see I was squaring accounts he reached in and brought this salt shaker out of his pocket, and I begun to see where all my salt shakers had disappeared to in the past.

"'For a big man, ain't you awful kind of reasonable,' I says.

"'I ain't the man I was,' he says to me.

"'Ain't you enjoying your religion, or what?' I says.

"'Neeze,' he says, 'I ain't my own man any more, that's the God's truth.'

"So then he begun to draw back one foot to a time, awful kind of bashful for him, and when he come abreast of the door he whispers: 'Any lobsters I bring you in the future, drunk or sober, Neeze, it's policy to take 'em in if I got any judgment left at all,' he says. Now what kind of a rigmarole is that for a starter?"

"It's jest the gospel truth, Neeze," said Elmer, tweaking a hair out of his nostril. "It's policy, the way he says. Why, don't you know who the party is that he is acting for?"

"Not from Adam," said Neeze promptly.

"It's Hat Tyler, Neeze."

The fresh color ebbed from Mr. Furlong's face. "You don't say!" he murmured, perfectly appalled. "Just when I was beginning to get where I could see daylight ahead in a few strokes more, and then to fetch up calamity like this. What—what is the arrangement she has made with him, Elmer?"

"She's turned the man bodily out of his scow, in the first place," answered Elmer, chuckling.

"No!" ejaculated Neeze. "Not the champion!"

Thunderstruck, he covered his emotion by cutting his customer a piece of marble cake, first running his chicken-wing feather duster lightly over the variegated frosting.

"Gospel," nodded Elmer. "She told me herself that she had all but pitched him off neck and crop, champion or no champion."

"Anything never loses in the telling with her," Neeze muttered, but it was easy to see that he had no heart to oppose the likelihood of such news.

In sober truth Elmer's report was very near the truth. The Assassin's scow was tied up to the wharf end in the north cove at Cranberry Isle, loaded to the rails with his effects. On the night following Hat's discharge he found himself rowing back from town in a small skiff at about the hour of the sun's setting. On rounding the point it seemed to him that he smelt this smell of mackerel frying at the head of the cove, but he kept on plying his oars. The smell of mackerel increased in his nostrils to such an extent that at length he was moved to slue himself round on the thwart; and to his amazement he saw smoke pouring out of the crooked stack which came up through the roof of the scow's galley. Otherwise his property seemed quite abandoned. It was a fine solid structure, iron bound and ring hung at the four corners, with a rudder as big as a barn door, and lace curtains, somewhat frayed, at the windows of the cabin.

His first thought was that some of the pull-and-be-damned tribe were in there helping themselves in his absence, and he came on, rattling the oars briskly and growing hotter under the collar with each stroke. Siding with the scow he was up onto her deck in jig time, and, indeed, he was halfway down the companionway, which consisted of three worn steps, before he saw anything to give him pause.

Then indeed he paused. At the foot of the companionway he had leaned temporarily one of these long mirrors used by wives, sisters and sweethearts for looking precariously backward down their spines to see if petticoats peep out anywhere, and how skirts are hanging. This was one of the furnishings that Hat had sold him when she broke up, and now what was his amaze to see Hat herself reflected there, standing on that red linoleum of his in her stocking feet, very much down at heel, and with her big toe sticking out. She was frying a fresh mackerel on his stove, as cool as cool.

As soon as she saw, by looking in the mirror herself, who it was that was darkening the door she said: "What are you—in stays, mister?"

"Oh, are you here?" the Assassin said in his politest tones.

He had a dreadful sense of having a difficult woman on his premises, and even on his hands, it might appear.

"Considerably so," said Mrs. Tyler, with a hint of the robin fish herself. "As big as life and two times as natural."

Casting about for something crushing in the way of rejoinder Mr. Whalen could think of nothing better to say than "Do you find everything you want, I wonder?"

"If I don't, I'll ask for it. I've got a tongue in my head."

The Assassin was still satisfied to use the mirror as visual interpreter of these threatening fair proportions, but by now he was getting his second wind in the affair, and he told hifnself that there was nothing here for a barrel-chested man to be afraid of. All he had to do was to get mad enough to forget that he was dealing with a woman—one of the opposite sex—and throwing chivalry to the winds put his trust in his natural powers.

Therefore, with a retraction of his upper lip he said: "I suppose you think you're here to stay, missis."

Hat turned the mackerel over in the spider before troubling herself to say in answer: "While the lamp holds out to burn, yes."

"Well," rejoined the Assassin, gritting his teeth, while the blood went swarming in his cauliflower ear, "you're liable to get your expectations dashed, young woman."

"You look out, will you," retorted Hat, "that you don't get your brains in the same box with my expectations."

"Homely thing, do a quick job," yelled Whalen.

"If homeliness is any sign of speed you are done before you begin," shrieked Hat, picking up the spider with its contents in a gingery hand. "Well, now you try it on. I hear you've been going round making your brags that you wouldn't be ruled by a woman, and I'm just going to see what it all amounts to."

The Assassin looked out on deck before coming back to say, craftily: "Look here, Hat, that wasn't any more than what slipped out in the course of conversation, for the time being."

"Oh, is that so? Well, you take it out in conversation, will you? I feel quite at home here. This isn't the first time nor the only way I've seen myself in that mirror, for that matter. I haven't always had to tog myself out like this. Any time you see fit to pay me that bill for furniture I'll vacate, but until you do, Mister Man, just you have the goodness to seek other quarters."

"Now just suppose for the sake of argument," said the Assassin in a white fury, "that I don't choose to do anything of the kind."

He let his midriff sink in, and forced up the floating ribs in the general direction of his massive pectorals.

"Just you step your foot round that corner and I'll give you the answer or I'll perish in the attempt—one or the other of the two things," said Mrs. Tyler.

"Well, say, did he round the corner?" inquired Mr. Furlong when Elmer, after enlightening him thus far, addressed himself to his cooling chowder.

"It seems he was afraid of making a move toward having it out with her for fear of breaking that mirror and bringing down seven lean years onto him. He set out to, though, and if it hadn't been that that pesky glass was situated jest where it was he would have pitched into her good. So he jest said: 'You wait till I catch you ashore once,' and off he went and liquored up."

"Ain't it possible, Elmer, he might come off second best ashore?"

"I don't doubt it a mite. I've been shipmates with that woman, and I know

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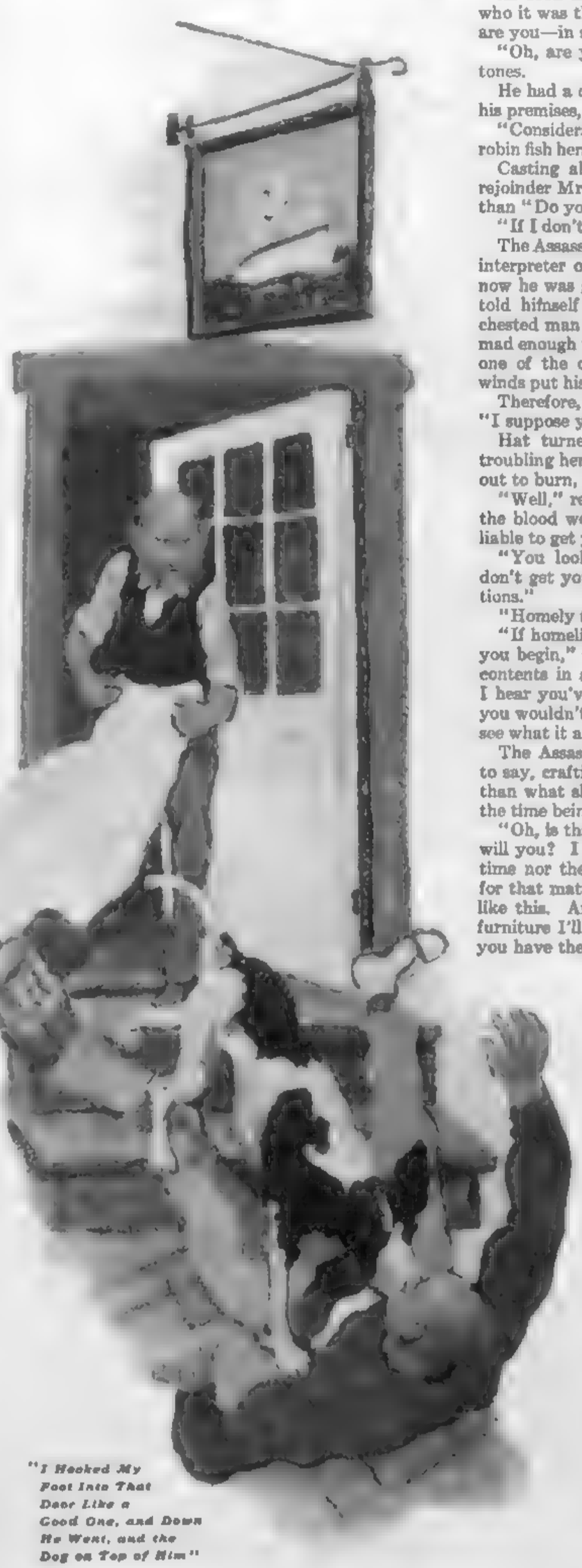

"I Hooked My Foot Into That Door Like a Good One, and Down He Went, and the Dog on Top of Him"

ANYONE CAN WRITE

By Edith Hulbert Hamilton

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

A BROAD smile illuminated the somewhat heavy features of the president of the Merriweather Music Company, Incorporated, as he pushed a basket of mail across the table to the president of the Verdi Publishing Company, Incorporated.

"Things are coming our way, Basil, old boy," he chuckled; "jumping at us, in fact. Ninety-eight nibbles so far this week, and it's only Wednesday. Forty-four immortal lyrics awaiting your expert editorial criticism, and eleven ——"

"Oh, can the humor, Bill—especially the Basil part of it," interrupted the tall broad-shouldered blond young man who had just entered the private office of the president of the Merriweather Music Company on the eighth floor of one of the older buildings on lower Broadway.

"Don't mind me, old man," he added as he began a hasty examination of the mail before him, which had already been opened. "I'm in a rotten mood this morning, and that fool moniker gets on my nerves. Make it Dick when we're alone, can't you? It's bad enough to figure in a piker's game like this, without posing as the hero of a penny dreadful. Or is it the villain to whom the distressed damsel shrieks 'Oh, Basil! Basil! If you are false to me my life is over'? At any rate his name is Basil—has been for centuries. If I hadn't been asleep when you doped out those form letters you never would have stuck that label on me."

"Sorry it worries you," retorted the other with a grin. "Too late to change it now. Besides, it's there with the atmosphere all right. I call it one of my happiest thoughts. What better bait could there be for the sentimental New England spinster than this paragraph from Form Letter Number Two: 'Your verses appeal to us so strongly that should you decide to enter into an agreement with us we will have them set to music by Mr. Basil Beveridge, the most popular and talented young song writer on our staff. Mr. Beveridge is already well known in musical circles, and the gifted young composer is rapidly making a name for himself in this particular branch of the noble art to which he is devoting his life'?"

"When it comes to atmosphere," growled Beveridge, glancing up from his task of sorting manuscripts, "if some of these New England spinsters begin to dabble with lawyers and the thing gets into court William Graftleigh won't be such a bad touch of local color for the reporters, will it?"

The president of the Merriweather Music Company laughed a trifle uneasily.

"The blue devils have sure got you this morning, Bassy. New England spinsters with poetic proclivities don't dabble with lawyers. It's most unmaidenly. And let me tell you it would take some little lawyer to get the Merriweather Music Company, if that's what you mean by 'thing,' into any court in this town. Benson, who fixed up our articles of incorporation and contracts, is a regular shark, and we've never sent out a form letter that he hasn't O. K'd. There isn't a legal flaw in the whole outfit. I'd stake my last dollar on that. And we can prove we have kept, to the letter, every promise made to a client."

"'Letter' is good. How about the spirit?"

"That's a matter of personal equation and cuts no ice in business deals. What's eating you anyway, Bassy? Made some slip with the Verdi? Anybody after you? I warned you, you know, to keep inside Benson's bounds."

Beveridge shook his head. "Nothing of that sort—yet. But the whole scheme's pretty close to the fly-by-night class, and you know it. Not one of our clients has a chance in a thousand to get back the money he's put up—or she's put up—for they're mostly shes. That's the worst of it."

"Well, who's to blame for that?" demanded Graftleigh. "If the song doesn't go because the verses are bum it's the client's fault, and if the music's punk it's your fault. No use kicking to me. I haven't reneged on my end.

"Gad, Bassy," he went on in a more conciliatory tone, "your grouch has nearly knocked the good news out of my head! This isn't so much of a piker's game as you think. As I started to tell you when you went off at a tangent, eleven signed contracts have come in this week with eleven post-office orders for forty dollars each. Form Letter Number Two surely gets the ladies. There's only one man in the bunch. Do you realize that all we have to do is to keep going at this rate, and in a few months we'll be on Easy Street, with a couple of cars, bigger offices, a hired man to help patch up the lyrics over in Philadelphia in the Verdi place and an office manager for this joint? You can take your temperament out of moth balls then, Bassy, and write the great American opera, and I can be a gentleman once more."

"Sounds good. How do you dope it out?"

"Easy as A B C. It's a little over four months since we opened the offices and started our active campaign. We're on the second week of the fifth month, to be exact, and have managed to cover expenses, including our drawing accounts of twenty-five dollars a week. In fact, we've made out a lot better than ventures of this sort usually do in the beginning. Figuring rent at two hundred dollars; stenographers and office boys two hundred and sixty dollars; lights, telephones and general supplies another hundred dollars; and installments on furniture forty dollars— it takes about six hundred dollars a month to run the two offices. Allowing each of us a salary of two hundred brings the total to a thousand

"Now then, according to your arrangements with the printer, the total cost of getting out a song is not more than ten dollars, which leaves a margin of thirty dollars on each contract. Ergo, thirty-five contracts a month will keep us solvent, and provide simple food, lodging and car fare. Fifty contracts a month furnish four hundred and fifty dollars in the way of velvet, and seventy-five a month, or about eighteen a week, will give a clean profit of about twelve hundred dollars a month, or fourteen thousand four hundred annually, which, being halved, Bassy old top, is seventy-two hundred. Oh, I know you've heard some of this before. The point in summing it up at this particular moment lies in the fact I just mentioned—that eleven contracts have dropped in upon us in three days. Seven more in the next three will keep us up to our schedule of seventy-five a month."

Beveridge was silent.

"What's the matter now? Isn't seventy-two hundred dollars a year plus a salary of twenty-five hundred enough to run a duplex studio; or are these simple calculations too much for the artistic brain?"

"Oh, I suppose I'm making an ass of myself, Bill. We're in the thing too deep now to pull out, and there's nothing to do but go ahead and make the best of it."

"Pull out!" echoed Graftleigh. "Who wants to pull out? Your remarks might have been timely two weeks ago, but just now they're an anachronism. Come here and look over the contracts. Miss Middleton has attached the proper poem to each one, and you might as well get busy on the melodies. It won't do to let them stack up now they're coming in so fast. Remember we guarantee to submit the manuscript of the music within three weeks after the receipt of the contract, and the duplicates have already been signed and sent out."

Beveridge took the papers which Graftleigh held out to him, dropped into the swivel chair opposite his partner, glanced hastily over several sets of verses, only one of which was typed, selected one for a second reading and proceeded to make a series of curves and dashes on a large yellow pad. Suddenly he flung his fountain pen on the floor and buried his face in his hands.

"It's no use," he groaned; "I can't forget them."

"Forget what?" asked Graftleigh in a tone of mild surprise.

"These cursed verses. Listen:

"I dreamed last night that you clasped me
Close, close to your throbbing heart.
The love light shone in your eyes,
You vowed that we never should part.

"I woke with a sob at the dawning
Of another desolate day.
No voice responds to my call,
My lover is too far away.

"If only once you had kissed me ——"

"Hold!" cried Graftleigh. "That's great stuff, but don't run it off so fast. Read the first stanza again. Read it twice.

"Just as I thought!" he exclaimed triumphantly after Beveridge had complied with his request. "Fits it to a T."

"Fits what?"

"Why, Annie Laurie, you big stuff. Just change 'never' in the fourth line to 'ne'er', and any schoolgirl could trill it off to the old tune. Try it yourself."

"I don't believe any normal human being could trill that drivel off to any tune. But I don't get you. You are not suggesting that we should offer Annie Laurie as an original melody, are you?"

"Not exactly. But there's no harm in borrowing the swing of it, and perhaps a phrase or two. It's done all the time. Why should the theme of every piece of music be absolutely original, any more than the plot of every story or every play? Doesn't Kipling explain somewhere that old Homer got his reputation by dressing up a lot of old situations? You're not trying to tell me, Bassy, that you've been beating our brand-new stuff for each lyric all these weeks? I haven't asked questions, because I thought you didn't want me to butt in on the artistic end, but you sure need a guardian. What are those hieroglyphics on your pad?"

Beveridge looked a trifle sheepish. "Just scansion marks. You see, Bill, when I have this slush in front of me the only thing I could possibly invent is a new cuss word. So I block them out and build up the tunes from the skeleton. It's not a very inspiring method, but it's the best I can do with the sort of rot you've been putting over on me."

"I've been putting over on you! Sakes alive man, I didn't write them. I can't inoculate the entire country with the divine spark. But I've made things as easy as I can for you by sticking that clause in the contract giving our lyric editor authority to 'make any change necessary to adapt the song to the requirements of vocalization.' You can rewrite every line if you want to. Make them as highbrow as you please. Only for your own sake I advise you not to tamper with them except where the meter needs repairs. I have a hunch that digging up melodies will take about all your spare time from now on. The lyric you just read doesn't need a thing done to it—has a very decent

"Minnie," Stammered Beveridge, "I Know I'm a Cad and a Brute, But There's Something I Must Say to You. I Will Wait for You Downstairs"

gait. Who cares about the words anyway? The tune is the thing. What's next?"

"This gem," said Beveridge.

"The village band will meet you, Bob,
When you come home from France.
The prettiest girls will crowd around
To beg you for a dance.

"But one face will be missing, Bob,
From those that greet you then.
'Tis vain to seek, you'll never see
Your old sweetheart again."

"Yes, I remember that one. I spent about half an hour going over this bunch before you came in."

"And what classic does this fit?"

"Mean to say you don't know?"

"Haven't thought."

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and never brought to mind?" sang Graftleigh in a small but not unpleasing tenor. "Try it yourself."

"Yes, you're right, it does; but I'm not sure that makes my work any easier."

"Of course it does—just like following a pattern or drawing from a model, or—or—anything like that. Pity I haven't a musical education. With my sense of rhythm I'd grind out a tune every ten minutes. But I tell you what, Bassy: If the Verdi's going to keep step with the Merriweather you'll have to get wise to the fact that Home, Sweet Home, Way Down Upon the Swanee River, There'll Be a Hot Time, Comin' Thro' the Rye, Annie Laurie, Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes, the Lost Chord, the Spring Song, the Prison Duet, Oh, Promise Me, and one or two of Sousa's marches will give you the ground plans for every bloomin' lyric that will ever be written. Here's a case in point right now—the very next tune you come to:

"Why do you se-end me
or-or-chids,
When violets bloom in
the fields?"

"Shut up!" growled Beveridge, pointing to the open transom. "Someone outside."

"Is Mr. Graftleigh in?" inquired a crisp clear female voice.

"Mr. Graftleigh is in conference," replied a second female voice in the conventional monotone of the well-trained secretary. "Can I do anything for you?"

"I am afraid not. When will Mr. Graftleigh be at liberty?"

"It is impossible to say. He has an important appointment immediately after the conference, and he is leaving town this afternoon. If you will state your business I will see whether he can give you five minutes sometime between two and three."

"My business is purely personal."

"I am sorry, but I can't take your name to Mr. Graftleigh unless I know the nature of your business. He sees no one except by appointment."

"Gad, but Middy's a gem!" whispered Graftleigh. "I'll get her a box of chocolates when I go to lunch."

"Is Mr. Beveridge in?"

The first female voice had taken on an additional crispness.

"Mr. Beveridge?" The second female voice was modified by a note of slight bewilderment.

"Yes; the Mr. Beveridge whose name is mentioned in your contracts."

"Oh, you mean the composer. Mr. Beveridge has no office here."

"Where is his office?"

"Mr. Beveridge has a studio in Philadelphia. It is against our rules to give the addresses of members of our editorial staff, but any letters sent here will be forwarded to him."

"Do you mean to say that I shall have to go to Philadelphia in order to see Mr. Beveridge?"

"I have no knowledge of Mr. Beveridge's engagements, madam, and no authority to arrange any interview for him. As I have already told you, however, any communication ——"

"That will do," interrupted the first female voice disdainfully.

"I didn't come two hundred miles to listen to that sort of twaddle. I have several important appointments myself before my train leaves, and I have wasted all the time I intend to. Young woman, you tell Mr. Graftleigh that Miss Abby Goodell, of Housatonic, wants to see him, and let him know that I'm in a hurry."

"Ye gods, Bassy!" groaned Graftleigh. "That type of woman stops at nothing. She'll be in here in another minute. Middy can't hold her. How about the fire escape?"

"Will you please state your business, madam?" The second female voice retained its professional calm.

There was a moment's silence, followed by a rustling of papers. Graftleigh and Beveridge listened breathlessly.

"Perhaps," said the first female voice dryly, "these documents which I have received from your company will explain it better than I could. . . . No, young woman, I don't propose to let them leave my hands."

"It is not necessary, madam," replied the second female voice stiffly. "I merely wish to see the file number. Thank you. Miss Reynolds."

"Yes, Miss Middleton." The third female voice registered profound respect.

"Bring me the correspondence of File 278 F."

"What's 278 F?" echoed Beveridge in a faint whisper.

"We began with 274 F," explained Graftleigh.

"If you have quite finished," resumed the first female voice after another silence, "perhaps you will ask Mr. Graftleigh to come out and explain why he hasn't complied with the terms of his contract."

"I have charge of the inquiry department, madam," replied Miss Middleton, "and I see nothing in this correspondence to justify your last remark. If you will be a little more explicit, however, I will endeavor to clear up any misunderstanding which may have arisen. Miss Reynolds, will you please get the correspondence of 689 F, 1241 S and 984 B, and take it to Mr. Graftleigh? Ask him if he will please discuss with the directors the matter of special arrangements with those three clients about the introduction of their songs into new Broadway shows. I wish to know whether it will necessitate any change in the royalty rate.

"Now, madam, I am at your service."

Several minutes elapsed, during which the first and second female voices maintained a spirited dialogue. Then Miss Reynolds—tall, slim, pallid, gray-eyed and auburn-haired—entered the private office, closed the door softly behind her, laid some papers on the table before Graftleigh and bestowed an admiring glance on Beveridge.

"Miss Middleton wishes to know ——" she began.

"You do it well, Betty," said Graftleigh, "but can the rest. What's the old bird's kick, anyhow? I don't quite get it."

"The lady claims," replied Miss Reynolds primly, "that she sent you a song early in November, and that she had a letter from you saying it was one of the finest things you ever read, and promising that if she would send you forty dollars you would have appropriate music written for it and have it published for her, and that it would sell all over the country. And she says that she has a signed contract from you which you haven't kept, and she wants her money back."

"Now can you beat that?" ejaculated Graftleigh. "How old is she, Betty? Does she mean mischief?"

"Over fifty, Mr. Graftleigh; and—and—she said something about going for the police."

"Look here, Bassy, that kind always falls for the melancholy, artistic type. You go out and gaze soulfully into her eyes and explain ——"

"Not on your life!" said Beveridge. "Unravel your own tangled web. I don't know a thing about the business end of this proposition."

"Nice helpful partner you are. Perhaps Middleton can get rid of her.

It is, of Course, Ridiculous to Suppose That All the Details in Regard to the Melody and Accompaniment Could be Settled at One Conference—or Two—or Three

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ONE THOUSAND DIAMETERS

By Stanley M. Rinehart, M.D.

If Johnny's Mother Should Read This She Will be Thankful That She Lives in the Present and Not in the Past Era of Medicine

WHEN Johnny Smith came home the other day with his foot cut—he had been running barefoot—Mrs. Smith knew exactly what to do. She washed it thoroughly with soap and water, carefully cleansed the wound of dirt, applied tincture of iodine to it and bound it up with a first-aid dressing. Nothing remarkable about that. Any other sensible woman, especially anyone who has taken Red Cross work, would have done the same thing. But when Mrs. Smith was a child her mother would not have treated an injury in that manner.

Though Mrs. Smith is less than forty, in her childhood they applied flaxseed and bacon rind and other kinds of vegetable or animal poultices to open wounds. And then when pus appeared, as it almost inevitably did, it was called laudable or praiseworthy.

This difference in the treatment of so slight an injury as Johnny's cut is indicative of all the wonderful changes that have occurred in forty years in both medicine and surgery. Forty years ago operation wounds were almost never entirely closed. There was always a drain left in to allow the exit of the inevitable pus. And just as pus was once inevitable but is now considered unnecessary, so it is with many of the diseases that for centuries afflicted mankind. Many of these diseases have become only reminiscences—episodes of history. They no longer appear and fatten and flourish at our expense.

And all these changes have been brought about by one thousand diameters. In other words, it was the perfection of the compound microscope that enabled men to see the minute structure of the body, and by magnifying at least one thousand times, or diameters, to bring within their vision the germ enemies of mankind.

The advances in medical knowledge, though less spectacular, have been as great as those in surgery. Perhaps the most obvious instance of our progress in medicine is the change in our attitude toward malaria. Anyone who has lived in a flat marshy district can recall the sallowness of the older inhabitants. In their early days malaria—chills and fever—was so common an affliction that it was looked upon as a necessity. The drug stores could hardly keep stocked with quinine and calomel. Quinine and whisky went together in people's minds—and into their stomachs also, just like hot cakes and molasses. In fact, many a man met an untimely end because he tried to omit the quinine from the combination.

The Winged Allies of Napoleon

BUT how many of the later generation have that yellow look? No one before the year 1899 knew that the parasites of malaria attacked people from airships—that is, a certain kind of mosquito. Nor did anyone think of carbon oil as a means of prevention. And yet oil, spread upon the breeding places of mosquitoes, has made malaria a thing of the past.

Malaria has been a great scourge of humanity. It has numbered millions among its victims. It has destroyed nations and submerged civilizations. History tells us that the downfall of Greece was due to the attacks of invading barbarians upon a decadent people. But their decadence resulted from an earlier invasion. There had always been marshes and mosquitoes in Greece. In the fifth century B. C. malaria was introduced into the country, and the mosquitoes did the rest. When the barbarian hordes appeared they found the Greeks ripe for the harvest.

The same thing occurred in Rome, but there another disease aided malaria in bringing down the mightiest empire the world had ever seen. It was called the plague, but history is vague as to whether it was smallpox or an epidemic dysentery. Whatever it was, together they wrought the destruction of Rome.

Hannibal brought over from Africa his Carthagenian mercenaries to conquer Rome. He did not accomplish his purpose, but the malaria that his soldiers brought with them finally destroyed the health of the people and made conquest easy for the Goths and Vandals.

Physical deterioration of a people is always followed by mental and moral decay. Wherever in history one comes upon a healthy people, there one finds a people of high intellectual and moral standards. During the centuries that the Moors were in Spain they bore the flag of civilization. When they were compelled to go back to the debilitating climate of Africa their moral and intellectual recession began.

Once malaria won a great victory for Napoleon. In 1809 an expedition set out from Great Britain to capture Antwerp and the French fleet. There was quite a formidable array of ships and soldiers, four hundred and seventy vessels and forty-four thousand men, and there was great anxiety in France. Napoleon, however, knew more about the country than the British, and he counted upon the aid of an ally of which the British were entirely ignorant. He ordered his generals to hold the enemy in check, but not to engage them in a decisive battle. And so the British were held for many days in the swampy region of the River Scheldt. There an ally of the French attacked them from the air. Mosquitoes inoculated them with malaria and the British casualties from this cause alone, in dead and sick, were twenty-seven thousand.

The British expedition was defeated before it could engage the forces of Napoleon. The anopheles mosquito had caused more destruction to the British than Napoleon's army could have done. But no one at that time, or for many years after, knew the part the mosquito played in the campaign. In fact, until 1880 no one had known the cause of malaria, and the mosquito's nefarious business was not discovered until nine years later.

For that matter, it is the same with other diseases. Typhus fever, the bubonic plague, smallpox, tuberculosis—one could go through a whole list—all were known to the ancients; that is, their effects were known and the fact that they are transmissible, but there all knowledge stopped.

Nearly all important discoveries of the causes, modes of transmission and means of prevention have been made within the past forty years. All those previous centuries men were helpless against these foes because they could not see them. They were fighting in the dark. And so concerning the things of which they were ignorant they built up superstitions, and doctors cloaked their ignorance with mystery and mysticism. About all there is left of that is our prescription Latin. But the mystery helped some, because it inspired Faith and her handmaiden, Hope, which are more potent than all the horrible concoctions of the ancients.

With the exception of anatomy and physiology, the medicine of a little more than one hundred years ago was about the same as that of five hundred years B. C. All medical knowledge for centuries was at a standstill. If one were to compare the prescriptions in the Papyrus Ebers, which was written 3500 years ago, with those in medical books of the eighteenth century, he would discover striking similarities. This is because there was no knowledge of the causes of disease until the invention of the microscope, and medicine was lost in the fog of ignorance and superstition.

Suppose Johnny Smith, whose mother treated his cut so sensibly, had lived in the Middle Ages or at any period up to, say, fifty or a hundred years ago. His mother would have sent off posthaste for the nearest surgeon, or leech, as he was once called. In the meantime she would have given Johnny three, five or perhaps ten grains of calomel and a dose of oil and would have applied hot vegetable or animal poultices. And then the leech would have appeared, armed with a lancet and another kind of leeches. He would have bled him generously, perhaps more than once, and the leeches would have drained him still more.

From a book published in 1745 here is the cold-blooded narrative of a licensed assassin as quoted by Mark Twain. The subject, or patient, had a headache, that is all:

> I, being called, Order'd Venesection in the Arms, the Application of Leeches to the Vessels of his Nostrils, Forehead and Temples, as also to those Behind his Ears; and likewise Prescrib'd the Application of Cupping-Glasses with Scarification, to his Back; But Notwithstanding these Precautions, he dy'd. If any Surgeon, Skilled in Arteriotomy had been Present, I should have Order'd that Operation.

Leeches, venesection, arteriotomy—all for the purpose of separating the victim from his blood! If Johnny's mother should read this she will be thankful that she lives in the present and not in the past era of medicine, or "notwithstanding," Johnny might have "dy'd."

The Awful Prescriptions of Long Ago

FOR centuries roots and herbs were prescribed because of their symbolic forms, and diseases were banished by incantations. If Johnny had lived in the seventeenth century and had chanced to have the whooping cough his mother could have found in a standard medical work the following information—archaic spelling omitted:

> For whooping cough, pass the child nine times over and under a donkey, from left to right.

Mrs. Smith might have wondered what would happen if she got in reverse and passed Johnny from right to left. But she would not have chanced it—not in those days.

While waiting for someone to produce a docile donkey that would consent to cure Johnny, perhaps Mrs. Smith idly turned the pages of the medical work. If she did she would have been interested in this:

> It is said that many have been cured of the falling evil by drinking of the powder of dead men's skulles, burnt.

The author did not say how one can drink a powder, but he was very particular to mention the kind of a "skulle" that should be used.

> But the skulle must be the skulle of one that hath been hanged or slain, and not of one that hath died of any sickness.

One can imagine the medical student of those days, fired with a burning enthusiasm, yet shivering from fear, stealing out on a dark, stormy night to obtain the "skulle" of the latest victim of the crossroads gibbet. They were considerate enough to hang men—and women, too—at the crossroads, which made it easier for the doctors.

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ATHLETICS FOR COLD CASH

By Bertram Lebhar

WHEN the athletic committee of the University of Pennsylvania broke the news to me that I was ineligible for a place on the varsity football team I felt that I had been dealt a blow from which I could never recover. I had been playing football for four years. During my senior year at the little ecclesiastic college from which I had just been graduated I was captain and coach of the eleven. I was six feet tall and tipped the scales at two hundred and three pounds. I held a state championship in weight throwing, a county wrestling championship and had broken the world's record in the discus throw. With these recommendations I felt justified in nursing the ambition to win new and greater athletic honors at the big Philadelphia seat of learning to which I had come to study medicine. The verdict of the authorities that I was irrevocably barred from participation in intercollegiate contests under the four-year-limit rule was without exaggeration the cruelest disappointment I had ever suffered in all my existence.

That, however, was more than a score of years ago. The other day I walked up to the cashier's window of one of the largest New York banks and made inquiry as to my balance. The amount the smiling cashier mentioned was in six figures and the first figure was not the youngest member of the digit family. If I had not already long since forgiven that college athletic committee I should have done so then. For practically every dollar I possess and all that I have and am I owe to their ban of excommunication, which drove me into the field of professional athletics.

Perhaps when I say that I was driven into professionalism I am not stating the case quite fairly. Because I had been active in college sports for four years before I came to Pennsylvania I was denied an opportunity to compete in the big games and meets, but of course that did not compel me to become a professional. I could have contented myself with playing football on the class elevens. I could have looked on while men whom I knew I could throw went to the mat for our university in the intercollegiate wrestling bouts. I could have paid my way through the medical school by doing the hard menial work of a janitor in the college basement or by getting a job as a waiter instead of capitalizing my physical strength and skill by joining a professional football team. Thereby I could have maintained unsullied my reputation as a gentleman athlete. My disappointment and bitterness, however, on finding my athletic ambitions crushed prompted me to take the fatal plunge. To that extent, at least, the four-year-limit rule—which had just about come into existence when I entered the university and of which I was in total ignorance—was responsible for the inception of my career as a pro. I was born on a farm of rich black Illinois mud and was the youngest and least husky of a family of six children—all boys. At the age of fifteen I permanently stopped growing. As at that time, however, I had reached the height of six feet and weighed nearly two hundred pounds, it will be admitted that in my case Nature had done a hurried rather than a niggardly job.

I Went Out With the Scrub Team and Helped Beat the Varsity Eleven

Our father, who was an old-fashioned son of the soil, was fairly prosperous, but he did not believe in a college education. In fact he was not very enthusiastic about any education at all and counted that time lost whose low descending sun did not find us out on the fields keeping up our end of the work with the grown-up men. From the age of nine up to my seventeenth year I went through an endless grind of hard labor. At the end of that period I kicked over the traces and announced that I wanted to be a doctor of medicine and intended to start out immediately for college.

That precipitated a long and violent argument. But a week later I left home—without the paternal blessing—and tramped barefooted eighty-five miles to the town of Greencastle, Indiana, where I applied for admission to the academy of DePauw University.

My total resources consisted of eleven cents in cash, a pair of cotton overalls—which I was wearing—and my Sunday pants, which I carried rolled up in a paper package. However, I succeeded in convincing the school authorities of my ability to work my way through and when the next day I landed a job in the basement of a local department store pulling nails out of packing cases for fifteen cents an hour I was permitted to enroll as a student at the preparatory school.

During my first year at the academy, in addition to pulling nails for my tuition fees, I washed dishes in one of the dormitories for my board and did janitor work at Theologue Hall for my lodging. Later I ran a boarding club and conducted a private gymnasium, and both these ventures proved so profitable that I had no difficulty in financing the remainder of my college course. Moreover, in spite of the demand these outside activities made on my spare time I managed to take a prominent part in the athletic life of the institution without falling behind in my class work. That I did not neglect my studies is evidenced by the fact that though the combined academic and college course was supposed to take seven years I succeeded in getting my bachelor-of-science degree in five years.

The Fact That I Had Long Been Inured to Violent Contact With Plowed Land Served Me in Good Stead

Until my arrival at DePauw I had never seen a football, but I knew a thing or two about boxing and wrestling, particularly the latter. Early in his youth my brother George, who was five years my senior, had come into possession of a handbook on the art of catch-as-catch-can, and almost from the time I was able to talk he had been using me as a model on which to test the practicability of the helpful hints contained in the printed lessons.

The volume was generously illustrated with diagrams in which Figure A was shown in the act of accomplishing the downfall of Figure B. Being of an impulsive temperament, George would pounce on me whenever the spirit moved him and without giving me a word of warning as to his intentions would proceed to put me in the position of Figure B. As these impulses frequently came to him while we were following the horses across a partially plowed field, it was not long before I grew dissatisfied with the rôle of the second letter of the alphabet and in desperation was driven to an intensive study of the counter-holds and defensive tactics described in the book. Eventually there came a day when George ceased to be Figure A. Not only was I able to throw him and our four older brothers in succession, but at the end of my fifteenth year I went on the mat with the champion wrestler of our county and got two falls out of him in seven minutes.

My wrestling experience and the fact that I had long been inured to violent contact with plowed land served me in good stead when I began my football career. During the four years that I played on the college team the newspaper sporting editors paid me the compliment of voting me the best guard in the Central States.

In addition to representing DePauw on the gridiron I held a leading position on the track-and-field teams. In fact, I made such a good record as an all-round athlete that when I was graduated, Fred Stone, physical director of the Chicago Athletic Club, who had refereed the last intercollegiate meet in which I appeared, urged me to come to Chicago and join his club, which was about to meet a picked team of the New York Athletic Club.

When I learned that I was to have a chance to compete with some of the greatest amateurs in America—national champions whose names we had always mentioned with awe and veneration at college—I eagerly accepted the invitation. And such was my scrupulous regard for athletic standards in those days and my horror of the taint of professionalism that I insisted on paying my own fare and other expenses to Chicago, though I should have had no great difficulty in "borrowing" the money.

It was at that dual meet at the Parkside Cricket Grounds that I broke a world's record in the weights. I threw the discus 130 feet, defeating Flanagan, McCracken, Sheldon and other noted weight tossers. I also won second place in the hammer throw, making a toss of 148½ feet; and I put the shot at 43 feet. No less an authority than Mike Murphy, who witnessed my performance with the hammer, predicted that with a year's proper training I should be able to make a throw of 180 feet with ease.

When, therefore, at the end of the following summer I went to the University of Pennsylvania I had rosy dreams of becoming one of the great heroes of intercollegiate sports. To be quite frank, it was not merely a matter of glory with me. I had shrewdly assessed the material value of a national reputation as a college athlete. A young physician with his way to make in the world, I told myself, couldn't have a better asset than a distinguished record as a football player on one of the big varsity elevens or as a star in the track-and-field contests. In building up a practice such fame would count for far more than all the honors

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THE GIRL ON THE HILLTOP

He Looked in Vain for a Relenting Gleam in the Cold, Blue-Gray Eyes. There Was No Smile in Them

By Kenyon Gambier

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IV

THE Lord of the Manor of St. Dyfrigs, otherwise Roger Lingard of Chillicothe, Ohio, otherwise Sergeant Kellie Hill, of the British Army, owner of St. Dyfrigs Park, proprietor of St. Dyfrigs village, and possessor of Tydd's farm in Ohio, worked on sharing terms by his friend, Gil Hart, after an hour's melancholy brooding in the gazebo on the wall, rose and stared through the shuttered opening at the chimneys of the great mansion, his mansion. To go there now was to go as a sheriff's deputy with a writ of ejectment against an orphan girl who had lost a father, two brothers and a grandfather within four years.

He turned and looked over the village, his village, and at Turle's cottage, his cottage. Just the same there; and that little home meant as much to Tom Turle and to Charity as the manor house meant to Dorothy. Perhaps it meant more. Their lives had been built on the foundations of that cottage. It would be sacrilege to them that their home should fall back into the great estate and once again be owned by the squire.

The squire! He said the words aloud and broke into a flood of hysterical laughter. He was the squire. He, himself. He looked down at his dusty army boots; at his worn putties; at the old tunic, the sleeves of which did not even bear the chevrons of a sergeant. The squire! He laughed again. If he went back to Chillicothe and told them that, would they touch their hats? Si Hankin and Lem Burgess and Gil Hart would organize a vigilance committee and ride him on a rail, just to teach him manners and wish him luck in his new job.

The laugh did him good. Of course this absurdity could be corrected. He could guess how it had happened. The Lingards had made no wills. Primogeniture would carry the property down to the male heir just as they would have it descend. It would be easy to deed the estate to Dorothy, and the cottage to Tom and Charity. They could not help liking a fellow who promptly did the fair thing like that. He felt that the welcome he craved was doubly assured. His spirits bounded. He smiled when he saw the schoolmaster sitting on the bench beneath the tree.

The old chap was a little grayer, he thought, and a little more hunched, but smoked as comfortably as though all the world was at peace. Roger ran down to tap once more, after four years, the fount of wisdom.

Within three minutes the unrecognized soldier led the talk to the Lingard estate.

"A fine thing," the schoolmaster said. "That is, if the American heir is a true American. In the coming changes we want new democratic ideas. Probably the system of entail will go."

"Entail?" Roger exclaimed. He had not thought of that.

"Yes; the property is entailed. The system has done its work perhaps, but it has had noble results. It has kept estates together, has insured a male as owner, has made him a trustee for future generations, and for his tenants and dependents. Farmers rent their farms cheaper than anywhere in the world. The peasantry of England are the best fed and the best housed of any peasantry in the world. They are kings compared to the small holders of France, who starve on small patches of land, subdivided by equal inheritance."

"The heir should give up his rights," Roger protested.

"He cannot. He cannot break the entail until he has a son who is of age. It takes owner and heir jointly to do that."

The astonished Roger was struck dumb. The schoolmaster refilled his continuous pipe.

"The new owner," the schoolmaster resumed, "is English in blood, and probably has the Anglo-Saxon idea. He will understand that he is but a link in the chain of a system. He will not shirk his responsibilities in the anxious time coming. He will not surrender the birthright of his children"

"But if he does?"

"He cannot, I say. He can't get rid of it."

"But suppose he refuses to turn up or that they don't find him?"

"Chancery, I suppose."

"Miss Lingard wouldn't get it, then?"

"Oh, no. The court might make her an allowance perhaps, but the revenues would pile up and ultimately go to the crown."

"It is very hard on her," Roger protested hotly.

"The right of the male is part of the religion of the upper classes," the schoolmaster explained. "Their women are what they are, sheltered, cultivated, because entail has kept families well-to-do through generations, and provided the money to produce the fine lady—beautiful, exquisite."

"Miss Lingard has done her part with the rest," Roger cried. "I'm sure of that."

"She has done her best," was the reply. "The whole family was a generation behind the time, reactionary, semifeudal, paternal. I am sorry for her of course. I wish her griefs had been lighter. She has borne them well."

The schoolmaster rose. "An American trying to be an Englishman," he said, "is the saddest spectacle on earth. Let us hope this lord of the manor from the United States will remain a true American. He'll have some of the sound blood of the English yeoman, for he is a descendant on the maternal side of the Turles of this village. It is said that he is young. I hope that he is poor, and democratic and unmarried. Then we shall have the happy solution. He will marry Miss Lingard of course." He nodded and ambled away, trailing smoke like a small tramp steamer burning bad coal.

Roger sat pondering, too dazed for consecutive ideas, too deeply shaken to plan. "A link in a chain . . . a trustee for future generations . . . the birthright of his children . . . marry Miss Lingard." These phrases recurred in his confused reflections. The chain in which he was a link was fastened about his neck, he thought, and he felt that it was drawing tighter. What claim had his unborn children on him? That idea was un-American; it would make everybody play for safety. If children were born, of course you did your best for them, and educated them, and placed them as well as you could. What more could they ask? He emphatically refused to consult these unborn children. In the States a man hustled for himself.

If he should say to Gil Hart: "You are a trustee for posterity," he could just hear Gil Hart's answer: "Ah, what's getting you?" And yet there was something fine about it, after all. Ancestors had been something to talk about with his father when there was nothing much to do; posterity had never worried either his father or him; but it seemed to him that in this strange England they were vital forces. This estate, he thought, was not his; rather, he belonged to it. He was a cipher, an accident, an incident, the slave, not the master. He bent under the weight of an immemorial past and an ancient tradition.

It came clearly to him at length that there were two things he could not do: He could not slip secretly away and leave chaos; he could not, as Roger Lingard, face Dorothy; not yet at any rate. It followed that he must continue to be Kellie Hill. Kellie Hill could find out what Roger Lingard ought to do and could do.

His course decided, he found himself hungry and thirsty. The sign still hung over the door of the turnpike house: Teas—Mineral Waters. As he crossed he recalled the great horizontal cameo brooch which moved straight up and down as the fat, placid lady breathed. He found her there, outwardly just the same, a little stouter perhaps, but she was no longer placid.

"Milk?" she snapped at him. Grown-ups ought to be ashamed to ask for it when there wasn't enough for the babies.

"I didn't know," he said meekly. "Some bottled lemonade, please."

She had had none this twelvemonth, she said. There was no sugar for the manufacturer, and all his men had been called up anyway. Roger pleaded for tea with his most

disarming smile. Rationed, she explained; and she could not get enough for herself. Bread and cheese? She got red with indignation as she said that she had got just half a pound of cheese from the shop in seven weeks. She flamed into a tirade against officers' wives in the village who got all the tea and cheese they wanted from the officers' canteen in Castlechepe while honest villagers starved.

"Bread and butter?"

She stared at him. Did he not know that dairymaids had forgotten how to churn? She was allowed two ounces each week—tub stuff, salt—and the same of margarine; and both were so bad that she could eat neither, nor fry with either. "But them officers' wives, they rolls in fresh butter," she added bitterly. "You needn't think as you in the trenches has had all the worries to bear. Where did you come from as you didn't know there is nothing fit for a poor woman to eat as is a bit tasty about her meals?"

He looked at her in wonder. How had she kept her flesh?

"I've been stuffed with milk and cream and butter and cheese in a convalescent hospital," he answered humbly. "I didn't know."

"Come here—you!" she commanded abruptly.

In the stone-flagged kitchen she put before him a loaf of dark war bread, a half-pound pat of fresh country butter, a chunk of rich Cheddar cheese and a mug of cider. "I'm out of business this long time," she said; "but of course you being fresh from hospital ——"

"I can't eat your share," he protested.

She cut a thick slice of bread, put half the butter on his plate, and sliced a monstrous wedge of cheese.

"Go on," she commanded. "I've two daughters married to farmers and they won't see their poor mother wanting, not for no government nor food controller. There's more where that come from."

He pitched in. Ah, how good it was! He asked questions, but her main interest in neighbors was that they should not know of her secret supplies. She had plenty more to say about officers' wives. He gathered that there were great munition works at Castlechepe, that the little town had burst its bounds, that village cottages and bedrooms had been snapped up, and that there was bitter jealousy because these interlopers could get food which villagers could not get. He learned that he could not expect to find a place to sleep in the neighborhood, and extracted in the end something about the Lingards.

He gained a striking new fact which impressed on him more deeply the injustice to Dorothy, the accidental nature of his inheritance and the impossibility of evading it. The colonel, it seemed, had survived his two sons and had seen what was coming, but was powerless to break the entail. The old squire, the stout lady said, was declared silly by the courts. He could not sign any papers.

"Does the village take to the idea of a Yankee squire?" Roger asked.

"Just like I would open my eyes and see a burglar in my room," was the prompt answer.

"But Americans are Allies now. They are fighting with us."

"Do you like that?" she demanded.

"Yes."

"Well, you are the first soldier as haven't said as he'd rather finish the job himself. We've got to take the new squire same as we have a new vicar, and they do say as he's a young man and so there'll be a wedding of course."

"Does the village want that?"

"A Yankee with Turle blood!" she cried with bitter contempt. "And you ask if the village wants it! But it's only fair to Miss Lingard if so be as she will put up with him."

"I ——"

A pig squealed. The stout lady burst into bitter reproaches against a government which had fooled her—intentionally, she believed—about pigs. Back in the spring they had made everybody buy pigs. She had bought one for fifty-six shillings—fifty-six shillings, mind!—and him only a weaner, eight weeks old. And now there was no sharps, nor no grain offal, nor no maize, and she had just bought a sack of what they called pig food which turned out to be just mill sweepings and nothing more, and it worked out at threepence a pound, and there wasn't a pound of fattening in the lot. They would not let her sell the pig, and if they did pigs was half the price.

"Well, there! Hear him—starving. He's got to be fed to the tick or I get notice from him."

The end was that the lord of the manor mixed the meal—and indeed it was pretty poor stuff—and fed the pig, which certainly was not putting on flesh. That was the first service the squire rendered to his tenants.

He walked up through the village, unconsciously pleased by the absence of change, soothed by its restfulness and charmed by its summer beauty. He mechanically recalled one or two faces, but no one remembered him. He had altered in more than stature and breadth. His features were as changed as his speech. He had not definitely planned to stop at the Turle cottage, but its wide-open front door and window beckoned irresistibly.

As he lifted the solid-brass knocker he scented the mass of sweet peas that rested on the window sill, and he thought with a smile of Charity in the bar parlor. What had France and war and wound made of Charity? He thrilled to her cheerful voice as she called "Come in." She no more than glanced when he entered the parlor.

"One minute, please," she said.

Dorothy was there, too, with a vivid red cross across her breast. Roger, startled, embarrassed, fingered his cap and eagerly looked at his two cousins, found so unexpectedly together.

"Now this one, Miss Lingard." Charity put down a paper for signature, and then others—a dozen perhaps.

The red cross on the white apron was so vivid that there flitted across Roger's memory a picture in Ivanhoe of a Knight Templar in chain armor with a brilliant cross on his breast. It seemed to him that Dorothy was in armor too. She was immaculate, detached. She was disdainful, he thought, in her pride. He felt it in her manner toward Charity. He could see it in her profile, outlined against the window, especially in her short, curved upper lip. She signed papers with a dashing flourish. He had seen generals at the Front in dugout headquarters sign like that while adjutants sorted and blotted. She was general, Charity adjutant.

His eyes turned to Charity. She wore a shapeless white garment reaching to the tops of heavy muddied boots—a splashed and stained cowman's smock resurrected from the carved old oak chest. Her hand hovered over the papers and pounced swiftly, and sometimes she explained a document or a letter in a curt, precise sentence.

(Continued on Page 86)

"The Only Kiss I Ever Means Was the One I Gave to You. I Have Never Cried for Any Man But You"

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 29, 1919

Joyriding and Jaywalking

A GENTLEMAN who is trying to have his classification under the revenue law changed, with the pious purpose of saving some thousands of the taxes levied on his earnings, observed during the course of a recent discussion: "If the object of government is to make men, then I am in favor of government ownership."

This quotation should be orchestrated for the tuba, with the cymbals crashing in on the last word, where the orator pounds the table. It is typical of this era of Big Talk and small sense, in which everyone is demanding shorter hours except the Big Talkers. They are still asking for "Just one moment more."

The simple and amply proven fact is that government ownership does not make men, and rarely makes money. It makes weaklings, dependents, grafters, bureaucrats, autocrats and deficits. It is the first lesson in Socialism, and Socialism is the first lesson in Bolshevism, and Bolshevism is the last lesson in government. The class graduates from that into Anarchy.

Men are not made by government, but government is made by men. For this reason it is imperfect, inefficient, wasteful and often dishonest. It reflects, and always will, the human weaknesses of those who compose and administer it. If office and the power that goes with it change men, it is rarely for the better. A good man is good in office, but he is at his best in private life. It is harder to prove an alibi there.

Laws are seldom as just as they are intended to be; for they are only as strong as the men who enforce them. The difference between words and deeds finds its clearest example in them. The conduct of the great departments of government, no matter how efficient the theoretical plan under which they are organized, is only as businesslike as the standards of their heads and personnel. There is nothing about a Washington job, beginning with the Presidency and working on down, that changes the character and the competency of the man who fills it, though it may and often does shackle him to outgrown tradition and outworn precedent. A bungling, boneheaded private citizen is not transmuted by election or appointment into a competent public servant, though he is often press-agented as one.

All this, of course, is the obvious; but this is a time to state and restate the obvious, because almost every scheme of world-saving that is receiving consideration ignores the simple and proven facts of life and character. The obvious is too plain, too unexciting, too much like the well-settled middle years of matrimony for a world that wants jazz, hokum and soulmate economics. Oftener than not, the obvious course is the right one. But once that is admitted, a lot of lawyers and deep thinkers will be out of a job.

Government ownership is the college widow with whom they all take up when they begin to yearn for a sympathetic, an understanding companion. The gossip of the campus, the scandals of her past, the flat failure of her attempts to land one of the long line of freshmen with honorable intentions who have fallen for her—are brushed aside as capitalistic lies by the pure young soul who sits beside her in the hammock while she plays the dear old songs on the ukulele. Lots of people are simply holding hands with the past when they think they are looking ahead at the future.

Government ownership cannot make good beside private business because it cannot develop the ablest type of executives, nor attract them from private business. Its final form—Communism—is predicated on supermen in office, and on a superstate that derives its administrators from some Jovian source of supply apart from and above the run of men. It must depend on altruism instead of intelligent selfishness as a motive to attract capable managers, and the supply of altruists who are willing to work twelve hours a day in order that the mass of men may lazy round in the sunshine is strictly limited; in fact, it has been found nonexistent in Russia. There seems to be a high degree both of selfishness and of intelligence on this subject.

The average voter, without stopping to take government apart to see what makes the wheels go round, why it loses time and sometimes stops altogether, ascribes godlike attributes and powers to it. Bill Smith in private life round the corner must prove his claims to superiority by concrete and old-fashioned tests of his honesty and ability, but Bill Jones in Washington and Bill Joneski in Russia can tell him that they have been anointed with a new oil of wisdom, and he believes blindly. It is a great world delusion that the state, composed of fallible men, selected by and imposed on fallible men, possesses attributes of infallibility, virtues that are not inherent in the individual, abilities that in some occult way are brought out and perfected by office holding. Rapidly developing corollaries to these propositions are:

That the labor radical is more disinterested and less greedy for place and power than the politician.

That theorists are less avaricious and more competent to govern than men of practical affairs.

That in some unexplained way revolution changes natural law and human nature, and that Communists can bring commodities out of the air like rabbits from a conjurer's hat.

That altruism should move business and professional men and farmers to work for their own ruin in order to serve the purely selfish ends of labor.

That radicals, agitators and demagogues care less for power and money than the men they are trying to take it away from.

Government ownership, Socialism and Communism are based on a belief that these self-evident falsities are truths. It is not intelligent for the radical labor class to think that all other classes will ruin themselves and then pitch in and work to make life soft for the reds. Men believe many things because someone states them from a soap box or a rostrum, or puts them over in a pamphlet or a book. It never occurs to them to step round the corner and get the facts for themselves. Yet there is full information, fact not theory, on almost every subject under discussion, just round the corner. Take the one that for fifty years has been the most argued over, most written about of all—the liquor question. The mass of views, reviews and counter-views has befuddled everyone who has followed them in an attempt to form an opinion. But any man of average intelligence could have seen the system in operation and have discovered all the good and the bad of it by spending an evening in his club, another at the neighborhood saloon, a third visiting Casey's place near the factory and the barrel house in the slums; by asking a few questions in the office, in the factory, of merchants, and of his friends.

Beneath all the books and befuddling arguments very few questions are more abstruse than that. Most of them will yield to the same simple personal treatment. Government ownership is an open book to anyone who has been riding on the cars, doing business with the railroads and paying taxes—and it has been a failure, though it has had the services of practical men whom it could not hope to retain under permanent government ownership. What we are headed for under a neat little plan like Plumb's staggers the imagination of those who will have to make up the deficits. We see no evidence that Plumb and his brotherhoods are superaltruists or that their standards of what's theirs and what's the public's are higher—except that they want to be farther above regulation—than those of the present owners.

We are all more or less government owned, and because we do not like the dose of it that we have already had, a part of the public is clamoring for more, on the theory that if one drink turns your stomach a dozen will restore its tone. Some want it in one kind of bottle and some in another; one group believes in it homeopathically and another demands it in its allopathic and logical form—the genuine Russian vodka, with Lenine's name blown in the glass.

Government ownership is not only ownership of machinery, but it is also ownership of men. In its final form it is not only ownership of the machinery of production, but it is ownership of the individual, body and soul. It is folly to talk of ownership of production, in the sense of mastery, by all the people. Actual ownership will be vested in the men who are selected or who, as in Russia, select themselves to hold and to manage capital and industry. From the very nature of the case this will be a small and autocratic group. Government will own all the capital—and they will be government. There will be no appeal except to God or the counter-revolution, and these new-day altruists do not believe in God and are exceedingly careful about leaving firearms lying round loose with which the happy comrades might hurt themselves.

In any form of government we must delegate certain powers over our life, liberty and property to some very human men at Washington and elsewhere. The fewer and smaller those powers, consistent with equality of opportunity, the happier, freer and more prosperous the nation. Under government ownership we gradually increase those powers, but every increase of them means a corresponding decrease of the individual's rights and liberty, until in the ideal state of the reds we are slaves of the machine, without individuality or opportunity. The choice is between individuals who are outside the government but whom the government can control, and individuals that are the government and beyond any control.

A government may be ideal in theory, but it is finally no better than the men who dominate it. The weakest spots in all administrations have been some of the men who have been selected as advisers and executives. The weakest of the weak in the present Administration have been the theorists, uplifters and world-savers who are disciples of the new thought in politics. But it would be these men, who have made such a sorry showing, and others who profess their delusions without believing in them who would be our rulers in the new dawn, as they call this new twilight of civilization.

Until a party goes before the country on a radical platform and returns an administration on it, there is no warrant for thinking that the American people want or expect men to hold office whose views are not in full harmony with their traditional principles of government. Socialists will naturally lend the weight of their influence to forwarding socialistic doctrines even in an individualistic administration. The country emphatically repudiated Socialism at the last election.

Government is not what a party stands for historically, not what it promised in its platform, but what its men in office are doing. It will be radical and socialistic to just the extent that the men in office are radical and socialistic, or compromising with socialistic doctrines.

One hesitates to discourage anything that may tend to bring factions together and to compromise differences, but we doubt whether Big Talks by Big Names without

power and authority to settle anything will get anywhere. The things that need doing must be done by the Government, not by conferences, and there are hopeful signs of an awakening by the Administration and Congress to the need for forceful action. The first conference, as was a foregone conclusion, blew up. Consideration of collective bargaining should have been preceded by a decision as to whether labor considers a bargain binding on anyone except the employer. But even before that question was taken up there should have been a clear-cut condemnation of those radical labor leaders who, when they are refused the unreasonable, the intolerable and the impossible, threaten strikes that are in effect—and, we are afraid, in intention—revolutionary.

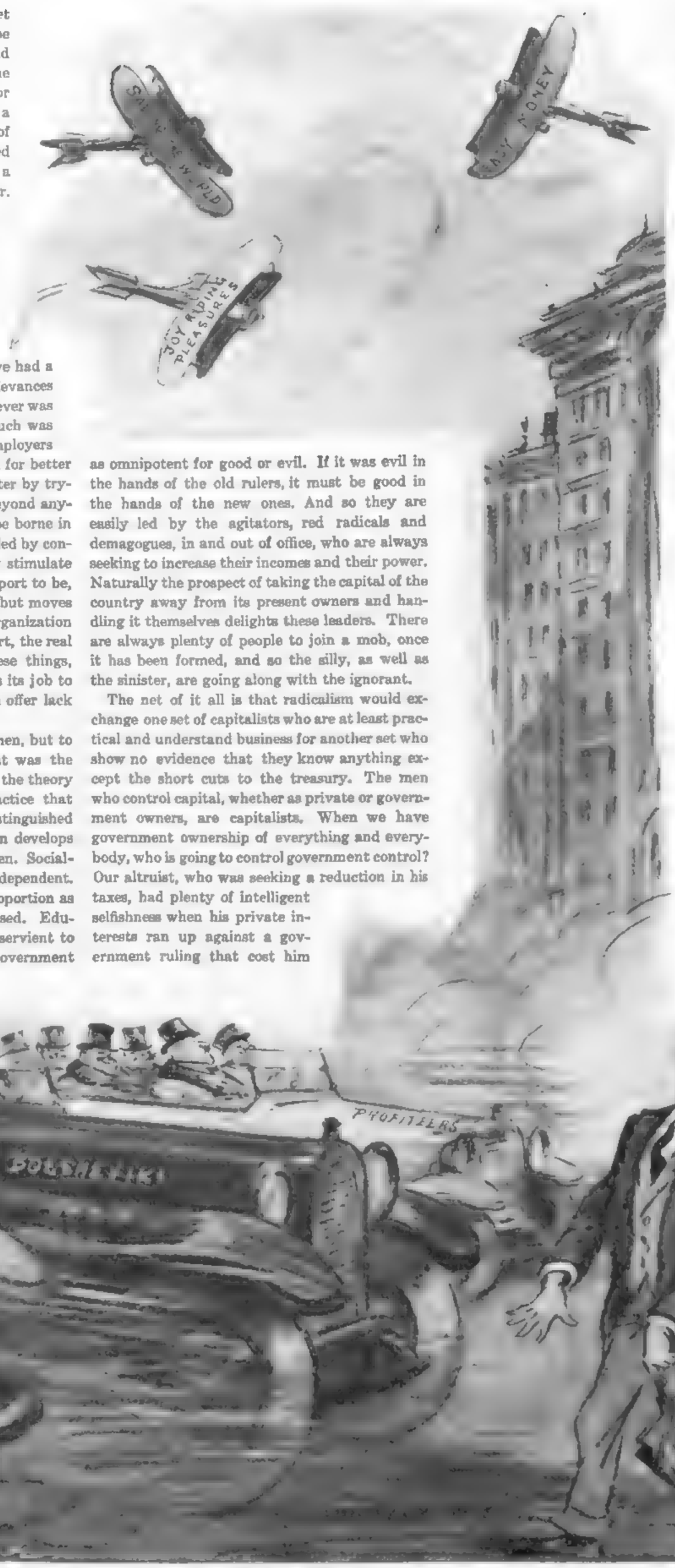
These preliminaries settled and red leadership and principles disavowed, labor would have had a sympathetic public behind it when its just grievances and claims came up for consideration. There never was a time in the history of the world when so much was being done by progressive and sympathetic employers all over the country to meet every fair demand for better wages and hours, and even to go labor one better by trying to improve living and working conditions beyond anything that has been asked. It must, however, be borne in mind that many of these strikes cannot be settled by concessions; in fact, that concessions will simply stimulate new strikes, because they are not what they purport to be, efforts to obtain fair wages and just conditions, but moves planned by red leaders, seeking first the disorganization and then the confiscation of industry. In short, the real objective of these leaders is Communism. These things, however, are squarely up to Congress, and it is its job to see that no department of the Government can offer lack of legislation as an excuse for inaction.

The business of government is not to make men, but to give men a chance to make themselves. That was the spirit in which this Government was conceived, the theory on which it was founded. That was the practice that developed the American pioneer and that distinguished him from the European peasant. Individualism develops a breed of strong, self-reliant, progressive freemen. Socialism is simply a crutch for the half-free, the half-dependent. The demand for it in America has grown in proportion as the number of unassimilated aliens has increased. Educated to a belief in the superstate, always subservient to one, always dependent on one, they conceive government as omnipotent for good or evil. If it was evil in the hands of the old rulers, it must be good in the hands of the new ones. And so they are easily led by the agitators, red radicals and demagogues, in and out of office, who are always seeking to increase their incomes and their power. Naturally the prospect of taking the capital of the country away from its present owners and handling it themselves delights these leaders. There are always plenty of people to join a mob, once it has been formed, and so the silly, as well as the sinister, are going along with the ignorant.

The net of it all is that radicalism would exchange one set of capitalists who are at least practical and understand business for another set who show no evidence that they know anything except the short cuts to the treasury. The men who control capital, whether as private or government owners, are capitalists. When we have government ownership of everything and everybody, who is going to control government control? Our altruist, who was seeking a reduction in his taxes, had plenty of intelligent selfishness when his private interests ran up against a government ruling that cost him money. Highbrows as well as lowbrows have a keen sense of their own property rights. Division is only desirable when it is in fact addition. Old John D. Rockefeller, their horrible example—who in truth is not above the suspicion of having more than his share—has done more for humanity with his Rockefeller Institute than all the theories of all the reds, professional and parlor. Incidentally, he gives to society more freely than any of these altruists that it has been our fortune to meet. They all put off the day of division and resent any attempt at direct action on their check books.

From what, then, do they argue to their Utopias? Not from their human nature nor from all human experience, but from some surface in their brains that is too soft to retain the impressions of common sense, but is always receptive to the counsels of vanity and cupidity.

Every hard-headed man—mechanic, farmer, clerk or merchant—who has studied the literature of the red movement knows that it is based on fallacious theories and deliberate, though often clever, misrepresentation of facts and figures. Thousands are at work, tirelessly spreading these lies, but even in the industries where the reds have been most active there has been little organized man-to-man effort to combat them with the truth in terms of cold facts and actual figures. You can deport liars, but you cannot deport their lies. They can only be killed by the truth.



JAYWALKING

THE GAMESTER

By Will Levington Comfort

ILLUSTRATED BY HAWTHORNE HOWLAND

"Listen Here," Tortured Lips Said Swiftly. "Forget Your House for a Minute and Stay With Me. You Can Finish Off the Night by a Real Piece of Work for Once in Your Life"

IT WAS raining and coming winter when Bernie Cave let himself painfully down a dingy stairway to North Schwartz Street, Chicago—a narrow bleak building with a drug store on the lower floor, a doctor's office above. Bernie had lain up for fourteen hours in one of the back rooms of the doctor's establishment. The night's lodging had cost him five dollars, but a dream book went with the room. The doctor had supplied it with a hypodermic at five the preceding afternoon. Locking Bernie in he had moved about various other affairs.

The little chap pulled up his coat collar with a crippled movement and stared about vaguely. The only thing he could think of that would help the bitter look of the world just now was a cup of coffee. There was silver enough in his pockets for that. Across in the restaurant he sat hunched over the counter waiting for the coffee to cool. His hand wasn't steady enough to raise it in the saucer. Chuck Cadwell, who had known Bernie over in Michigan, came in and sat down beside him, waiting for the man behind the counter to pass a length away. Chuck was a bartender from Monahan's blind pig across the street. He took in Bernie from the side. What he saw required no words. He expressed it back to the other by the look of his face.

"I followed you in," he said in a low tone. "I saw you sneakin' past, not even looking across the street. I let Monahan take the bar because I wanted to speak to you."

"I'll pay Monahan what I owe him," Bernie remarked.

"That ain't what I'm talking about. Monahan isn't worrying, because he'll take what you owe him out of my wages if you don't pay. I told him I'd stand you a few drinks. I'm not chasing you for that. I'll stand you a few more drinks. What I'm talking about now is Phœbe."

Bernie Cave shrank lower; then colored in a sickly fashion and drank his coffee all at once.

"What do you know—what do you know about her?"

"She's sick," Chuck answered.

"Who told you?"

"Her brother Dave was in Monahan's yesterday."

The truth was Bernie had seen Phœbe's brother enter and had ducked out of the back door.

"He came in just before you went over to the doc's," Chuck added.

"What did he say?"

"Dave's just about as queer as Phœbe is," Cadwell mused. "They're off the same piece. He wasn't sore at you. Wanted to see you, but wasn't sore. Looked kind of tired of it all. Tired about Phœbe, tired of himself. Tired's the word. He's still looking for you—coming back to-day. He said Phœbe was sick—damned sick—only she wants you to know that everything is all right with her, and she knows you'll come back."

"Come back," Bernie repeated. "Does she mean come back to her or come back in the game?"

"I dunno. That's what Dave said, and that Phœbe knowed you'd come back. You don't look this mornin', Bernie, as if you'd ever come back—in the game. The doc's got you going and he can drive faster than you ever did."

Chuck was regarding the small but straight-grained face. It was pale, sickly; it was sharp and wasted, even stunted a little, but with a curious concentration of power somewhere in the nostrils or round the mouth or back of the jaw. The eyes were shadowed and tortured just now, vague with morphine, vague from the hopelessness of the depression that followed the dream book, vague from the hopelessness of resisting the need of morphine when its grip tightened again. That would begin later in the day.

"Still you're looking a little better than when I came in," Chuck added drearily.

Bernie sniffed. A smile of scorn curled his thin mouth. It wasn't for Chuck Cadwell; certainly not for Brother Dave. Bernie was facing the failure in himself. Back of all that was a kind of dead-cool and crawling nausea that had to do with the message from Phœbe.

"Living God," he muttered aloud. "They never do get mad!"

"Who?"

"Phœbe or her brother."

Then Bernie saw how interested Chuck was and became sore at himself for the words.

"I guess you're right about me not coming back," he added quickly; "and yet ——"

The scornful smile flickered again. Cadwell's whole look had changed. Something of awe came into his kindly hardened face. He was remembering what Bernie Cave had been—the best jockey the Middle West ever turned out; for one season, three years ago, the most talked about jockey in the world. Chuck Cadwell couldn't have told what brought the awe back, but it was something that had come just now into Bernie Cave's face between those two looks of scorn—the mounting again, after many days, of an old unwhippable something he had known as a boy; the old look that had made them all back in Leeds think of Bernie Cave as The Gamester.

He had felt himself going back to Phœbe—but that meant going back clean and a winner. He had said that. It would be so. Anything else might happen; he might die in the gutter or in Doc Halsey's back room, but if he went back to Phœbe it was to be clean and a winner. And she had said he would come back. For just a second again the old surge took his heart and then died down.

"Thanks, Chuck," he said. "I'm coming over pretty soon. I think I need another one of these"—he touched the coffee cup—"and it's quiet and warm in here."

Chuck was gone. Bernie thought over those two moments when the old power had come back. It was something that Chuck said about Phœbe's brother that had done it—how tired Dave was and about his not being sore. It seemed to him that he would almost die to see her brother this minute. They used to be good friends as boys, back in the old town, but never inseparables. There had been other hotter palships, but the agony of longing for Dave now was because he was Phœbe's brother. Chuck Cadwell had made it worse by saying they were off the same piece.

The old power that had touched him twice while Chuck sat near had not risen often of late. Mostly he had to use front nowadays. The front seemed to work, but it didn't really work. Bernie knew that from where he stood now. The people would point him out as Bernie Cave, the great and only Bernie, but he knew as they stared that they were screening the present from the past, trying to restore for their own curiosity a hero out of a has-been.

Yet he was only twenty-six and right now lighter than most steeplechasers. Three years ago Blue Sage had fallen upon him on the Bristol course. It had felt as if the whole field of jumpers had taken a kick at him as they went over. About everything that can be broken in a man got it. Bernie had lain practically still, in various casts and scaffolds for ten months—"never to ride again," the papers had said; and the sporting writers hadn't known the worst—that one young doctor had taken pity on his pain and got him started on the dream book.

He wished he had asked Chuck what had happened to Phœbe. It seemed to choke him to say her name aloud to anyone else; even to hear Chuck speak of her was all he could stand. It started fresh fogs of shame rising up within, and hatred for himself, which was bad enough all the time. The truth was, of late Bernie could only live with himself when the drug worked. That set him free in a better world than this, a world managed better. There were high lights there, no frost or ache or distance. It was like moments of races, moments of ball games and billiards and gambling—when he couldn't lose, when the end of the game or the end of the race was ordained and standing before his inner eyes as a thing finished in his favor, though he might be far behind at the time.

This was his own real world, and the drug set him free in it in spite of the crippled body. He had known this world sometimes when walking and talking with Phœbe. He had known it all the way up as a boy, always in games and fights—the coming of a cool patient invincible clearness and calm that couldn't lose.

They never forgot and never stopped talking about a certain ball game when Leeds, his home town, played Bostock and was losing. Bernie went in to pitch in the seventh, four runs behind. The light and power stayed with him for the full three innings—in and out of bat. He had held Bostock tight, but that wouldn't have copped. Bernie had to win his own game with a hit in the last half of the ninth.

Always like that in a field of runners. He could make his mount rise with his own power when the thing was working just right. He would come up from behind.

In the moment of winning he would hear the crowd—not before. In the pressure of approach to the climax the crowd went out of his consciousness—far back like high banks of a lake, and silent. But when he won the crowd's

(Continued on Page 30)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Campbell's tomato sauce is famous

Campbell's Beans are flavored through and through with rich tomato sauce—justly famous. We use red, ripe tomatoes. The sauce has the real, full delicious tomato flavor, touched with spices and delightfully appetizing. The beans are of selected quality, slow-cooked until they are tender and thoroughly digestible. A wholesome, hearty, satisfying dish.

One size 15c a Can One kind

Except west of Mississippi River and in Canada

Campbell's BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 28)

roar always took him—like a shock of falling through air and a breathless joy in his chest and throat.

This was his secret. He couldn't live long without this secret joy. The morphine brought back something like. Everything was perfectly managed in the dream book, but the world was hideously slow when he came back—slow as now, deadly dreary as now, with Chuck staking him to drinks, Dave looking for him, Phœbe sick, gray in the sky, frost in the air, hell loose in the city—strikes and starvation and seething class hatred in the city—Phœbe calling for him to come home, and his old will and pride that never broke yet saying he couldn't go home until he was clean and a winner.

Now something more subtle than a straight thought yanked him erect. It called him to the street to begin over again, begin somewhere at the bottom. It was still only eight in the morning. He wrenched himself past Monahan's, where there was a drink or two, had he cared to begin that way. He passed through several empty squares to Finney Street, where there was a car barn. The company was trying to keep a few cars going against the will of the strikers. Bernie hadn't really thought it out, except that jobs were open for those who cared and dared.

They asked him if he could drive a car. He said he could drive anything. It appears that actual experience was needed for the front end. They took him on for conductor and started his car across the city. What he was really up against broke upon him less than three blocks away from the barn, when passengers were crowding in, and one square-faced, deep-eyed person, dressed as a laborer, passed by his glass coin slot, whispering three words: "You . . . runt!"

The missing word belonged in the center. Also the square-face left a wad of half-chewed tobacco on Bernie's shoulder. Right after that a fight began—bricks and a small riot, shattered windows and a scream or two. The car was derailed. Bernie wasn't hurt, but he was seeing more clearly. The pain of old hurts drummed on. That was always with him, but now shame was ugly in his heart. He knew nothing about the squabble between the men and the company; only knew now that he had butted in, that he was in bad, hurting somebody's chances, going against men.

He dumped his change into the coin slot and slipped out of the crowd when the police got there. The company would think him a coward; the men had already called him a scab. This was no game for him, and he cleared.

"The old town's gone crazy," he muttered as he walked hastily back toward Monahan's.

He would take a drink or two and think out what to do next—just a drink or two and a sandwich, and then go out and try again. Four men were in Monahan's with an hour to spare. Interest pricked up when Chuck Cadwell leaned over to one, whispering that the little man behind the stove was Bernie Cave—the great and only Bernie. Chuck didn't say "What is left of Bernie Cave," but that's what the strangers saw.

A few fast rounds of drinks, before Bernie warmed to show in words a trace of his old color and class. It was past noon and the world had a flow and a grace to it by that time. The little town of Leeds seemed just across the lake, and the steep grade to becoming clean and a winner a mere afternoon's climb. Just as Bernie was telling of a certain trick pulled off one afternoon at Ascot, Phœbe's brother entered the front door.

Bernie heard his own voice going on, a sort of barren light in the place. His own eyes felt dirty as he looked into the clear shining smile that Dave brought. The face was brown and pock-marked, rugged and manful enough, but the eyes had the shine of a child in them. It had always taken Bernie by the throat. It seemed to mean that it was easy to die—something of the look that you remember about children who die young. Phœbe had it. Yet she had a strength that matched his own in most ways, and Dave had never known a sick day in his life, except for the smallpox. Dave's hand was on his arm. They were walking together to the back room.

"I've been looking for you, Bernie. Hoped to get you started yesterday. I want you to hurry back to Phœbe."

"I can't. I can't, Dave."

"Why?"

"You know what I said—that I'd go back right."

"You're right to Phœbe now. You two always needed each other. You didn't mean any more to Phœbe three years ago when they were all talking about you than you do right now. She knows you'll come back, and I know it, but she's sick from waiting."

"I can't, Dave. I can't show up in the old town like this. Phœbe knows I can't."

"Chauvin is back in Bostock for the winter."

"Huh?" came from Bernie.

Dave repeated, adding: "He's wintering a small string in his old stables and he said he'd like to have your eye on some of them; that nobody had an eye like yours for what a yard of fillies might turn into."

"Did Chauvin say that?"

"Yes," Dave answered.

Bernie had done his first riding for Chauvin, an old race-track man with stables formerly at Leeds, as well as Bostock.

"What's the matter with Phœbe?"

Dave turned his slow shining eyes upon him.

"They don't know," he said. "They call it—oh, they call it different things."

"But what do you know it is?"

"It's you, Bernie."

The little man sat back, turning his face from the window.

"You know Phœbe's like that," Dave went on. "I think she needs to take care of you. It would mean as much to Phœbe to take care of you now as all that big year meant to you—before Blue Sage tripped."

Dave's hand rested softly upon Bernie's elbow.

"Why, you've got something—not in one man in a million. Phœbe knows it. I know it. You're different from all of us. You won over all of us, but her—all the way up from a kid. Chauvin knows it. Never mind Leeds, that's only a town. It is only pride that makes you care about a town. But what Phœbe has for you—why, Bernie, she never saw anybody else but you."

Bernie half raised his arm, like one who could hear no more.

"Oh, I'm not going to take you back. I know you want to be alone. I'm going to stay in Chicago for a few days. Pick up a good coat and some things. This you can give me later."

Dave thrust a small roll into Bernie's hand, turning away out.

"Besides, you've got most of it coming," he added. "You staked me once when you were flush."

Dave had made it easy, looking away like that and going with strange haste. Bernie hadn't promised anything. It was all up to him. There had been times three years ago when he had a pocketful of money and had done things with it for people, not even remembering the account himself, but Dave wasn't a fellow you could stake and forget. There was a twenty, some tens, a five or two in the roll—sixty or seventy, by the feel. Bernie pinned one ten away in a secret place and left the back room. Dave was gone from the front.

"Just waved and blew out," Chuck whispered.

Bernie passed him a bill. Chuck took it with sorrow rather than satisfaction, shoving the remains back with the remark: "Go and get yourself something to eat. Get a steak into you—then come back before you start home."

Bernie resented the word "home" from alien lips. He made a false move right then, buying a drink for the group that had been exploiting him when Dave came in. That meant several others before he could escape. Now the city looked more human in the early dusk. He was in the warm blur of a barber shop—talk and laughter of men about him—holding himself still and steady, an old trick of Bernie's. Very few had ever seen him rock with drink.

The dark was thick and lights were on when he was in the street again. The morning and his hour of street-car experience were away back in the past, like something that had happened before the big year. The city crowds seemed to be tuned to sanity now, seemed to have something to live for—green and red everywhere in the lit windows, Christmas coming, as if sent for.

He resisted the curious inner call to get the overcoat first and continued to look for just the right place for a feed. In some places the benches were all filled, in others the man behind the counter didn't look appetizing. It had to be just right for Bernie this night. But it didn't work out so—a rank failure, that steak at last. He could have done better back in Schwartz Street, across from Monahan's blind pig.

He was looking for a coat now down among the second-hand stores—a street of low flares and groups of men gathered to centers of restrained harangue. Bernie skirted the knots of men. The wind from the lake was keen and winnowing, filled with stinging dust. A big man stepped out from one of the crowds and caught his shoulder, yanking the face up to his own and laughing into it.

"I thought I couldn't mistake you, runt," he said with a frosty chuckle.

It was the square-face who had climbed onto his car in the morning and left the stain on his shoulder.

Bernie tried to break away, but the big one held him with one hand, turning to speak to friends in the crowd.

"Here's one of them, fellows. Give him the once over."

Bernie was struck from behind, while the square-face held his eye. He lay still as death in the manhandling, absolutely nonresistant. Their hands went over him. Then he was carried through a shop to an alley and dumped there, enjoined to hurry back to work.

Bernie crawled to his knees, stood up, one numb hand groping frantically under his belt to the place where the one ten had been pinned. They hadn't found that. It was still in place. Moreover, they hadn't

(Continued on Page 32)

Right After That a Fight Began—Bricks and a Small Riot, Shattered Windows and a Scream or Two

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(Continued from Page 30)

really laid him out, because he had gone limp in their hands from the first blow—taking the beating as he had learned to take a fall as a boy.

He might get the train back to Bostock with this ten. He wouldn't go home; no, he wouldn't go to Leeds like this, but he might go as far as Bostock and report up with Chauvin. The old man would keep his coming a secret until he was ready. He would be near Phœbe then—next town to Phœbe. It sounded like the next room—he had been so long and so far away. Now the picture came to his mind with a kind of crying pang—of going to her from Bostock, if she were in grave danger—hooking up one of Chauvin's fillies and doing that eight miles into Leeds. But Phœbe was in danger now, Dave had said. Something deep inside of Bernie fought that. Dave had said so merely to start him home. Phœbe was only lonesome.

And now as he stumbled his way out of the alley he thought of Doc Halsey and this black day he had just lived—the riot, the beating, the drink dying out, the rotten luck of it all, Phœbe waiting for him, Phœbe just lonesome—over all his vow not to return to her until he could go back in style.

The drug thing that had long been frowning from a distance like a slow storm now broke upon him. He knew just where Doc Halsey would be at this hour. All else slipped away. Half the ten would do! One more night's rest—no pain for hours. His step quickened. He shut out every sound from his ears lest someone call his name; every thought from his mind lest something prevent him from reaching Doc Halsey's upper room.

Men on the street at a distance looked like Dave—looked like Chuck Cadwell. Bernie would duck lest he meet them. They would put him on the train home—to sit in the horror of a chair car for hours—all hell broken loose in his mind. And now the need was riding him right—his steps almost to a run—his dreams forming, focalizing. Doc Halsey never failed. There was always a cot to spare. The smell of drugs in Halsey's back room was the smell of heaven's approach.

"Put me to sleep," Bernie muttered with a sigh. "Give me a good one, doc."

Bernie loved the pierce of the needle and the itching ache of the lump among the scars. He waited for Doc Halsey to go. When the door was shut the long sigh took him. All the weariness of life went out. The cot and the room grew sweet to him as the home of childhood. Pain and failure loosed like temporal things, fell away in the outpouring of that long tired sigh. The unhurt boy lived again in an expansion of warmth and light discord, and division in his body swung into rhythm again.

Then he missed his way for a period and poked and glided like a vagrant dirigible through musty memory grounds and into cross currents of old trials and reckonings. That passed into clear still sailing again. Early summer morning at the end of Main Street in Leeds. He had gone for his mother to Phœbe's house for milk. He had looked in from their kitchen to the breakfast table. There was the warm smell of muffins and coffee. Phœbe was sitting by her father, a mysterious man, always kind. The soft blue shine from her eyes to him had needed no words. Then he was walking back to his own house with the filled pail in the beginnings of the vast warm still summer day—blue gleam from the morning-glories on the fence, and one great cobweb perfect as the dream of creation, every marvel thread ashine with dew.

And now he was the real Bernie Cave, gamester, which is all that trickster is not. All the high moments of games and races he had known massed now into one and were sustained. Each at the time had been merely a flash in which he sat tight in a pinch or made the one exact needed move before one could think, but this was a steady easy holding to his power—the power back of every man if one could only reach it. The badly broken and badly mended body which held him in vices and pains and limitations when awake was only the trailing, dragging ground part now. He was out in the open with Phœbe, and she understood everything now and always—understood beyond the need of words, like the child with softly shining eyes at the breakfast table. And this was a vast warm still and radiant day—a day that was more than day; and horse racing wasn't a yellow-cruel, man-made thing, but horses and men playing together, a wide-open sport of the gods.

The drug was working differently than ever before. It recurred vaguely at first, but again and again that this peace and power and light also concerned the dragging broken thing that bumped the ground—that he must make all this come true down on the ground.

He put the thought away, but it recurred persistently and with cumulative drive—that dreams were all right, but they must belong to the days too. Winning was in the plan, and joy was the proper state of beings, but one must not run away from a sick and hurting body, because running away was running away, no less or more! Phœbe didn't run away, but stayed down and waited. Dave stayed down; Chuck Cadwell stayed down. But he, Bernie Cave, seized every chance to run away. To limp was not to fail, to go slow wasn't to fail—only running away was failure.

And now Bernie's pride world cracked round his ears. He saw for once and all what a mean whelp of a thing it was—holding him off from the very work that would bring him home clean and a winner. All this would look differently to-morrow, but it stayed and lived with him now, forcing him to see it from every angle and making him know that he must carry it with him to the morning and begin at the bottom with it in the new day.

It was cutting in on his night. It was taking the light and ease away. The day thing was rising into the dream book, darkening all the pages. He burned with revolt. Dreams had never failed him before. Hell was loose, indeed, if this kept up—no rest in the day, no rest in the night, no place to turn.

"Go to Phœbe," the voice said quietly within. "Make the dreams come true with her. Come up from behind, Bernie. You can pass the field, one by one. The Gamester isn't dead. He's only handicapped because he was made to come through with full weight! That's you—made to carry full weight and come up from behind!"

A steady rousing challenge. Now Bernie actually felt the heaviness of his body again. It lay like a frozen thing. His mind hardly touched it, but raced away like a steamer's screw out of water. His body was made of ache and inertia, yet he was free of it no longer. The damnable thing that had hurt him so must butt in now and come along, spoiling everything.

He tried to sit up. It was minutes before he could get the thought working in his limbs, yet always back of everything was the cool quiet voice—the old winning voice: "Now's your chance, your last chance. Make it all work out neatly below. That's what dreams are for. Listen well now, because you'll have to work to-morrow, when you can't hear these words. Remember you'll have to put it through alone to-morrow—right down in the beaten track. That's what it means to be a winner, kid."

It was like a conspiracy against him, tightening, tightening, until he could not get away. The Gamester in him was challenged, urged and whipped and lured awake. The pages of the dream book were flying leaves; the force of the drug kicked back to rouse him out of the old easy pastures—to drive him down into the dark and cold.

He sat up at last and got his legs out. He tried to put on his shoes, against waves that broke over upon his mind, putting out every light. He couldn't feel his fingers among the laces. He lurched forward on the floor with a crash. Halsey came. Halsey wanted him to go back to bed, even promised him another shot.

"I want to get out of here!" Bernie mumbled.

"It's only eleven, you fool!"

"I want my shoes."

"Remember, if you get out of here it will cost you another five to get back."

"I've got another five."

Halsey coughed.

"Put on my shoes."

"I can't stay up all night waiting for you to come back."

"I'm not coming back, doc."

His lungs felt all wet inside from the rush of cold air in the streets. Bernie had started home—not to Chauvin—no further waiting or wabble like that—but straight to Leeds, straight to Phœbe's door, to her arms, to learn all there. He was walking to her now, and one way or the other he would never stop until he got there. He had five, but that would not do the whole journey. He would save that for the last end, and trust to steal the first half. He wondered, now how he could have thought of staying in secret for a time with Chauvin—with Phœbe ill, Phœbe calling! It was almost as if he had not understood Dave's message until that last moment in Halsey's, when the big change came to his mind.

The first leg of the drive was to the freight yards on the lake. Long stretches of street, he knew nothing, felt nothing except that he was on his way. Then he would see lights and pass corners and feel cold. He was standing still, on pavement, in a blinding light. An auto cut round, the fender grazing his thigh, the driver's curse in his ears.

"Never touched me," Bernie muttered.

It hadn't quickened his pulse. No machine could get him. He was coming up from behind. At intervals the drug still worked with him—reiterating, beating the thing he must do deep upon his mind, working not with dreams but with all the real stuff left in him, against the time presently when he could not bear and feel its admonition.

He was far from Doc Halsey's when he recalled that he had passed Monahan's, where he might have had a drink and borrow a few dollars—enough with the five for a ticket straight to Leeds. Monahan's was open to familiar customers until midnight. Halsey had said it was only eleven. It didn't tempt him now! He would never go back. He was nearer the lake. The cold was keener. His feet were like trucks, and he was feeling the hateful bind of thoughts that belong to the day, never to the dream book. Still deeper within, he knew he must remember the drive—must hold to that down here on the floor of things and steadily, surely give the lie to every objection, every obstruction. Winning meant that. To remember, when he could not hear and see.

He was down among the cars in the sag of the lake front. Vast brooding quiet in the place preyed upon him before he actually recalled that strike conditions were also on in the freight yards. He had heard them say in Monahan's that the big Christmas shipping was hung up; that only a few passenger trains were running. His mind faculties keened under this shock.

Presently the voices of men reached him softly from the right. He moved toward them. One seemed an old yard man who had not walked out, the other two apparently strike breakers. The old man was talking about certain livestock farther down the yards, which had to be fed and watered.

The voices of the three were queer and frightened, like conspirators in the stillness of a churchyard. An engine bell sounded far beyond them. It was like a tolling in the deadly lull. Now a headlight moved slowly round a curve out of the Twelfth Street Station. The old man glanced at his watch and at the big white approaching lamp.

"That's the Boomerang," he muttered. "She's going out on time."

Bernie slipped in between two coal cars and crawled under the coupling. He knew the Boomerang—the main-line train between Chicago and Detroit. When the wind was right they could hear her whistle in Leeds at four in the morning, flying by ten miles south of the town. He couldn't ask what track she was passing out on, but the Boomerang belonged. Nothing could stop him now. He reached a broad open current between the masses of freight. The passenger was nearer, sliding leisurely out on one pair of threads of this maze. Bernie stood in the midst of the open like one in a wide road, standing with arms out to stop a runaway horse. He heard the big passenger engine crash over the switches and saw her weave from one side to the other, until the straight gleam held along one unbroken rail. She was near and speeding up. His fingers hooked the dull brass bar of the blind; the arm seemed yanked out by the roots, his body flung against the coach.

"Four hours," he gasped.

Slowly the pressures tightened on him now pressures of cold and pain, had of cinders, some still red, the choke of smoke. Yet queerly at first because he was on his way his mind trailed back to other times when he had caught this train, once or twice in the big year, when he had ridden decently berthed in one of the Pullmans behind; changing at Corson before four in the morning and hanging round the little station until six, when the local that touched Bostock and Leeds started up country from the main line, and often before the big year, with some of the fellows coming back from Chicago, sitting up in the chair car playing cards, saving a flask or two for the long wait at Corson days of laugh and violence, of lose and win, all making ready for this night.

He remembered a story told about Bert Goodrich, a Leeds barber, riding the Boomerang's blind from Chicago to Corson Bert had gone broke in Chicago and caught the flyer's front platform somewhere in the yards. Then he had needed two weeks in bed. Still, the Boomerang crashed through South Chicago. The city seemed to stretch round the whole foot of the lake, round the world, before the throttle opened wide and the big locomotive raced forward into open country

They might find him somewhere—shaken off somewhere—but it would be after his lights were out. He'd never let go. The fine red coal cut through and under his collar, up his sleeves, into his shoe tops. Cinders fanned white against his flesh. Fifty or sixty miles an hour without a windshield, without an overcoat, a steady peppering of fire fragments, in the crush of the icy air. It was that icy rush that hurt most. He had to keep his hands upon the brass not to be shaken off.

If he could have hunched back against the door, covering his face and hands and ankles, but he had to hang on! Bert Goodrich laid up for two weeks. Bernie remembered laughing at that with the fellows, and somebody's saying that it was more than four hours on the Boomerang that laid Bert up, but that was clearer now. He welcomed the numbness, but it only crept into ankles and wrists.

There was no getting away from a single minute. He tried to draw back something of the power that had come to him in Halsey's room. He had seen it all clearly from there—how to fight it out step by step, how to make it all work out, down on the floor of things, down on the tracks.

The laugh and the power were gone now, the reason and reality, the whole thing a dope dream, sanity gone even from the message Dave had brought, leaving only sentiments gone soft. He was looking into Chauvin's hard black eyes. He had seen Chauvin's thin leathery lip curl aforetime. The old horseman would sneer at the idea of taking him back. Phœbe wanted him back? He could hold to going home, against any force that did not kill or put him out—that was done, that was inevitable, but he could not hold now to the thought of Phœbe wanting him.

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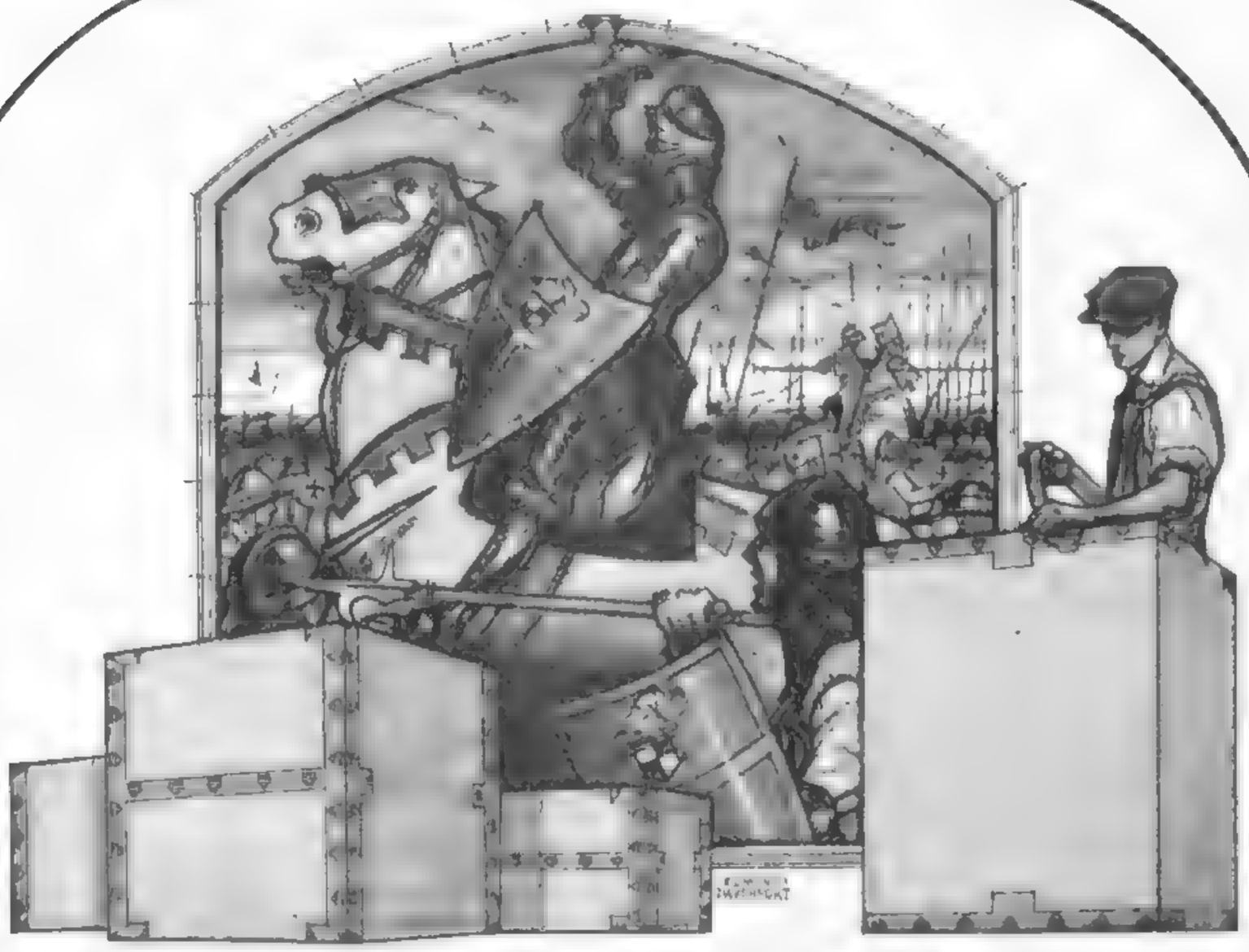

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THE CROSS PULL

By Hal G. Evarts

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK B. HOFFMAN

VII

FLASH stood on a divide that overlooked the valley of the Little Big Horn. The Bar T and his past life were a week behind and several hundred miles to the south. The ragged tear across his shoulder had healed and troubled him not at all. He was outlawed by men, but did not care. The one thing that most concerned him now was the insistent desire to hear that missing note for which he had always listened among the sounds of the night.

This was the mating moon of the wolves, but he did not know. He did not realize his craving for that long-sought note.

Then the note came! From far down in the valley there sounded the call. He knew now what it was. The far-off cry was that of a she-wolf questing for a mate.

His whole body thrilled and tingled to the call. He had never used his voice, yet he knew he must reply. He stood erect, his great head stretched forth, but no sound came. The note drifted to him again and he threw all the force of his lungs into one convulsive effort to answer it. For miles and miles across the white hills every living creature held its breath and lonely ranchers far down the valley felt the chill tingle of the wolf shiver as the lobo cry reached their ears.

It started with a deep bass note carrying a full smooth volume, then swept abruptly up into a clear siren peal that rolled on and on until it was tossed and echoed among the rim rocks of the valley.

The dog lobo and the she-wolf from the north circled the edge of the basin until at last they met and stood facing one another across fifty feet of moonlit snow. They approached cautiously.

The she-wolf was suspicious of his scent; it was wolf scent, no doubt of that, but there was a faint trace of the conglomerate odor that marks the domestic dog. She sniffed at him, then snapped and fled.

Her speed was no match for his and he ran easily at her side. When she whirled and slashed at him he eluded her teeth, but did not offer to return the snap. She soon found that he meant no harm to her. He was a massive, splendid figure of the true lobo; a mate to win the savage heart of any lovelorn she-wolf.

At last she stopped and they walked stiffly round until satisfied that all was well. She whined softly and he tried to answer. She seemed to understand the deep rumble which issued from his throat and he leaped about in a frenzy of delight.

She was a slim Northern wolf with a dark strip along her back blending into a soft silver gray on sides and flanks. Half an hour of courtship and the big lobo and the silver she-wolf started for the valley in quest of meat.

Close under the rims they found where a lone steer had left his bed at the lobo call above and started out across the flats.

Always before Flash had felt a furtive sense of wrong when on his raids, but now, with Silver running with him, there was no thought save to kill—kill food for her. She whimpered eagerly, and as he ran swiftly on the warm trail he was all wolf; the yellow eyes were streaked red with the lust to tear down his prey.

They closed in on the steer and pulled him down. Silver raised her voice and gave the summons to the feast, the victorious cry of the wolf who has killed. Once more Flash tried out his voice and the lobo note rang out with hers. From far up the slope of the mountains to the north, as if an echo of their own call cast back to them, there came an answering cry. Then another. Several blended into one—the cry of the pack. They sounded closer and soon were answering from the hills, assuring Flash and Silver that they were coming to the kill.

All up and down the valley ranchers listened to this devils' chorus and planned for ruthless, bloody war as soon as the sun should shine. This was no new thing to them. Each winter when the snow fell heavy in the North there was at least one scattering band of wolves that were lured across the mountains, coming down to the easier killing of the open range.

Two gray shadows came sliding through the night and fell ravenously upon the steer; then two more. Presently there were fourteen wolves tearing at the warm meat. They were gaunt with the pinch of famine and not until the last bone was picked did they quit the feast. As they ate they snarled. Flash had come into his own at last. He imitated these sounds of his kinsfolk and added his snarl to theirs.

There were frequent slashes and snaps, but no resulting fights. They had come in pairs and each one with true wolf constancy was contented with his own. The season of selection had passed its height. Among them were grizzled veterans who bore the marks of recent conflict gained during the savage courting period that had raged all through the North. A little earlier and Flash would have been compelled to defend his right to mate with the silver she-wolf.

Two hours before dawn the pack left off gnawing on the bones of the steer and trotted slowly away. As he traveled with them the big lobo was four inches taller at the shoulder than the next, looming up by comparison as a giant of his kind. A wolf loses or picks up weight more rapidly than any other animal, and as they moved across the snow they were no longer gaunt. Paunches sagged heavily, low to the ground. After famine they had gorged to repletion. Some of them had not touched food for three days when they came to the kill, yet they had appeared springy and tireless. Now, after feeding, instead of feeling new strength, they were sluggish and lethargic. Ten miles from the steer they sought a knoll and bedded down, each pair choosing quarters of their own a few yards from the rest.

As Flash slept, his dreams dwelt upon a far-off speck on his back track which developed into a horseman on his trail. The horse changed color continuously—first a sorrel and then a tireless buckskin was pressing him. When some near-by wolf clashed his teeth together in his sleep it was a pistol shot to Flash and he was instantly on his feet, the new-found snarl rumbling in his throat.

He nosed Silver into wakefulness and started off. It was agony for her to travel, but she would not be left behind by this magnificent new mate of hers. She followed, and daylight found them resting far up the slope of the hills on a ledge that overlooked the valley.

Flash made out little specks which he knew to be horsemen riding at two-mile intervals along the base of the slope. Out across the valley as far as his telescopic eyes could reach, the tiny specks were moving swiftly across the white snow. The reports of irregular rapid-fire shooting drifted up to him through the clear air.

No ranchman on the Little Big Horn had need to ask what his neighbor would do after listening to the chorus of the pack. At daylight the fastest horses stood saddled in front of every house and a relay string to which any rider was welcome was held in each corral. On every commanding knoll a rider lolled in the saddle, ready to dash down upon any hard-pressed wolf which another should bring his way. From the dirt roof of every log cabin a man swept the country with powerful glasses for signs of an approaching race, his horse standing below with a rifle butt showing from the saddle scabbard.

"I'll Have a Word With Her Before She Goes"

His Mistress Seemed to Prefer Meat That Came From the Smaller Species

These Northern wolves were accustomed to the deep snow under the heavy trees where men traveled slowly on webs. They had not yet learned the lesson of the hard-running horses and hard-riding men of the open range—and most of them died as they learned.

That night when Flash and Silver made another kill there were but five of the pack who answered the call to feast.

Flash and Silver left them early and started on. The coyote brain warned the lobo of the danger of killing too often in one place. For almost two months they wandered on across several states, seldom killing in the same place twice. They followed down the narrow valley of the Cache La Poudre, bedding down each day far back in the hills.

Silver felt great confidence in the judgment of this mate of hers, yet there were certain habits of his which she could never learn to view complacently. Often at night he went close to the dwellings of men, even sniffing round their corrals and barns. Flash knew that men were nearly powerless in darkness and their eyes very weak at night, but Silver only knew that the man scent meant death for wolves and she scrupulously avoided it. Then, too, meat was meat to Silver, but Flash killed only beef. His pride had been the charge of handling Moran's horses and now he never would turn his teeth against a horse.

The cross currents were still at work in Flash. In the old days he had longed for the wild; now that he was wild he felt the call to be near man. When with Moran his dreams had been of the phantom shapes of the wolf pack. Now his dreams were all of men. Most often he was back in the Land of Many Rivers with Moran and always in his dreams his former master was associated with the girl. His soft whimpering roused Silver. Her irritable nip always brought him back to the grim present and he was awake, the cold yellow eyes sweeping the country for sign of his most bitter enemy—man.

(Continued on Page 36)

WE believe the Hupmobile to be the best car of its class in the world.

Eight years ago we first expressed this conviction.

We were strong and sincere in our belief then. Now, it is shared so widely by others that it has virtually become the general consensus of opinion.

Best in its class is a strong phrase, but—isn't it a fact that you constantly hear it applied to *The Comfort Car?*

(Continued from Page 34)

The last week in February they came to the rough country at the head of Powder River. Silver grew less and less inclined to travel far and panted heavily when she ran. A chinook swept across the hills and this warm wind softened the frozen ground in spots that had blown free of snow. Silver chose a place where the earth was deep and started to excavate. Flash watched her and when she tired and backed from the hole he took her place, tearing at the dirt with his great forepaws and pushing it out behind. He withdrew, shaking the dirt from his coat, and viewed this start of their home with pride.

Silver was very irritable these days, snapping at his approach. He turned his shoulder to her shrewish slashes and stalked stiffly out of reach. One night he came home to find a new scent in the den. Soft snifflings and squeaks issued from the depths of the hole. As he prepared to enter a savage snarl warned him off.

His curiosity was great and he wished to know more of this miracle, but not until the pups were three weeks old did Silver let them come out for a romp on the sunny slope and Flash then saw them for the first time. Every night he had brought meat to the den, and this was the result. He was very much excited as he nosed them over and Silver growled a warning not to be too rough when he rolled them round with his huge forepaws.

He was never allowed to occupy the den, which was just as well, for in any event he could not have been induced to spend a day inside of it. He had seen Moran dig out the swift-fox den on Peace Creek. Once Harmon, the ranger, had found a hole and dropped into it a stick of something with a spluttering fuse attached. Shortly after they ran away, there had sounded a roar as of several guns and Flash had watched Harmon dig out the crushed bodies of a coyote and her pups. So he spent the days alone in the hills and carried food at night.

The snow had melted from the foothills, leaving only the heavy drifts. As soon as the pups could follow they were led forth at night and taught the arts of hunting and the dangers they must avoid. By the middle of April they could cover thirty miles in one night.

VIII

AN HOUR before daylight Flash slipped up to the den. It was cold and silent. At sunrise of the previous day a rider had passed close to the den. Silver had run true to she-wolf form and departed with the pups as soon as he was out of sight. The day had been hot and had diffused and evaporated the scent of her trail. The night frost had finished blotting it out.

Flash had circled for miles in the effort to pick up the scent, but could find no trace of it, and there was no answer to his calls.

Far to the north Silver and the sturdy pups were traveling steadily, headed for the she-wolf's old hunting grounds, from which the winter's famine had driven her. Just at daybreak she turned on the crest of a divide and gazed back along her trail, then loosed one last wail for the mate that never came, and journeyed on to the north.

Flash too was starting for his old home—the Bar T range. The third day he spent on the rim of the Wind River hills, awaiting nightfall before venturing down among the familiar scenes of the Grey Bull. At the upper end of the valley, where it was narrowest, he crossed to the foothills that flanked the other side and started down to the Bar T ranch.

When thirty miles from his destination a point of light in a shallow foothill basin caught his eye. He drew near and partly circled the cabin, undecided whether to go on or not. He did not know this place. Moran had never taken him to Brent's. The lighted window attracted him and he trotted close. Several horses stood saddled in the yard.

Flash slipped to the door and sniffed along the crack. The tobacco smoke drowned the individual scent of each man within, but the general air of the place and the murmur of voices were not to his liking. There was something vaguely and unpleasantly familiar about it all; and suddenly the hair rose along his spine as he recalled the night at Two Ocean Pass when he had searched among the bald ridges and heavy spruce for the phantom camp which he never found—the voices and smells that had reminded him of Brent.

He reared to his great height, rested his forepaws on the window ledge and looked inside.

Three men sat there with Brent. A ragged scar lined the face of one from ear to chin and his stubbly red beard sprouted at eccentric angles along the line of it, lending a sinister twist to his face. Another was a dark, slender-faced man with a hint of the Oriental in look and manner. The head of the third was wide and flat on top, slanting down abruptly to his pointed chin, which gave a foxlike cast to his triangular countenance.

At a sudden move from the man with the scar Flash dropped from the window and as his feet touched the ground the glass crashed above him and there was a jarring report from within. He ran—and behind him the muffled roar sounded twice again.

The man had leaped suddenly to his feet and at the look in his eyes the others dropped flat to the floor as he shot twice across them at the window. Brent swept the lantern from the table, and another from his prone position fired through the door, then followed his shot and sprang outside. They scattered through the night and threw themselves flat upon the ground.

Twenty minutes later Brent's voice broke the silence.

"What the hell started you off that way, Hanlin?" he demanded. "I've made a circle round and there's no one near."

"He was at the window," Hanlin said. "Ask Harte. Didn't Harte open on the door at the same time?"

"Mere presence of mind," a cool voice answered from the night. "I didn't see a soul. When you started shooting I took it for granted they had jumped us and cleared the door for a break outside. You're getting spooky, Red."

"I saw him, I tell you!" Hanlin snapped. "He was looking in at us."

"We can easily tell," said Harte. He strode to the window and sheltered a match with his hand while he studied the ground beneath it. The others peered down over his shoulder at the big prints in the dust.

"A stray dog," Harte said indifferently. "But he evidently looked like a marshal to Red."

"He makes a track as big as that beast Clark Moran had," said Brent. He traced a finger along a ridge in his scalp and swore. "I'd like to have got a chance at that big gray brute before the Bar T outfit killed him off."

"It's proof of a low order of mentality to let hate stew up the system until the fumes go to the head—especially anything so simple as hate for a dog. You had one fight over him with a man you couldn't afford to have on your trail; but then you always were more or less of a fool, Brent," Harte remarked dispassionately. "Let's go in."

The fourth man had not spoken a word. Once inside, Red Hanlin laughed hoarsely.

"Look at Fox," he said.

Fox Jarrat's triangular face still twitched from the recent strain and his little wide-set eyes glittered dangerously.

"Nerves!" said Harte. "Without brains." He flipped a coin in the air, caught it deftly on the muzzle of his gun and balanced it with a steady hand.

"You're a cold-blooded fiend for a fact," Brent grunted with grudging admiration.

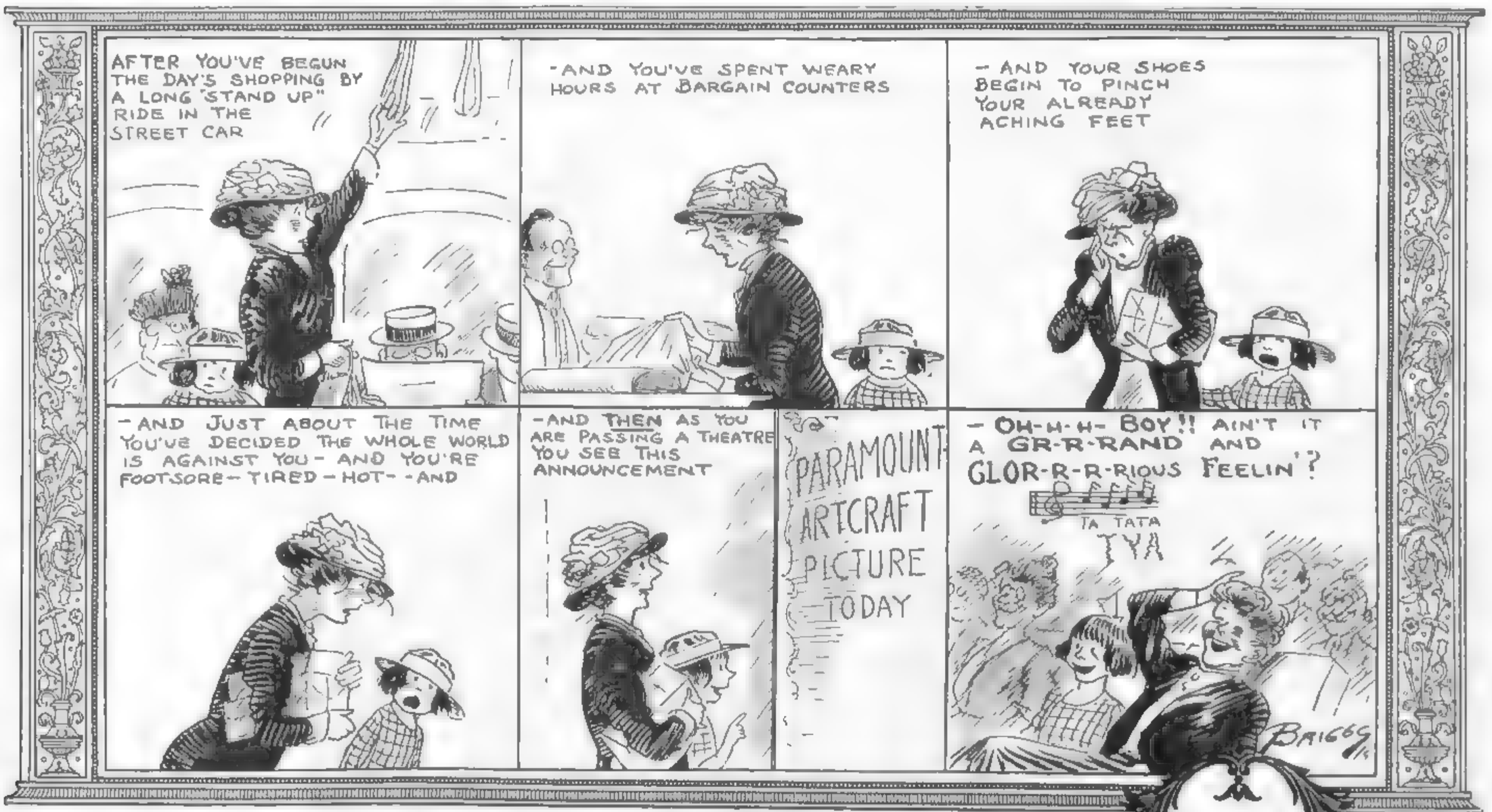
"Warm-blooded," Harte corrected, "but cool-headed. Let's start. We can ride to the snow line and you bring the horses back."

They left the cabin, riding single file up a gulch that led away into the hills. Ten miles farther down the Grey Bull, Flash, too, was heading for the hills.

(Continued on Page 145)

They Had Not Yet Learned the Lesson of the Hard-Running Horses and Hard-Riding Men of the Open Range—and Most of Them Died as They Learned

Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feelin'? . . . By BRIGGS


AFTER YOU'VE BEGUN THE DAY'S SHOPPING BY A LONG "STAND UP" RIDE IN THE STREET CAR
-AND YOU'VE SPENT WEARY HOURS AT BARGAIN COUNTERS
- AND YOUR SHOES BEGIN TO PINCH YOUR ALREADY ACHING FEET
- AND JUST ABOUT THE TIME YOU'VE DECIDED THE WHOLE WORLD IS AGAINST YOU - AND YOU'RE FOOTSORE - TIRED - HOT - -AND
-AND THEN AS YOU ARE PASSING A THEATRE YOU SEE THIS ANNOUNCEMENT
PARAMOUNT ARTCRAFT PICTURE TODAY
- OH-H-H- BOY!! AIN'T IT A GR-R-RAND AND GLOR-R-R-IOUS FEELIN'?
TA TATA TYA
BRIGGS

The Franchise of Romance

IT is not their power of entertaining which is the most astonishing thing about Paramount Artcraft Pictures. It is the thousands of audiences that see them at *the same time*—think of it, the Paramount Artcraft audiences of any one evening would populate half-a-dozen good-sized cities!

Every man, woman and child with eyes to see and mind to wonder, finds endless diversion at all those lucky theatres which have the franchise of romance from Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

We, in our turn, are sensible of our obligations to the occupants of every seat, every day, in every one of these myriad theatres,

—and the way *you* personally feel at the end of any Paramount Artcraft showing at your favorite theatre is the thing that counts.

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Ethel Clayton in "A Sporting Chance"
Elsie Ferguson in "Counterfeit"
Dorothy Gish in "Turning the Tables"
D. W. Griffith's Production "Scarlet Days"
*Wm. S. Hart in "John Petticoats"
Houdini in "The Grim Game"
Vivian Martin in "Her Official Fiancee"
Wallace Reid in "The Lottery Man"
Maurice Tourneur's Production "The Pride Line"
George Loane Tucker's Production "The Marriage Man"
Robert Warwick in "In Mizzoura"
Bryant Washburn in "It Pays to Advertise"
"The Teeth of the Tiger" With a Star Cast
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FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
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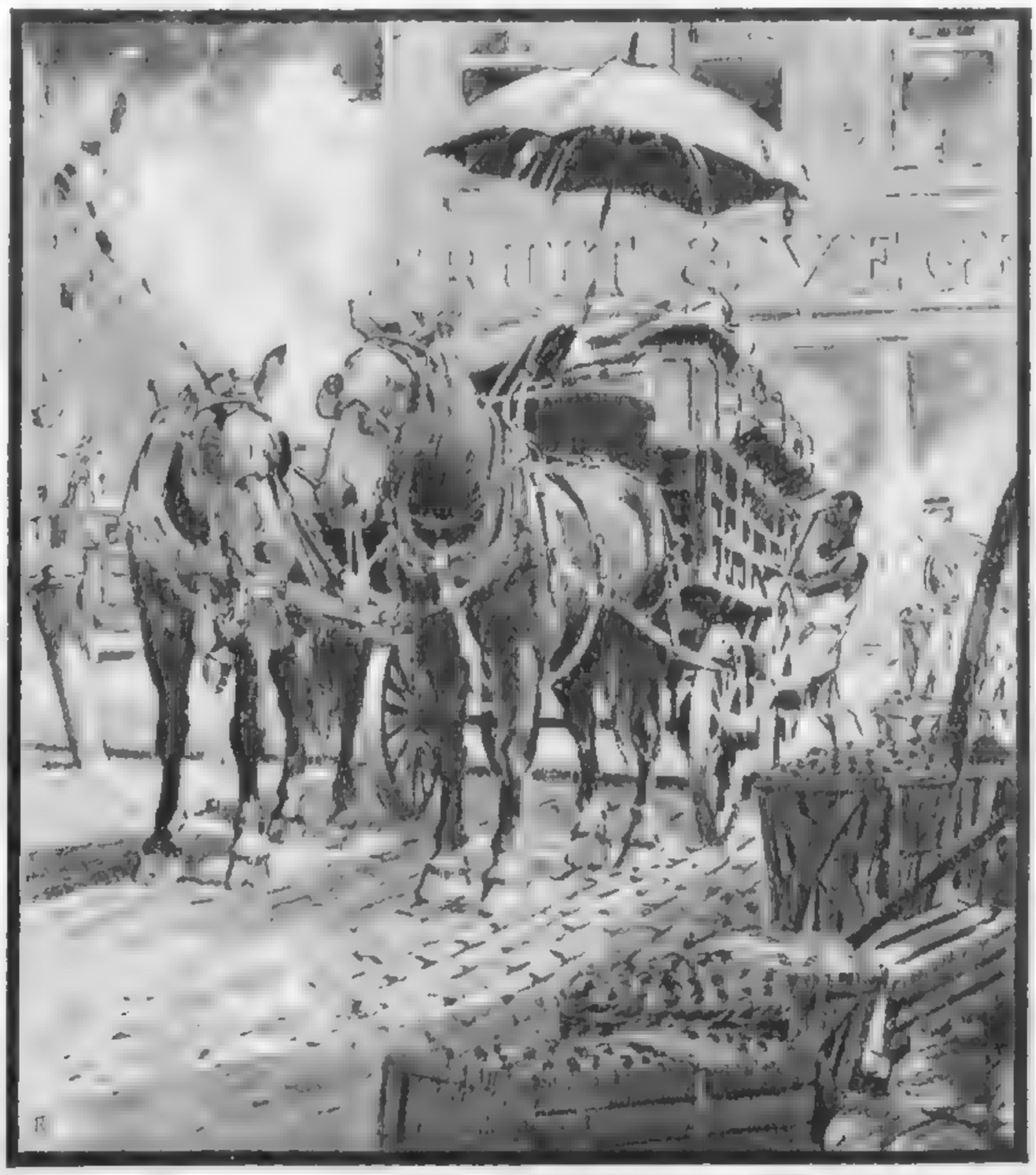
NEW YORK

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

The Noncoms of Industry

By Floyd W. Parsons

DECORATION BY WILMER J. RICHTER



ONE widely accepted plan for improving working conditions between management and men is based on the idea that industrial stability is best assured by educating foremen in human relations and also in business economics. The champions of this plan point out that the foreman is the real noncommissioned officer of industry; he is the one person who is in direct contact with the workman and it is from him that the laboring masses obtain their impression of their employer. This being true, the argument is advanced that there can be no labor solution unless the minor executives are first trained by intensive methods. The contention is that every company proposing to adopt some form of industrial democracy should first see that all of its foremen are thoroughly instructed in the primary economics of industrial management. Success is thereby doubly assured.

John Calder is a leader among those one-time managers who have embraced this idea. He contends that there is great peril in permitting vital questions to be fought out between ignorant change on one hand and ignorant opposition to change on the other. As we become better informed we are demanding more and more that all programs of reconstruction be submitted to the test of economic soundness. We can no longer live industrially in isolation. Employers and workmen in one plant and in one industry must fuse their efforts with owners and employees in other industries. There must be a plan that permits of self-expression and self-determination on the part of the workman in everything that touches his industrial interests.

Success can come only through the economies of specialized large-scale production. But to get this very essential result we must first establish a practical and satisfactory form of democracy in industry. We need never expect to get along without a certain amount of economic friction; that is the inevitable price we must pay for a democratic basis of existence, and the cost is not too high. However, the present time is a day of varied and bewildering theories—so numerous and so complex that many executives are uncertain as to just what the average workman does want.

It is a mistake to attribute present unrest in labor circles to the great war. The recent conflict did intensify our problems, but most of the demands now being put forward by employees are based on old claims which heretofore had not been generally recognized and almost never conceded. Workmen now want to be treated as intelligent participators in industry and not merely as the sellers of a commodity. They want to be consulted, to have some things explained to them in the first instance, not merely thrown at them or arbitrarily imposed on them by bulletins or orders to which they were not a party.

Though many employers have comprehended this new attitude of workmen, there are still a host of owners who cling to the ideas of the last century and say: "Can't we do anything we like and adopt whatever methods we choose in handling the things that belong to us?"

The answer is that there is no law forbidding an owner to follow such an independent plan, but if he is wise he will see the folly of playing a lone hand with the interests of others, for no important business to-day is a one-man affair—the public and the state must be considered as well as the management and the men.

Basing his conclusions on studies in hundreds of plants in America and in Europe, Mr. Calder says: "It is absolutely necessary that foremen should bring economic education into their work of governing men. Many concerns have failed to sell company policies to their own foremen. Some of these minor bosses actually know less about industrial relations than many of their own workmen. How can such foremen reconcile labor differences at their inception?

"This is not wholly the fault of the foremen. They are usually selected largely for their technical proficiency in their own particular branch and then are forgotten by the management so far as the engineering of men is concerned. The generous treatment of foremen and the steady drawing out of their capacities for leadership and for interpreting to workmen the policies and ideals of liberal-minded owners is the open secret of some of our most happy and successful businesses.

"Conferences have shown that the workman often entertains fallacies and misconceptions about industry, to which he clings tenaciously and to which many of our foremen, who are frequently the sole source of enlightenment, are not qualified to make an adequate response. Too often during periods of industrial friction foremen are mere onlookers when they might be efficient leaders and molders of thought among the small groups which they supervise.

"Here are a few ideas which guide the average workman in judging his employer:

"He is all for the direct, the concrete and the personal.

"He frequently believes that all his aspirations could easily be satisfied here and now out of present profits and with no more production.

"He often claims that raising the sales price will settle all of his employer's difficulties, reward them both more liberally and possibly reduce the effort demanded of them.

"When the obvious objection to this in its effect on all other trades and commodities is pointed out he says, 'Well, let them pass the raise on also.'

"Not a few workmen act on the conviction that it is a distinct advantage to employment and labor to restrict output and that in doing so they are performing a moral duty to themselves and their trades.

Finally, the average workman is little interested in community or national welfare. Also, the public interest as a rule is too remote for him to be influenced by it.

"These statements may be commonplaces in the industrial world, but let me emphasize that they are commonplaces to which several thousand foremen have no effective answer. It is my experience that bosses ranging from twenty-five to sixty-five years of age can be sufficiently educated in a very short time by intensive processes to appreciate the industrial economics and human engineering of their job and to apply such teaching with enthusiasm in their daily routine.

"Education for leadership in handling men and things has usually been concentrated on young men preparing for the higher positions, but the workman makes his contacts and has his differences with the foreman and judges his employer accordingly."

"That sounds like good logic, Mr. Calder," said I, "but will you tell me in brief just what explanation you render to the foremen you meet in conference concerning the present high-cost-of-living problem? As I understand it, the foremen as a class have profited far less than labor in recent years. The topic of high prices must be a popular one just now with salaried bosses."

"Here is the simple answer," said he. "I will divide it into four parts:

"Mankind can only have what it earns. The fifty-fifty dollar is due chiefly to the scarcity of goods and services. We must continue our war thrift and diligence until our debts are paid.

"No juggling or jockeying by law, compromise or force with wages and hours of labor will bring the desired ease and comfort unless it is associated with greater effort or better directed effort.

"The effects of proposed conscription of wealth cannot be confined to the rich. They spread everywhere and the poor are least able to beat them. Private industry can always produce more goods at less cost than socialized industry.

"The laws of economics are as rigid and immutable as the laws of physics. It would be just as easy to produce perpetual motion as to provide for a community which goes indifferently through the motions of production and then calls upon its government to divide something which it has not produced.

"Let me add further that the workman will be contented if he obtains:

Security of employment.
A voice in fixing employment conditions.
A fair share of the profits.
Working hours yielding reasonable leisure.
Prevention of profiteering.
Suitable housing and welfare provision.
Economic instruction.
Opportunity to rise.

"The contented workman will coöperate if there is:

Elimination of all suspicion of his employer.
Creation of confidence between him and the executives.
Recognition of mutual interest in industry.
Creation of machinery for facilitating acquaintance.
Absence of all paternalism in industrial relations.

"In conclusion," said Mr. Calder, "let us not forget that contentment in the workman is purely relative. In democratic industry and life a healthy discontent is the normal attitude of forward-looking people. Hence it is

(Continued on Page 40)

Sixty thousand Republic Trucks are daily doing not only extraordinary things—but positively *heroic* things, in every conceivable kind of hauling. The volume of proof back of the Republic is greater than any other truck in the world is able to present.

REPUBLIC TRUCKS

Republic Motor Truck Co., Inc., Alma, Michigan

Continued from Page 38

useless in our day for employers to aim at and plan for a quite docile organization of human units as some have done.

"American and alien alike should be encouraged in self-expression and given sufficient education about the nature of industry to use their self-determination intelligently."

Experiments in Industrial Democracy

WISE business men are no longer devoting their attention to industrial expedients, but are spending thought on the value of certain industrial principles. The causes of business inefficiencies and unrest are deep-seated. Expedients may be popular, but they afford only temporary relief. Every plan worthy of notice must be founded on a sound principle. It is not a question as to whether a method will work for a month or a year, but whether it is permanently valid. The fundamental laws governing humanity are as old as the primary laws in physics or astronomy. The law of gravity is still on the job notwithstanding the fact that the airplane enables man to climb a few miles up into the air. So it is in business: the old natural laws continue to endure, notwithstanding the occasional adoption of freak methods or policies by numerous misguided individuals.

More than thirty years ago there was quite a movement in the leading countries toward the establishment of profit-sharing schemes.

The plan then lost headway and only in recent years has again come up for close attention. It is appropriate therefore at this time to state briefly a few facts relating to employees' profit-sharing plans that are taken from the experience of many industrial concerns. First and foremost is the truth that no profit-sharing scheme can be substituted successfully for a proper and adequate wage-payment system.

A great automobile corporation recently adopted a fifty-fifty profit-sharing plan. The company specified that its permanent capital should get a fixed return of seven and a half per cent. An additional three per cent was charged off for depreciation and one per cent was ordered set aside for a rainy day. Here we had one of the most carefully worked out profit-sharing plans ever devised, yet only one week before the first profits were distributed the company barely averted a serious strike and the workers demanded a twenty-five per cent advance in wages. Only a few weeks later a real strike did occur and conditions generally are not yet settled.

More profit-sharing plans have failed than have succeeded. In most cases where the scheme was discontinued the management claimed that employees were suspicious of the motive behind the plan. They frequently charged the company with falsifying the books, and nearly always in lean years, when no bonuses were distributed, charged the corporation with holding back earnings. In several instances the workers themselves requested higher wages instead of a possible share in the company's profits. Practically always there was a spirit of "gimme mine now."

The Federal Department of Labor in Washington investigated twenty-six cases where profit-sharing policies were abandoned. The reasons given were as follows: In eight cases the plan did not satisfy employees. In five the men went out on strike. In five more the men preferred an increase in pay. In four the plan failed to increase efficiency. In two the scheme benefited undeserving employees. In one case the plan did not tend to increase the stability of the labor force, and in another instance the scheme was discontinued because of the general upward trend of wages and competition. All of which presents the general plan of profit sharing in a rather unfavorable light.

But most of the plans for rewarding employees depend for their success upon investment or thrift features that raise them out of the class of strictly profit-sharing schemes. However, most of such plans have shown a tendency to reduce all workers to a common degree of efficiency based on the productive ability of the weakest. Wise managers now realize that every method of reward for employees to be successful must provide for a proper recognition of individual accomplishment. If adequate wages are paid there is little necessity for profit sharing. Should a company enjoy unusual prosperity there is much to be gained and little to be lost by distributing an unexpected bonus among workers who are already receiving a wage that is just and satisfying.

In recent years we are hearing much about industrial democracy. There are a dozen different ideas concerning the real meaning of the term. One such scheme that is interesting is a plan developed by John Leitch. Various companies have adopted his ideas and report satisfactory results. Here is what the president of one large corporation says of the plan: "We inaugurated industrial democracy in our plant nearly three years ago and it appears to be a solution for most of our labor problems. The scheme we use is modeled after the Federal Constitution of the United States. We have a cabinet composed of the executives of the company, a senate composed of the foremen and heads of departments and a house of representatives elected by the whole body of workers.

"Meetings are held once a week and such questions as wages, hours of work, holidays, quality and quantity of production, sanitation, labor turnover and similar problems are thoroughly discussed by the senate and the house, which meet separately on the company's time. The cabinet has the power of veto, but during the two years or more that industrial democracy has been in operation at our plant it has never exercised this power, there having been no occasion for such action.

"The success of our plan is based upon the confidence and coöperation of the whole body of workers. Our scheme provides for a dividend system by which the company and the employees share fifty-fifty any saving in the cost of production, whether gained through increased output or through a saving in overhead expenses. The dividend is paid every two weeks in a separate envelope marked 'Employee's Dividend.' In two years this biweekly dividend has never been less than six and a half per cent and it has been as high as seventeen and a half per cent. In addition to establishing a happy relationship between management and workers the plan has enabled us to turn out more and better goods. We have been in business for more than half a century and this is the best move we ever made."

The company in question is the largest manufacturing concern of its kind in the world and employs about one thousand men.

The president's story, however, does not complete the picture. Let us get the employees' point of view. One of the company's workers, who is a member of the house of representatives, says: "I have seen this plan of industrial democracy in operation for more than two years and I'm for the scheme, because through it I can always get a square deal. Under the old system a man with cause for dissatisfaction would often keep his grievance to himself, or tell other employees about it. Frequently he would nurse his trouble until it became so large he would finally throw up his job in disgust. But now this does not occur. The worker knows he can carry his grievance up to the big bosses in the cabinet if it should be necessary to go that far to get justice. However, we find that industrial democracy does not permit little troubles to grow up to be big ones. Nowadays at our plant you never hear the foreman urging the men to get on the job. There is no need for it. We all know that by doing our best all the time we are increasing our own dividends. At present when a man knocks off early, comes in late or takes a holiday it is not the boss who wants to know the reason why but the other workers whose dividends he is lowering. In the old days it was every man for himself; now it is all for one and one for all. I have worked here twenty years and never has there been such a general desire to cooperate."

Said another employee: "Our new plan of industrial democracy has proved that many of our men had valuable ideas locked up in their minds. Some of these plans included practical suggestions for bettering the efficiency of machines, but the owners of the ideas in the old days would not divulge their thoughts because they were not sure what reception the management would accord their schemes. To-day we all know that a good idea will not only be welcomed but will be rewarded. As a result we are adding more and more labor-saving machinery which has been invented by the men at the plant. This is lowering costs, increasing production and earning greater dividends for all of us.

"Industrial democracy has given us our say in the management of the plant; it has given us insurance and a lunch room where we can get good meals for twenty cents; it has reduced our working hours per week from fifty-three to forty-eight and is teaching English to our foreigners; last, but not least, it has taught us that the management has worries just the same as we have and that by working and coöperating together we all benefit."

In most profit-sharing plans the workers never seem to understand the inevitable variation in the company's percentage of profit. It is also true that employees see an injustice in their being made to suffer for losses resulting from bad sales, poor financing and unprofitable merchandise investments, all of which are beyond the workers' control. Men who labor want their share of the earnings now; not some day in an indefinite future. When dividends come along with the pay envelope it soon happens that the employee grasps the connection between what he gets and idle machines caused by shirkers or inveterate holiday seekers.

Only the future will tell to what extent industrial democracy can be applied in the nation's business. Certain authorities say that the basic principles can be made to fit any organization. The disturbing question in the minds of many employers is: "Will not such a plan undermine my authority?" In answer to this one manager replies: "In our case industrial democracy has not in the slightest impaired the authority of the employer. On the contrary our authority has been strengthened by reason of the fact that no important action is taken without the approval of the employees through their representatives. As a result of democracy we find that any one of our workers who is inclined to be troublesome has to reckon with the full force of the opinion of his fellow workers, and, believe me, this is a factor that possesses quite some persuading power."

Prices and Prospects

"ENTHUSIASM is the sparkle in the sapphire," said a famous automobile manufacturer talking to a number of salesmen. "Better methods come when the boss warms to his men—for then and only then will the men warm to the boss. The secret of advertising and selling goods is a thorough understanding of the action of what we call the five senses: Sight, feeling, smell, taste and hearing. To these we really should add a sixth sense, known as equilibrium, or balance. This latter sense depends upon certain little canals in the ear. Alcohol paralyzes them.

"In every advertisement there is a chance to satisfy two or more of the six senses. In selling the finished car to a prospective customer there is again opportunity as well as necessity to satisfy requirements.

"When the car is sold the sale is not complete by any means. In fact the chief transaction has just begun. If the manufacturer has not supplied quality goods; if the advertising has deceived; if the salesman has exaggerated; if the car offends—then look out for a little advertising of your product by the dissatisfied customer. Though the ads he prepares for you will be free of charge, they will be the most expensive and damaging announcements you ever got out.

"In every business a certain article or product succeeds in so far as it is successfully adapted to the needs of a certain class of people. A man who gets a little money and is tired of walking aspires to own a car and generally buys the cheapest one made. When he reaches a degree of prosperity which enables him to advance a step higher in the social scale he chooses a slightly better car. Then he wants to pass his neighbor on the hills and he gets a machine with more power. Now the wife puts a hedge round the front yard and buys a phonograph and the family has to get a car of style and individuality. If he goes on up the scale, again he changes and buys the best motor made.

"Now what has price to do with the advertising and sale of anything? In every city there are three separate and distinct merchandising streets: One where price is the sole governing factor; the second where both price and quality influence the sale; and a third where style alone predominates. Each manufacturer must first of all select a class of people to whom he is going to sell and then remember that no one concern can sell them all.

"It's a good idea also to know just how large are the various classes of prospective customers. We have more than one hundred million people in the United States, but last year only 437,036 paid an income tax. A great majority of our six million farmers didn't show up at all. A recent census informs us that there are 27,304,177 family groups in the country. Of these, 7,288,000 report an annual income of $850 or less. There are 15,542,000 with incomes between $850 and $1500. Only 2,798,000 get from $1500 to $2000 and 1,247,000 have incomes between $2000 and $3000. Of the remaining families, 157,000 average up to $5000, while 150,500 get between $5000 and $10,000. Only 121,699 family groups receive an annual income of more than $10,000. Such figures indicate the size of field that exists for the sale of articles of different prices.

"Many salesmen complain because they cannot sell every prospect. The real truth is that generally speaking six out of ten possible customers are not the right people to own the particular car in question. Too many of us underestimate the importance of concentrating our efforts upon that class to which our merchandise is intended to appeal.

"Again let me repeat that price has nothing to do with it above a specified class. Here is a cake of a certain famous soap. How much have I paid for it? A few women might be able to answer, but if they had to spend a few cents more to get this same soap they would gladly do so. The fact is the article does not sell on price alone. The real salesman to-day talks price last, not first."

Men and Machines

WHILE I was sitting in a corner of the Engineers' Club writing several letters two men occupied the seats just behind me. Both of them were noted in affairs of management. One of them was famous as the originator of celebrated factory methods and a leader of modern industrial thought. What was said was not expressed in confidence and so I betray no friendship in repeating a bit of the conversation that passed. The theme was the oldest and yet the newest that men discuss—management.

"Do you know," said the elder man, "that our knowledge of such things as chemistry and physics is running away with us? A lot of knowledge of one science is a dangerous thing if not accompanied by equal knowledge

(Concluded on Page 187)

Pathé
Feature Photoplays

reveal the Progress in Motion Picture Art, an Art which had its Origin with Pathé.

THE first motion picture feature, a scant two hundred feet in length, but truly picturizing a written story and enacted by experienced actors, was made by Charles Pathé over twenty years ago. Never before had a story been put into a motion picture!

The *first* comedy, the *first* drama and the *first* of the longer pictures were all made by Pathé.

More than fifteen years ago Pathé was reproducing in picture form the works of famous novelists and playwrights,—the very *first* company to see the necessity for giving to the public for its entertainment the best work of the best minds.

Thus each step in the evolution of the well written, well directed and well acted feature of today was first taken by this great pioneer. And today, as yesterday, Pathé Photoplays present the best in authorship, direction, acting and production.

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Ask the manager of your favorite theatre when he will show Hobart Henley's "The Gay Old Dog", adapted from Edna Ferber's story; Blanche Sweet in "A Woman of Pleasure", produced by Jesse D. Hampton and adapted from James Willard's famous play; Albert Capellani's "The Right to Lie", with Dolores Cassinelli; and J. Stuart Blackton's "Dawn". They are first presented this month.

Charles Pathé

Pathé Exchange, Inc.,
25 West 45th Street, New York City.

For your entertainment's sake seek the theatre with the Pathé Rooster on its screen!

THE TOTEM—By Thomas Beer

HIS father and stepmother came to meet Jim in Tacoma and bore him homeward in the power boat. This enabled them to land directly at the house on the point outside Seattle without a passage through the city, where three wound stripes and the family's eminence would make things tedious. But all the way up the chilly reach of Puget Sound Mrs. Crossley talked about the new English governess, of his small half sisters, and Jim wondered, shuddering a trifle, if one of her matchmaking fits had seized his father's wife. She was most voluble. Miss Robinson played splendid golf; she was pretty; people who came out to the house for dinner liked her. Jim finally grinned.

"Where did you catch this paragon?"

"Why," said Mrs. Crossley, "we had to advertise. Just by accident she saw the advertisement in the paper. She was staying in Victoria with her uncle, so she came over. She's such a relief after the last one, Jimmy. I'm sure you'll like her. Won't he, dad?"

"He'd ought to," Crossley drawled. "Better put on your coat, brother. This fog's pretty cold for an invalid."

There was a soft mist hanging low on the grim water, hiding the coves of the familiar shore. Jim sighed happily. The mist and the gray swells were as usual. His father seemed little aged in two years, though he had slipped past sixty.

"You haven't done anything to the house while I've been making a fool of myself, have you, dad?"

"Painted your bathroom olive drab, brother. Thought you'd like it. Painted it all myself. Sort of streaky, but it's dry, anyhow. Have a cigar?"

By this offer Jim knew that his father was inwardly jubilant. He expressed joy by offering infamous cigars of a brand sacred to retired sea captains and lumberjacks. Jim blinked into the mist ahead. It was much easier to endure battle and decoration to music than his father's pride.

"I hope I've got some clothes left," he remarked.

The lean boat lunged on through the swells and presently the great mountain showed itself for a moment, distinct as if painted on the colorless sky. Then the launch veered in toward the point of pines and dull turf. Jim saw the totem pole on the rocky beach below the red house and waved his cap to it.

"There's Miss Robinson with the girls on the pier," said his stepmother. "No, don't freeze up, Jimmy. You're always so icy to girls."

Jim resented Miss Robinson. A stranger had no business at the house when he wanted to be alone with his father, but she receded skillfully after introduction and reminded Cora that it might be injudicious to hug a person with such a long hospital record, so he felt grateful.

"Oh, she's all right," Crossley said later in the afternoon, tramping up and down Jim's room with a poisonous cigar. "Pretty nice girl. Had two brothers killed off, she says. She won't gush over you neither. I expect she's from nice people. About this hole in your arm now?"

Seattle sent out emissaries and reporters to question Jim, and his friends bothered him for three days. The lateness of his return gave him a flavor of novelty, he imagined, and Crossley agreed, nodding his cropped white head.

"All the other heroes have gone back to work or they're borrowing money or they've got married and the weather ain't awful good, neither, so people have got to talk. I don't want you working for a long time, though. Mighty restful having you in the house. I'm kind of sick of female society and the gardener's a bullshevik. I expect he'll burn us out some night."

"Oh, about that, dad—have you made or lost? Some of the men in town talk as though they'd been cleaned out."

"Made some and I don't expect Liberty Bonds count for a loss neither. This girl says that lots of the rich English are busted flat these days. By the way, got enough education left to tell what it means when you write 'honorable' front of an Englishman's name?"

"It might mean a lot of things—member of parliament, perhaps, or—let's see—oh, the sons of some of the peers are called the Honorable So-and-So. I think it's the younger sons of an earl or the sons of a viscount—I'm not sure. Why?"

"Been a heap of Englishmen in town lately," said Crossley. "Come on down and caddy for me."

The small colony played golf on the rocky, grass-covered beach below the steep bluff. This was Sunday and people called down from the verandas to them as his father ambled along the makeshift course, playing with a monotonous badness enjoyable to watch and swearing gently. Crossley preferred this retirement to the house in Seattle and Jim thought of the red cottage as home rather than the white limestone modern dwelling used in winter. The point hid the city and the huge pines gave the bungalows an air of absolute shelter. Jim hoped that his father's rheumatism would not return with autumn—he must begin to be careful. After sixty arteries harden. Crossley doubled his bulk over a putt and missed the hole by six inches.

"This is the damfoolest game the Lord ever let folks waste their time over, brother. Miss Robinson says it's Scotch. I thought better of the Scotch. It gets in your system, though. Good for old men, I expect."

Miss Robinson came down the wooden steps that ran obliquely through the brush of the bluff and announced luncheon. The hidden sun touched her hair into color and her tweed skirt blew a little. Jim admired her suddenly. She fitted the rough scene well and she laughed respectfully at his father's last shot.

"Oh, you'd better play with brother here when his arm's limbered up, young woman, then you won't be able to get sniffy about me any more. Got any history knocked into Cora and Grace this morning?"

"I think I've convinced Grace that Queen Elizabeth really existed. But somehow the Tudors seem awfully dead in Seattle."

Jim wondered whether his father knew the difference in English dynasties. He read profusely and sometimes astonished the family with strange bits of knowledge. He did so now. "Used to be a drunken Britisher in Leadville when I was a boy that said he was descended from old Charles First's butler. Acted like it, anyhow. Well, there's another good ball knocked to smithereens. Come along, brother."

"Leadville? The great mining town? What were you doing there?" asked Miss Robinson, and laughed. "You never were a miner too?"

"Oh, everyone that was footloose and free went to mining back then. I picked up enough to get to San Francisco on. I was sixteen. Chopping trees was easier than swinging a pick. Miners are born, not made, I guess." He looked at his big shapely hands and shook his head. "Awful stiff work, mining. I'd a heap rather play golf."

Plainly Miss Robinson enjoyed Crossley's amiable, drifting talk about the lumber camps of the Coast and his holidays in the old San Francisco.

"My grandfather went there about 1860. He thought it very shocking and rowdy, but I fancy he had a very good time."

"Well," said Crossley, "it was rowdy all right. Course I wasn't there when Miranda and his bunch ran the town. Used to kill off twenty or thirty men a week and no questions asked. Some say Miranda was a son of Louis Napoleon, but I guess that's a lie. They hung him and then things quieted down. Brother's grandfather helped get him hung. Brother's grandfather was from Boston and he had ideas about morals and things. I expect he thought San Francisco was pretty rowdy too. What was your grandfather doing there?"

"Just touristing," Miss Robinson smiled.

Jim's shoulder permitted him to play golf soon and he beat Miss Robinson daily before breakfast. After some fugitive loves and a passion or two it was startling to find that he could regard this girl as peculiarly meant for him, and Jim was frightened into a childish shy state where the only topic possible was his father.

"It's charming to hear him call you 'brother' constantly," she said one morning walking to a green. "That's so American too." They holed in while she still smiled. She continued: "He talked of you incessantly before you came and he's quite devoted to you. He's astonishing really! Is it true that he never went to school? It seems quite absurd."

She drove off briskly and the ball flickered among the hazard flat rocks, struck one and rapped the base of the totem near the lowest carved head—a bird. They went to find it and the girl stared up at the thick pole, cracked and fading. Jim remembered its garish greens and yellows. It rose fifty feet.

"I'm quite ignorant about Indian things. Just what is a totem?"

"Exactly the same thing as a coat of arms. It's the history of a tribe, if you know how to read it. I don't. This isn't real of course. Dad had it made when I was a kid. Told me he'd give me ten dollars when I could climb to the top. That's the way I got my arm broken the first time."

"But, of course, he was frightfully pleased that you did try to climb it? He would be. He's so very proud of anything you do. It must worry you a bit, doesn't it, for fear you might disappoint him?"

She said all this rather breathlessly, looking up at the totem's ugly heads and intricate carving.

"I try not to disappoint him," Jim assured her, sorry that the breakfast gong was ringing.

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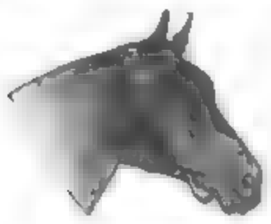
"Wouldn't You be Ashamed if You'd Had Told You Since You Were Old Enough to Understand That You Must Make a Good Match?"

"Horse Sense"



Foresight is the searchlight of opportunity—Traffic owners possess it.

A motor truck is easier to manage than animal power or man power—because it is always under your control—doesn't need rest, nor talk back.

If hauling is a need in your business, it's good business to learn why a Traffic will fulfill that need.

Just as the old stage-coach compares with the modern train for traveling, wagons and teams compare with the Traffic Truck for hauling.

Do your hauling with Traffic Trucks and cut in half the cost of hauling with teams—you can't make money any easier.

Well told lies may overshadow truths, but never outlive them.

Time is man's greatest asset—the more time saved the more money made—a Traffic does both.

Traffic Truck Specifications:

Red Seal Continental 3¾ x 5 motor; ***Covert*** transmission; multiple disc clutch; ***Bosch magneto;*** 4-piece cast shell, cellular type radiator; drop forged front axle with ***Timken roller bearings; Russel rear axle,*** internal gear, roller bearings; semi-elliptic front and rear springs; 6-inch U-channel frame; ***Standard Fisk tires,*** 34 x 3½ front, 34 x 5 rear; 133-inch wheelbase; 122-inch length of frame behind driver's seat; oil cup lubricating system; chassis painted, striped and varnished; driver's lazy-back seat and cushion regular equipment. Pneumatic cord tire equipment at extra cost.

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The lowest priced 4,000-lb. capacity truck in the world. Built of standardized units.

Dealers, Attention: If you knew the profits awaiting you in your territory, you would lose no time in securing the Traffic contract if available.

It is Traffic policy to make direct connections in every city, town and village in the United States.

Traffic production for 1920 will be quadrupled and will enable us to take care of a few additional dealers.

You have no time to lose.

At Last!

Mr. Coal Dealer—Contractor—Builder—and men in the hauling business:

Here is what you have been waiting for—the Traffic Truck with a dump-body, at a price so low that you no longer have to wait to equip with this labor, time and money saving hauling unit—$1870 complete. (Painted and varnished, cab, hoist, dump-body and chassis, *no extras required.)*

It's another example of the skill and ingenuity of Traffic engineers and designers to furnish cheaper transportation by producing ***the lowest priced 4,000-lb. capacity truck in the world*** and equipment in one plant to meet hauling needs efficiently and economically.

Write for catalog today

Traffic Motor Truck Corporation
St. Louis, U. S. A.

Largest exclusive builders of 4,000-lb. capacity trucks in the world

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His stepmother, always sympathetic, took pains to tell him how well Miss Robinson dressed and how good an influence she was proving to the little girls.

"And I'm sure she belongs to a very nice family, Jimmy. She told me that they'd be horrified if they knew she was a governess. She sends all her letters to this uncle in Victoria and they're mailed from there. When she came out to stay with him she found that he really couldn't support her. She's very proud. Dad wants to pay her more, but she says her salary's six times as much as a governess would get in England."

"Oh, that's why she gets those enormous envelopes from Victoria? Her uncle sends her her letters that way. I see. What's her first name?"

"Jane," said Mrs. Crossley. "Isn't that quaint?"

Jim failed to see that it was quaint. He knew that any name would have been equally adorable. His symptoms were rushing on with fearful speed. He could have borne Arabella if that had been her name.

"I think it would be all right to take her to town, don't you? I've known her six weeks and there's a play at the theater to-night—or couldn't we get a box?"

Mr. Crossley formed a white-and-black background for the girl in the box and Seattle bowed civilly. Several young men came to talk to her over his father's shoulder and Jim felt that he might reasonably grow to hate some of his best friends, who came along to supper at the Washington.

"Brother," said his father over a last dreadful cigar, "you won't get very far with that girl if you sit round and just goggle at her. Brace up! She's a human being, isn't she?"

"I didn't think I was showing it as badly as all that, dad?"

"You're as plain as a circus poster. What are you stalling for?"

"Oh," said Jim, "it's the money of course. She hasn't any. I suppose her people are stone broke or she wouldn't be out here. If she gets to like me enough she won't care."

"Hell," yawned his father, "she likes you! What about the money? You kids always worry about little things too much. It ain't such an awful thing to have an income, is it? I expect her folks won't mind at all. She don't talk about them so darned much that it sounds as if she bothered a whole lot what they think. Her mother's dead, she says, and it's always the old women that do the worrying about money. You brace up, brother, or you'll have young Sandon or some of these other pups climbing the fence on you. You're twenty-seven—time you tried matrimony. It's the safest excitement there is, anyway. I hope she won't want to trail off to England to get married. I'm getting too old to like traveling in cold weather."

But Jim was too awed for immediate attack, and if she was friendly it was an ingenious, fenced friendliness with a heart of reserve. She seldom spoke of England, save in some comment on the war. Seattle seemed to interest her.

"I suppose it's insular provincialism and all that, but these cities in Canada and the States, which simply weren't fifty years ago, rather frighten me. It's hard to realize that Seattle's younger than your father. Anything at home is a hundred times as old as any living man. You were born here?"

"No, in California. Dad had a lot of lumber there and I happened in one of the camps—try a brassy on that."

Miss Robinson used a cleek abstractedly. The ball bounded off into Puget Sound and bobbed away on the water, bright this morning under a clear sky. The mountain showed superbly—vast and white. The girl stared at it, flicking the grass with her stick.

"It's quite lovely here and everything's so new. At home one feels that it's all been thought about a million times before. Everything's ticketed with the proper emotion. You can look up a lake in Wordsworth and a ruin in Scott and be quite sure you're feeling the correct thing. I think that's enough golf for this morning, though. There's your father coming down the steps."

Crossley met them at the totem and leaned against it, talking about the radical gardener. He had just found the man burning waste paper in the rose garden.

"I guess he reads all the torn-up letters in the baskets to see if he can find whether I'm oppressing the laboring classes more'n usual. But it ain't good for the roses to have a bonfire in the middle of them. Brother, d'you guess we ought to have the family tree painted up some more?"

He patted the carved eagle's beak and smiled at Jim. Miss Robinson laughed.

"The family tree?"

"Well," said Crossley, "it's all the family tree I've got. Once when brother's mamma was alive we were in New York and she made me have my portrait painted and the fellow that did the work wanted to stick my coat of arms down in the corner—that is, the Crossley coat of arms. I had to laugh!"

Jim knew what was coming and grinned. His father lit a cigarette and went on in the most tranquil drawl:

"You see, my fond parents didn't have any use for me. I guess I was uncomfortable property or something, so they did me up in a red flannel shirt and left me on the doorstep of an orphan asylum back in Crossley, Pennsylvania. Didn't leave any name, neither. Well, the asylum folks called me Walter Johnson until I ran away and took to reading novels when I wasn't milking cows on a farm. So I got to thinking that Walter Johnson was a dumb kind of name and I changed off for Oliver Wilton; but that was too aristocratic for a lumberjack and one time I was down in San Francisco—I was eighteen then—and I saw a packing case marked 'Crossley, Pennsylvania,' so I thought that'd do and I changed to John Crossley. It's a pretty fair name and I've got a kind of claim on it, you see, and anybody can call himself John without breaking the law. There's nothing much in names, is there?"

"Oh, so very little," the girl said softly. "So you don't know anything about your people? That must give you such a—a restful feeling!"

She gazed at Crossley throughout breakfast, and for some days seemed to admire him mutely. Jim wondered if her own home was troubled with intrusive relatives and perhaps too much advice. He fancied a flock of aunts and podgy uncles—possibly clergymen.

"Your father's so perfectly honest," she observed. "I admired him the other morning so much. Most men—most Englishmen—wouldn't tell such a tale. I mean, successful men."

"I don't think many Americans would, either," said Jim. "Dad was trying to see if you'd be shocked, I think. He hates snobs. He likes you awfully, you see? He's very anxious to—to have you for a daughter-in-law—and I am too. I mean—I'm anxious to have him have you for—oh, that's all balled up! Won't you marry me?"

"You did mix things rather," she murmured, looking off at the water. The putter in her brown fingers shook faintly and her gray eyes moistened. "Thank you very much, though. I'm awfully sorry."

A flight of sea gulls dipped down out of the mist and shrieked. Jim's throat stiffened.

"If—if you're bothered about the money end of it, that doesn't matter at all really. I mean, you're frightfully proud, of course. Everyone likes you so much and no one will think about that."

"I'm afraid I have to think about that, Jim. Let's not talk about it. I literally haven't a penny, beyond what your father pays me. And I am—rather proud. Thanks ever so much, though—your shot."

She was unchanged for the rest of the week, but Jim felt that his emotions were advertised whenever she spoke to him or looked his way. Mrs. Crossley gave two dinners and men roamed out to talk business with his father at strange hours. They appeared in droves when it was time for tea in the garden. Clouds of as many as four settled about the table near the high broom hedge and Crossley scowled warnings at his son. Mrs. Crossley let the girl play hostess and Miss Robinson filled the part charmingly without any sign of boredom. She was gay and friendly to all comers and did not flinch when young Sandon, attempting to employ English slang, used the fearful word "bloody."

"The poor child knew no better," she chuckled. "I fancy he's been reading raucous novels. I thought you were about to assault him, Jim."

"I wanted to," said Jim, chewing his lip.

"Oh, come! I helped run a canteen for a bit at Euston Station and I heard some much worse profanity. You never swear before women, do you? That's so very decent of you."

"I'm glad I've some redeeming features."

"You've ever so many. Your nose is delightful, for instance." She pulled a tuft of the morbid-smelling metallic broom toward her and sniffed it. "Almost makes one homesick—for Devon. Broom and—there's your father coming back. He wants to talk to you, and I should write some letters."

Crossley stopped her as they met near the steps of the sprawling cottage. Jim could hear them laughing, then she vanished in the veranda and his father ambled over the turf to take her chair.

"You look as if you'd lost your last friend, brother. That girl ain't gone and refused you, has she?"

"Last Monday," Jim said.

"Oh, well, try her again about Wednesday," Crossley advised. "That'll be ten days—genteel wait."

"I don't see much use," Jim muttered. "It's the money, of course."

"Oh, get out!" Crossley grunted. "She's got too much sense for that truck. There's no use in wanting things you can't get. Maybe she'd like you better poor. She's awful young and I guess she's romantical in the head. Some girls think there's something awful funny and cute about being poor. I should think a dose of governessing'd knock that out of her." But he moved uncomfortably and in a moment asked: "She said it was the money?"

"Yes," Jim said, and burst out: "Oh, I can see how she looks at it! She's poor and she's proud, of course. I dare say her people—her friends rather—would say she'd married for money. I don't blame her for being proud."

"I wouldn't like you to marry a woman that wasn't proud," Crossley remarked. "Women that ain't proud are likely to stop wearing corsets when they lose their figures and that's awful. But ——"

He sat silent, erect and still in the gay, chintz-padded chairs. Suddenly Jim saw that he was angry. His brown eyes glazed and the lines about his mouth deepened.

"Proud, is she? All right! You ask her Wednesday. She'll take you."

"Oh, look here, dad," Jim laughed, "I—I'm not such a damned good bargain as all that!"

"You shut up!" said his father, flushing. "The best woman going ain't worth any more'n a good man. You go tell Neilsen I'm going in town after dinner and I'll want the boat ready at eight. Proud? Well, hell!"

Jim was afraid that the old man would show his offense, but Crossley beamed on Miss Robinson at dinner and talked of Victoria, where he owned some property.

"We'll all go over some day and call on your uncle. What's he doing there? Government?"

"Real estate, poor dear—Gifford Robinson and Company. I think the 'company' is Aunt Eileen. She was his typist and I'm quite sure she knows more about business than he does. You'd like him, though."

She talked of her uncle during golf Monday and Tuesday mornings and it seemed that she must be very fond of him. He had been a great oarsman at Oxford and a captain of yeomanry in the South African War.

"He's a dear, big, quiet thing and not at all clever. I'm sure you'd like him."

"He wouldn't resent my being dad's heir, then?" Jim smiled.

"Ah, that's not fair, do you think?" She drove a new ball into the Sound and shrugged. "You're not fair at all! Suppose yourself in my shoes? You took it so nicely last week and now you're being gloomy about it."

"I thought I was being ironic," said Jim wretchedly. "But it isn't fair to tease you."

"It isn't unfair to tease me," she retorted, reddening swiftly, and before he could make a meaning out of this she strolled off toward the steps. Either she was offering something or it meant nothing, he decided. After all he had taken the first repulse most tamely. He had not urged. Jim ran after her, but the breakfast gong rattled and his stepmother was on the veranda watching the girl ascend. The little girls were chattering over their grapefruit and Crossley was already talking to Miss Robinson when he entered the dining room.

"I've got a Britisher coming out to dinner to-night. His name's Tellford. He's a banker. Ever hear of him?"

"My dealings with bankers are very few and far between. No, I don't know of him."

"He's a pretty nice fellow," said Crossley. "Gabby, though. He'll talk all night if he gets started."

Jim sat considering her through the flowers. It seemed hardly right to wait until to-morrow morning. He might try again after breakfast. He choked in his coffee cup when she looked at him. Mrs. Crossley was reading a New York paper and chose the dullest sections to repeat aloud. Her cheerful, stupid voice filled the meal's pauses.

"What pretty names some of the English families have," she said. "Maurevarne! How nice that is!"

"Only they probably say it Jones," Crossley mused. "How d'you pronounce that, Miss Robinson?"

"Mavven," she said, and bent her face over her plate. Jim saw that she was pink and wondered if he had been staring too hard, as her shoulders were nervous.

"Such a pity," Mrs. Crossley sighed. "Listen! The sale of Maurevarne House in North Devonshire has been announced by the Earl of Corways—or do you pronounce that some other way, Jane?"

"No, Corways is right," Miss Robinson nodded.

"I suppose some profiteer bought it," said Crossley amiably. "You English have the blamedest hankering for real estate! What's it say about it?"

"One of the most celebrated English country houses," Mrs. Crossley read. "Been in the possession of the family since 1585. Famous for its gardens and the wonderful carvings in the great hall. Such a pity! A man named Wood's bought it."

"I wish him luck with it," Miss Robinson snapped. "It's a perfectly poisonous hole! It takes about a regiment of servants to keep it up. The gardens are simply deathly, they're so run down, and there's only one bath in the whole ghastly place. How much did this idiot pay for it?"

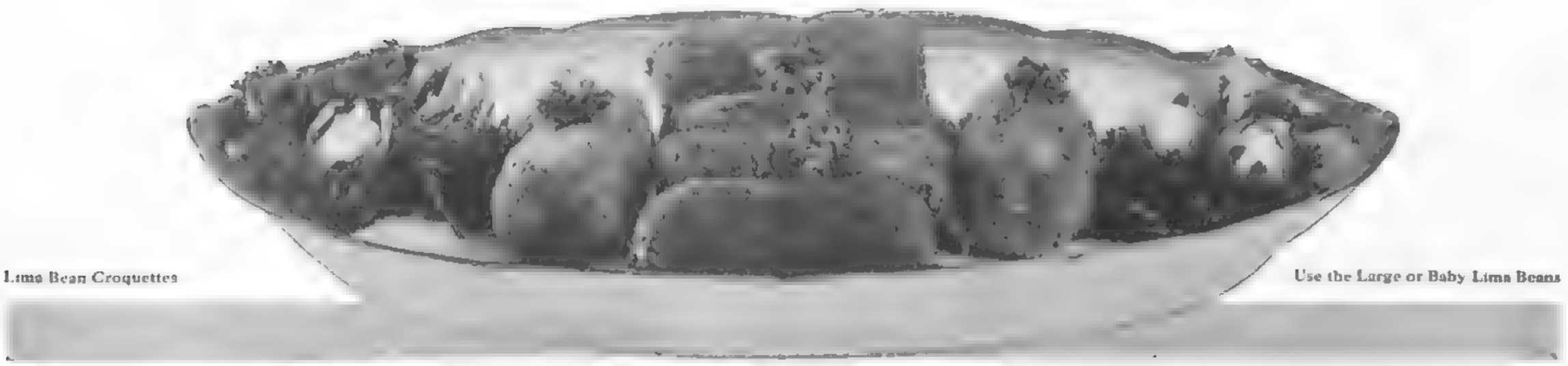
"Thirty thousand pounds," said Mrs. Crossley.

"Oh, my word!" gasped the governess. "I wouldn't give sixpence for the thing! Cora, dear, don't, don't slouch that way!"

"Ever seen the place, Jane?" Crossley asked.

"Oh, yes, once or twice. It's quite handsome if you like fossils and coat armour and bad drains. Personally I'd as soon live in Westminster Abbey. Cora, dear, you're getting in your brother's coffee."

Decidedly he could not wait for to-morrow morning, Jim thought, seeing her color rise and wane. Her eyes were brilliant as if she might be a little angry for his tameness. He followed her out of the room presently and up the hall to the stairs. (Concluded on Page 46)



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Try These Now

Note the Recipes

Meatless Menu No. 4 This lima bean dish is an excellent meat substitute. Spinach is rich in mineral salts, especially iron. The fruit salad and wafers supply starch, balance the meal and take the place of a dessert.

Lima Bean Croquettes Spinach
Fruit Salad—Wafers

Recipe for Lima Bean Croquettes

1 cup lima beans
Cold water to cover
½ cup rolled, dried bread crumbs
3 tablespoonfuls milk
1 egg
½ teaspoonful salt
Pepper
1 teaspoonful sage
Onion juice

Soak beans over night in cold water. Drain and cook in boiling water until soft, then force through a purée strainer. Add crumbs, milk, seasonings, and egg, beaten slightly. Shape in the form of croquettes; dip in egg and crumbs, and fry in deep fat. Serves about five.

Meatless Menu No. 5 The California lima bean salad is the main dish of this luncheon; rich in protein with mineral salts supplied by the fresh vegetables used in combination. The rice in the soup furnishes the additional starch required and the necessary fat is supplied by the dessert.

Rice Soup
California Lima Bean Salad
Chocolate Blanc Mange

Recipe for Lima Bean Salad

2 cups cooked baby lima beans
1 cup diced celery
2 green peppers
3 or 3 large ripe tomatoes
Onions or chives
Seasonings
French dressing

Mix baby lima beans and celery; add seasonings and onions or chives and marinate with French dressing. Arrange slices of tomato on bed of lettuce, place a ring of pepper on each slice and fill ring with baby lima bean mixture. Serves about four persons.

Meatless Menu No. 3 The cream of lima bean soup makes a complete meal as all food principles are represented. The celery is a relish and supplies mineral salts. Apple tapioca is a simple, easily prepared nutritious dessert.

Cream of Lima Bean Soup—Croutons
Celery
Apple Tapioca Pudding

Recipe for Lima Bean Soup

1 cup dried lima beans
6 cups cold water
1 onion
1 slice carrot
1 cup milk
2 tablespoonfuls fat
2 tablespoonfuls flour
Salt
Pepper

Soak beans over night. Drain, add water, cook until soft, and rub through a sieve. Cook onion and carrot in fat, remove vegetables, add flour, seasoning and bean purée. Add milk, strain and reheat. Serves about five.

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Dept. C OXNARD, CALIFORNIA

Please mail the nine additional menus and recipe for meatless meals free.

Name
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(Concluded from Page 44)

"Look here," he began, "let's have an argument."

"Not just now, Jimmy," she said without turning.

He hurried and caught her on the landing, then saw that her face was wet and her whole body shaking.

"Oh, what's the matter? Please ——"

"Let me alone!" said Miss Robinson, twisting away. "Please, dear, let me alone! I—I'm quite miserable. Please go away!"

His father went to town before noon and Jim tramped up and down the beach, slashing at the turf. He had hurt her somehow. It was sure to be his fault. He had stared all through breakfast. He had not been fair. She did not come to lunch and his sisters played ragtime records on the phonograph all afternoon unrebuked. They were exiled from the dinner table, but Jim did not miss them as she came down in black and her color warmed the living room, made the English banker stare. Jim cornered her in a window niche.

"What did I do? I'm frightfully sorry, whatever it was."

"You didn't do anything. Can't I have nerves and things if I like? What's this man's name?"

"Tellford. He means well. He comes here every fall for some English estate or other. Will you come out in the garden after a while?"

Miss Robinson drew her arm free.

"I might."

Dinner was enlivened by Mr. Tellford's opinion of prohibition and the Russian situation. It seemed that half the Russian princes owed his clients money, and collection was difficult.

"The aristocracy's in hot water, huh?" said Crossley.

"Oh, dear, yes!" Mr. Tellford delved in his stuffed trout and smiled. "Everywhere. The war's quite finished some very old families. Take the Mavvens—you'd pronounce it Maurevarne. They've had to sell Mavven House, you know. It went to a bounder called Wood for thirty thousand pounds. Of course that'll help the earl on a bit, but it's mostly owed. They've nothing left now but the entailed estates in Huntingdonshire."

"The earl ought to go to work," Crossley suggested.

"Too idle," said Mr. Tellford, "and I dare say he's as big a gambler as the rest of them. The Mavvens have always gambled, of course. The late earl didn't. His wife wouldn't let him. Very decent sort of woman. The Mavvens usually marry wasters. That's the way the family started."

"How?" Crossley threw in.

"Oh, there was some wretched girl at Elizabeth's court. I forget the sad details, but the good queen married her off to a Mavven and made him an earl. They all marry money, then get rid of it at once. The late earl married a clergyman's daughter who hadn't a penny, but he was an exception. This chap's his brother—an unutterable ass," Mr. Tellford announced, sipping claret. "Both the last earl's sons were killed—very decent lads, I believe. But it's an endless family and frightfully stiff-necked. There's a perfect army of Mavvens—cousins and second cousins and old women and all utterly useless. They sit about, you know, and the girls all hunt husbands hopefully. One of them married last week. The Honorable Gertrude Mavven, I think it was. She married some lad from Australia, with no end of money, of course."

"Jane, dear," said Mrs. Crossley, "you are not eating anything. Isn't your head better?"

"It's quite all right, thanks. But—you're not quite fair to them, are you?" Miss Robinson fingered her water glass. "After all, it's only been very lately that—that Englishwomen of the—of the Mavven variety have been allowed to do anything but marry money if they could. Of course in these days they could find things to do. It's inexcusable that the men shouldn't do something, I admit."

Tellford considered her for a moment over his claret and shook his head.

"Hereditary conceit and pride. They're good-looking people and they've enough brains to show themselves well. I know some of them by sight, but it's unhealthy to know them better than that, they say—great drain on their friends' resources. They're altogether too proud to pay their notes."

"Let's go back to Russia," said Crossley hastily. "What d'you think did happen to the czar and his folks?"

He talked steadily in his best vein through the rest of dinner and told some astonishing yarns, but Miss Robinson said little and never laughed. She excused herself after dessert and Jim could not find her in the garden—saw the light in her bedroom and hoped that she was not ill. Dinner had been tedious since he sat beside her and it was hard to see her well from an angle. The motor boat carried Mr. Tellford off across the bright water at ten and Jim wished that the mountain had chosen another night to show itself fully, all its snow glistening under the moon. It would be more admirable in her company.

"I'm afraid Jane's feverish," said Mrs. Crossley through a yawn.

"Let her alone," Crossley ordered. "She's got the blues. Better go to bed, brother. You look down in the mouth too."

"What about your going to bed, too, dad? You don't have to sit up all night, either."

"You mind your own concerns, brother, and pike off to bed! You have to get up at six and I don't. To-morrow's Wednesday too," he added coolly, and took his cigar into the veranda.

Jim sat in bed watching the mountain and hoping she would be kind in the morning. The lights from the living-room windows made a blur of glow on the damp lawn until they were put out, and he waited for his father's feet to creak upstairs. But as no sound came he assumed that Crossley had shed his shoes below for the sake of silence and pondered on the old man's pride in him—not quite justified, he thought, though there was not much to be ashamed of up to date. The mountain began to fade upon his eyes and he lay devising speech for to-morrow morning when something clicked against the lock of his door and he heard the handle turn. But nothing followed except a vague noise of garments rustling and after an instant a board of the landing creaked.

Jim jumped out of bed and went swiftly into the hall where the stairs were visible. Whoever it was going down must cross the wide living room, and the safe let into the wall by the fireplace held his stepmother's best pearls. He slipped on the cold treads, and the shadow moving ahead was lost in the black hallway. It might be a servant hunting something left downstairs. He did not wish to shout, and the living-room lights shot up as he came to the heavy tapestry shutting the room in.

"I thought you would," said his father genially. "Sit down and let's talk a bit, Jane. Drop your bag and sit down."

"I've nothing to say," Miss Robinson panted. "Please let me go!"

Jim drew back from the curtain. There was a long crack of light, but the figures did not show.

"Go where? How in time are you going to get to Seattle this hour of night, child? Walk? It's near twelve miles round the bay! Don't be a chucklehead and don't get hysterics, neither! I don't want brother waked up. He's losing sleep enough on your account. Sit down!"

"Oh, why did you do that? I didn't think you could be cruel! Is it my fault? I can't help it, can I? It's unfair!" Her voice swayed into sobs and came clear again. "And poor father was splendid, even if he wasn't clever. He spent years trying to make money. Everyone can't, you know. And Jack and Ronny were the best lads in the world."

"I'm sorry Tellford spoke of your brothers, Jane. I'm damned sorry for that, child. And I hear your dad was all right. But you needed a lesson. I'm not going to have any girl go and get sniffy about marrying brother just because she's a Mavven. You ain't played fair with brother, neither. If you'd come here and said you were the Honorable Jane Mavven—hell of a name!—and turned him down I wouldn't have any kick coming, but you said you were Jane Robinson. You ain't honest! If you're ashamed to be Jane Mavven and work for a living you'd ought to quit being Jane Mavven and be Jane Robinson and stick to it—that's all! Now you go back to bed and don't get sniffy any more or I'll coach some other damned Englishman up on your family tree and you'll have it all over again! I'll be hanged if I see what you've got to be proud of except being a nice kind of girl—and brother's mother was a Trescott from Boston, anyhow."

There was a sound of water spilling and glass smashed on the rug. Crossley grunted.

"There goes that vase he fetched back from Paris for Mrs. Crossley. Mind what you're ——"

"Do you mean to tell me," she stammered, "that you dare—dare think I'm—I'm idiot enough to be proud of—of being a Mavven? Oh, how dare you?"

In the pause Jim rallied. He should interfere. He put a hand on the curtain, then took it back. His father was fighting for him under a mistake, but his father must not know. Crossley chuckled.

"Well, don't look at me like I was a tiger, Jane. If that's not what's the matter, what is?"

"Oh men are horrible!" she cried.

"Sure, we're fierce!" Crossley agreed. "But you ain't telling me anything. If you didn't turn brother down on account of my being a foundling, will you come out of the bushes and tell me what you did it for?"

"How on earth can I marry four million pounds?" she wailed.

"You can't," said Crossley—"at least not yet. Jim's only got about five hundred thousand of his own and I mean to live a week or so. Don't you be silly! I'm the only person entitled to kick, ain't I? I started looking you up the day we heard brother'd landed. If I wasn't satisfied, then, you'd have been hunting another job, Jane. You think for a minute I'd have had you round where he could see you if I hadn't thought it was all right? You go to bed. I never heard anything so damfool in my life. Can't marry brother because he's got money! Get out! That's right, sit down and let's have some sense."

"How did you find out who I was?" she demanded.

"Damned gardener throwin' torn-up letters all over the garden. Honorable Jane Mavven, care of Gifford Robinson, Victoria, B. C. That's easy. If you don't want your folks to know what you're doing ——"

"If you knew my people," she said, "you'd quite understand. The only earthly reason they let me come out to Uncle Giff was that they thought some lad would marry me—for the name. He's my mother's brother and he's just an ordinary gentleman, you know, and not a walking—a walking totem pole like Uncle Roderick. Oh, wouldn't you be ashamed to marry Jim if all you'd had told you since you were old enough to understand anything was that you must—must make a good match? Proud of my people? I loathe the whole gang! And the minute they knew I'd married well you'd have Ursula and Beatrice and all Uncle Roderick's sons coming out on the first liner! The wasters!"

"I'm luckier than you, ain't I?" Crossley meditated. "I'm safe. I guess having a lot of folks is kind of dangerous. Hadn't you better write home that brother's a poor bank clerk? I don't want a lot of hungry Mavvens all over the place—not until prices come down."

She giggled and there was an amused pause inside the curtains.

"You really are a dear old thing! But didn't Jim understand at dinner? I'm not at all sure he'll ask me again."

"Oh, shut up!" said Crossley. "He'll ask you about the fifth hole to-morrow morning. He wouldn't care if you were concentrated essence of Mavven. He's too good to mind junk like that. You go to bed, sister. You won't be fit for anything in the morning, and brother hates poor golf. No, he didn't catch on. And don't you tell him about this, either. I couldn't stand having brother sore at me. You ain't any too good for him, neither."

"I know I'm not," she sighed.

Jim blushed and stole off upstairs to wind his alarm clock.

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GERMANY IN TRANSITION

(Continued from Page 7)

What surprised me most, however, was the readiness with which the average German admitted defeat. There is a widespread impression that the German does not know he is licked. Having talked with hundreds of Germans it is almost inconceivable that any such impression should have gone forth. I ran the German range from Erzberger and Noske, the two strongest and most powerful individuals in the government, down to cabmen and laborers. At every stage of this interviewing performance I got the same reply, which summed up was: "We are not only beaten but badly beaten, and all we want is a chance once more to lift our heads."

One feature stands out: In some respects democracy—and Germany to-day is just about as democratic as France was between 1871 and 1878—is not altogether a name. You can, for example, discover an unoccupied chair and not find it marked "*Besetzt*"—engaged. You can also, and for the first time, undertake to walk across the grass in a park and not see a signboard bearing the word "*Verboten*"—forbidden—barring your passage. If you knew Germany before the war this state of affairs indicates that a miracle has been wrought.

Germany's more or less half-baked democracy asserts itself in various illuminating and sometimes startling ways. Some months ago a conference was held at Coblenz between an American Intelligence officer and representatives of the German civil and military authorities to establish passport regulations for aliens who proposed to visit the unoccupied areas. The military representative was an officer in the old Prussian Guard, which represented the last word in German reaction. The conference finally resolved itself into the question as to whether Americans should provide photographs for the *ersatz*—substitute—passports, as they are known. The German civil official argued in favor of the photographs but the American objected and, of course, prevailed.

After the meeting broke up the German officer took the American aside and said: "I am glad you didn't let that civilian impose all that red tape on you." This, from a Prussian officer, shows that in at least one direction Germany has seen some light.

Watch Your Baggage

But the most astonishing human, or rather I should say unhuman, revelation in contemporary Germany is expressed perhaps in the general moral let-down. In the summary of German conditions elsewhere in this article I said that her morals were at lowest ebb. This manifests itself in countless ways.

Let me illustrate: If you are so foolish as to put your shoes outside the door of your room in a hotel in Germany—and it is just as true of the hotels in Berlin as it is of the smallest *Gasthaus* in Essen—you will be minus footwear in the morning. Likewise, if you should leave your bag unlocked in your bed chamber the chances are that you would discover your socks or underwear gone when you return. On the wall of every hotel room in Germany is posted the warning that the management will not be responsible for shoes left in the hall or for articles stolen from unlocked bags, closets and wardrobes.

Right here you can see evidence of the whole German moral break-up. Putting aside her war lust, superego, and all those other evils that tainted Germany before the war, she was in other respects more incorruptible than many other European countries. Life and property had certain rights which were always respected. Such a thing as the theft of boots in a hotel was unheard-of. In addition to this the average German official, with the invariable pride that he felt in his post, especially when he wore a uniform, was far from venal.

To-day nearly every person in Germany who serves you in any way has his price. You can bribe a hotel clerk to give you a room, fee a customs official to pass your luggage unopened, subsidize the cabby to give you the vehicle that was engaged by another. So it goes. Money as never before is the key to all things.

I discovered this to my cost at Frankfort. I had a choice in making the trip to Berlin. One was a day train that left at seven-twenty-five in the morning and arrived at the capital at eight-thirty at night—a long, hot, tiresome trip. To take a chance of getting a first-class seat required my presence at the station at six o'clock. This was not inviting. The alternative was the sleeping car—there is only one on the train—which left at nine and arrived in Berlin for breakfast.

When I asked the hotel porter if he could get me a sleeping-car compartment he said that it was not only impossible but that all berths were booked for the next five weeks. I thereupon tried the porter at another large hotel, with the same result. At the sleeping-car offices nothing was to be had. I then began to bargain with the porter at the hotel where I lived. I bid in units of ten marks. At every stage I only got a negative nod of the head.

Travel Demoralized

Finally, when I reached the hundred-mark stage, which I had decided was my limit—and which in American money on that day represented only about four dollars and fifty cents—I realized that I had scored, for the autocrat said: "I may be able to get you a second-class berth."

Needless to say, I spent that night in the sleeper. There were no towels on the train and I had to wipe my face in the morning on the pillow slip. When I remembered the good service and equipment on the German *Schlafwagen*—sleeping car—before the war I realized that here as elsewhere Germany has gone back a great many years.

This episode of the hundred-mark fee for the privilege of buying a second-class berth is typical of what is happening throughout Germany. In Frankfort, for example, the hotel porters have a sort of unwritten agreement by which this natural scarcity of berths and compartments is intensified. There are so many profiteers bulging with wealth in Germany that there is no lack of victims.

The whole railroad situation reflects the moral looseness of the country. A waiter at the Hotel Bristol in Berlin, who had served me in former years at the Carlton Hotel in London, told me this astonishing story:

He was caught in England at the outbreak of the war and interned. A few months after the signing of the armistice he was sent back to Germany with about fifty of his colleagues. All went well with him until he got beyond the German frontier. The baggage of the whole party was checked and placed in the baggage car attached to his train. After they had traveled about fifty miles into Germany the train was stopped by a company of soldiers, who cut off the baggage car. That was the last the waiter or anyone else saw of his luggage. Such brigandage is no uncommon occurrence on the German trains. If you want your baggage carry it along with you where you can see it.

This brings me to still another evidence of the collapse of German order and system. Before the war the German railway service was a model of efficiency. A late train was such an unusual event that it was written up in the newspapers and formed the subject of conversation for a week. A German crowd, whether on the street or in line at a theater box office or a railway ticket window, kept its place with almost military precision. There was never any jostling.

Take a railway journey in Germany to-day, even under the most favorable conditions, and you think that you are full back in a rough-house game of American football or in a starving mob that has just heard the dinner bell. If you want to get a seat on a train that leaves at eight o'clock you are compelled to be in the station at least an hour and a half before the time of departure, and even then you take a long chance with the crowd that has already preceded you by several hours. No seats are reserved. The favorite device of rich Germans to insure a corner in a railway carriage is to hire a man to remain in the station all night. He grabs a place the moment the gates are opened. Clothes, hats, skins are all bruised in the frantic rush to travel.

There are definite reasons for this confusion. So far as traffic is concerned, there is, of course, a shortage of trains. In the second place, internal travel was much restricted during the war and now that the German, who is one of the world's prize travelers, has the opportunity to move about he is doing it with a vengeance, regardless of trouble and inconvenience.

But even this would not explain the absolute disorganization and almost utter disregard of all decency in present-day German crowds. The fundamental cause is that Germany has no tradition of voluntary public service. All the old much-vaunted order, which was nothing more than amiable docility, that you saw in Germany before the war was entirely due to the fact that it was literally pounded into the people. Once there, it was maintained by what was practically armed force, as expressed by imperialism. No matter what any German can say to the contrary, he delighted to be bossed about and kept in his proper place. It was as much a part of his daily life as were his meat and drink.

The whole German idea in this respect was expressed in those three magic words: "*Es ist befohlen*"—it is ordered. And the German's middle name was obedience.

Only the common people have joined the general scramble, however. Your regular army officer or reactionary—and they are synonymous—still sticks to the old habits, as this story will show. At the Adlon Hotel in Berlin, as in many first-class American hotels, there is a separate office for each floor, where the guests leave their keys. One day when I stopped to get my key I found the attendant absent, so I walked behind the counter and took it off the hook. An erect military-looking German whom I saw there then emulated my example.

I asked him in German how long he had been waiting and he replied: "I have been here fifteen minutes."

He did not have the initiative to go round and get his own key, but the moment he saw me do it it gave him an idea. This incident explains the whole German reactionary mind.

Almost overnight the mailed stewardship of public morals and actions ceased. With the overthrow of the Hohenzollerns and the advent of a republican form of government the German suddenly found himself without a master. He was like a trained animal, taught to perform to the lash of a whip, which suddenly lost his trainer and was left to his own resources. Quite naturally he fumbled. The lack of restraint now finds expression in what practically amounts to demoralization. The people themselves must discipline themselves, and it cannot be accomplished in one month or one year.

Putting this demoralization in another way—formerly the German bully was machine-made and was turned out by the government in quantity output. If Germany remains a republic the bullies henceforth will be self-made. In a subsequent article in this series you will see an example of this development as personified by Gustav Noske, the German Minister of Defense.

Germany Changing

Do not get the idea, however, that Germany in transition is a disorganized mass of disillusioned and despondent people. They know that they must live, and in order to live they must carry on with their daily tasks. The German workman—and you will hear much more about him in the next article, which will deal with German industry—does not express the entire mood of the country when he says: "The more I work the more we will have to pay the Allies; therefore, why work at all?" It is the instinct of human nature to want to prosper, and Germany knows deep down in her heart that though prosperity means the payment of indemnities it also spells her own economic salvation.

Hence you find, as one significant illustration of changing Germany, that the small shopkeeper, who was once a business piker and who was more concerned about his midday nap than about opening up a branch office, is waking up. This was first manifested in the occupied area, where the needs of the Allied troops led various enterprising little merchants to expand. In Coblenz I saw many German shoe-shining parlors, an almost unheard-of institution in Germany. Outside these shops you see these signs in English: "Have your shoes shined here" and "This is the best place in Coblenz to have your shoes shined."

This expansion in small business is duplicated in the speech and attitude of the people. The first unoccupied city of importance that I visited was Frankfort, which is just beyond the French lines of occupation. I created something of a sensation as I swept up the main thoroughfare in an American army car driven by a stalwart doughboy. The whole population paused in its labors and travels to gaze at this almost unprecedented spectacle. Except for a few scowls I was regarded with stolid indifference. Soon after the car deposited me at my hotel it started back to Coblenz. Up to this time I had been under the friendly protection of Allied troops up and down the Rhine. Now I was isolated in Frankfort and I believe that at that moment I was the only American in the place. "Alone in Frankfort" summed up my situation.

I knew one man there. He was the brother of a well-known Wall Street broker. I had wired him from Coblenz to obtain a room for me. He did so and it was a real act of mercy because in Frankfort, as in every other German city that I visited, hotels are literally jammed to the roof and the struggle to find a bed is almost as acute as the contest to get a seat on the trains. I often wondered as I watched the long lines waiting for accommodations in German hotels where the mob came from.

The moment I met this Frankfort manufacturer I got a glimpse into the state of mind toward America. It is impossible to get this in the occupied section because the Allied troops are the censors of both speech and action and the tactful thing among the Germans there is to be friendly and speak English if they know how. I marveled therefore just how spoken English would go in free Germany.

English Often Spoken

I said to this Frankfort citizen in German: "Which language shall we speak?"

He at once replied in English: "Let us speak English by all means. This is a free country now and we can do as we please."

The result was that with him and with many of his friends I spoke English, not only in the privacy of their offices but in the public restaurants, where everybody stared at us. Being stared at in Germany is no new sensation. The people there "rubber" more than in any other country, with the possible exception of Holland.

Wherever I went throughout Germany I found that the individual who knew how to speak English sought every opportunity to use it. When I entered a shop to buy something I invariably spoke German. Again and again the response came in English. Curiously enough the German to-day takes a certain pride in knowing how to speak the Anglo-Saxon tongue. He refuses, however, to employ French except when it is absolutely necessary. The one deep and abiding hatred in Germany to-day is for the French.

How much sincerity is attached to the professed friendship for America I cannot say, but I do know that I was treated with courtesy throughout my stay. This was particularly surprising when I discovered in Berlin that a complete record of my war activities with particular reference to my exposures of German economic propaganda in neutral countries was on file in the Foreign Office and that the late government had done me the particular honor of regarding me as a dangerous enemy.

One morning the telephone rang in my room in Berlin. I heard a German voice ask, "Is that Mr. Martinson, of Stockholm?" I replied, "No, this is Mr. Matteson, of New York." At once the voice changed to English, saying, "I am glad to hear an American speaking." This experience and many other similar ones that I had show one strong tendency in Germany to-day.

Every possible effort is being made to conciliate Americans, for the simple reason that the German realizes that if any nation will help him it is the United States. In order to flatter the American visitor the German tells him that the American doughboy won the war. Of course he tells the Englishman that Haig's forces turned the tide, and when he does chance to have a conversation with a Frenchman he tries to put over the fact that Foch, and Foch alone, made possible the Allied victory. It is just

another phase of the tactics that Germany employed in her former well-organized campaign of world mischief-making.

Speaking of the German's employment of English reminds me of something that happened in Coblenz. When I went to the German passport office to get my permit to travel I spoke German throughout the whole transaction. The man in charge had been a soldier and I felt that he would be more at ease if I spoke his own language. He used a word, however, that I did not understand, whereupon a demure young woman who sat near by suddenly spoke up in English and defined it.

"I see you speak English," I said.

"Oh, yes," she replied; "I am a graduate of Wellesley College and I want to get back to America as soon as I can."

Wander round Germany and you have this sort of experience wherever you go. Moreover, practically every waiter who served me—and nearly all had worked in England or America—wanted to go back as soon as possible. "How soon will they let us in?" was asked me a hundred times.

I had some astonishing revelations of the new German attitude, especially toward America. At Frankfort I dined one night with a group of eight business men. They represented a half dozen large interests and as many important communities.

One member of the party, who happens to be the head of a powerful iron and steel group, made this remark: "Economic conditions in Germany could not be worse. Indeed they are so bad that, speaking for myself and my associates, I should be perfectly willing to see Germany become an American colony, provided that we were guaranteed protection against French revenge and rapacity."

Of course it was conversation for my particular benefit and to create a good will for Germany. But it did have the germ of a half truth in it, certainly as illustrating the German feeling about France. These two nations will do business together because they must, but so long as time lasts there will be bitter hatred between them. And France has good reason to hate.

Another phase of the German conciliation with Americans lies in the widespread and absurd explanation as to why we went to war. As usual, the German is trying to do the other fellow's thinking for him. The German believes, astounding as it may seem, that we were grossly deceived about actual conditions by the French and the British—not a flattering commentary on our intelligence.

"But why did you provoke America into going to war?" I asked scores of Germans of all degrees.

Invariably the reply was: "We did not expect America to enter the struggle. The unrestricted submarine campaign was a desperate effort to end the war."

At this point you smile and realize that when it comes to discussing the war with a German you are up against an absolutely hopeless proposition.

The Kaiser Not Quite Friendless

If you can persuade a German to do the well-nigh impossible and be frank, he will tell you that America gave Germany the surprise of the war. The government machine got over the impression that we should be a negligible quantity in the field and that we could not send over a big force and keep it supplied. Château-Thierry, St.-Mihiel and the Argonne smashed this illusion. When it crumpled the German hope of any kind of battle victory was gone.

I heard only one German express the slightest repentance over his nation's misdeeds in the war. When I asked for justification of the Lusitania, of the Sussex, of any one of a hundred horrors, the reply would be: "At that time Germany was suffering from mental illness."

This is as good a place as any to write about the status of reaction, for it is part of what might be called unrepentant Germany. There is still a considerable group of officers and statesmen of that departed day who cling to the delusion that some day they will come back. They are moving about on gum shoes, however. They hire private rooms in the restaurants, put on all their medals and toast the old régime. But that is about as far as they get.

Every once in a while you get some picturesque evidence that discredited as he is the Kaiser still has friends. While I was in Germany the school children in a small town went on a strike because his bust was removed from the chapel.

Though the present government disclaims even the slightest royalist tendencies Count von Bernstorff still has a strong pull at court. His secretary is one of the links between the Foreign Office and the newspaper men at Berlin. Until the present cabinet came into office he was quite a power behind the president's chair.

Writing about the reactionaries reminds me of one of the favorite indoor sports in Germany to-day. It consists of what we in America would call passing the buck. Everybody of importance who had any connection with the Kaiser or the conduct of the war is trying to put the responsibility on some other person's shoulders. Ludendorff is putting it up to Mackensen, and Mackensen in turn is laying it at the door of Hindenburg. In the same way Von Bethmann-Hollweg is laying all the blame on Michaelis or some other victim. It has gone so far that Germans with a sense of humor, if such a state is possible, are asking, "Who will be the next goat?"

The Attitude Toward Mr. Wilson

One of the industrial princes of Germany showed me a letter that he had just received from the Crown Prince. If that exiled expotentate really wrote it he must be given credit for more sense than the world has credited him with. In it he said, among other things: "I told my father after the First Battle of the Marne that the German cause was hopeless, but he would not believe it." Elsewhere in the letter he wrote: "It appeals to my sense of humor to see all our late associates trying to put the blame on someone else."

Be all this as it may the Kaiser business is doomed. Germany may have a military dictatorship or a constitutional monarchy, but so far as a Kaiser is concerned there does not seem to be the slightest chance for a resurrection of an All Highest. I found some sentiment in favor of a regency, if one is ever established, by the Crown Princess Cecilie. One reason is that she is attractive to look at; another is that, having been the wife of the Crown Prince all these years, she is entitled to some compensation for having served such a martyrdom.

Now comes one of the many curious inconsistencies that you encounter in Germany. Though the word "Welcome" is on the doormat and the glad hand is extended to the American generally, President Wilson is to-day the most abused and reviled individual in Germany. This procedure, which involves the abrupt change in national sentiment toward America's chief executive, is an illuminating example of the way the German mind works.

When the Armistice was signed Mr. Wilson was looked upon as little less than a redeemer, for he was hailed as the maker of a new world. The celebrated Fourteen Points hung with German hope. They constituted the creed of regeneration—a second Teutonic Bible.

Mr. Wilson's speeches, published in book form under the title of *Wilson Reden*, sold by the hundreds of thousands of copies. No German household was complete without one. Nearly every business man had the volume on his desk. He did everything but use it as collateral at the bank.

When the Peace Terms crashed into the German consciousness the little red-white-and-blue book that contained the President's utterances suddenly found itself in the wastebasket or on the garbage heap. The President's name became a hissing and a byword. Instead of being hung with hope the Fourteen Points suddenly bristled with hate. To mention them in polite society constituted a breach of etiquette almost as bad as professing love for a Frenchman.

Germany stood appalled and horrified at what she considered a breach of trust. How she got the idea that the President had obligated himself to a peace without fangs I am unable to say. One reason perhaps is that the German, once he sets his mind on having a thing done or convinces himself that a thing should be done, immediately assumes that the performance is either already achieved or in the natural course of events. In this way he deluded himself during the war in thinking the crimes of the German Army and Navy were part of organized and accepted warfare. The very fact that he believed a thing was right made it right in his eyes. He has not changed his mental processes.

But after all is said and done our chief concern in this article is with human interest, so we will move on to Berlin, once the fountainhead of empire. To-day it is merely a city trying to forget the war with every device that money can supply. Here you get the best and the worst of Germany, almost in a single street. Orgy and penury dwell almost side by side. The whole panorama of the nation in evolution is reflected in its life.

As my train slowly passed through Potsdam in the early morning and I got a glimpse of the church where the former Kaiser used to commune with the Deity, whom he claimed as intimate colleague, I thought about my last visit to the capital. It was late in the autumn of 1913 and Germany was at the high tide of her prestige and power. The world was yet to know the madness that lurked behind the Teutonic prosperity. I remembered that one afternoon I journeyed out to the immense Temperhof Field and saw what was perhaps the last great military maneuver before the troops that there marched so proudly plunged the world into horror with their advent into Belgium. On a knoll William Hohenzollern sat astride a milk-white charger, surrounded by his staff. He was then a king who could do no wrong.

Now I returned to that same city after four years of war had ravaged Europe. The name of a German had become synonymous with excess. The once exalted ruler who smilingly reviewed his army was a broken fugitive, shorn of authority, with all civilization clamoring for vengeance upon him. Time indeed had not stood still.

Outwardly Berlin seemed the same community, with its neat clean streets and the linden trees that were once the Kaiser's pride. Gayly dressed women still drove in the Thiergarten; the florists' windows were filled with gorgeous flowers; the jewelry shops glittered with dazzling displays of precious stones; the restaurants were crowded. There was opera every evening; dozens of cabarets contributed to a hectic night life; the town had even turned to boxing matches as its newest fad.

Life apparently moved on apace, just as if these people had not recently emerged from ordeal and suffering. It was only when you saw the mained wreck of a soldier in a doorway begging for alms that you got a hint of the human havoc wrought by the colossal struggle launched in this very environment.

When I went for my first walk, however, and saw the populace at close range I realized that much of the animation and show was a thin veneer. Scrape the surface, and anxiety, even desperation, are revealed. The Berliner is no longer the cocky self-asserting German of five years ago. There is something furtive in his look; even his stomach band has shrunk. Formerly the corpulent German was the rule; now he is the exception.

No More Swanking Officers

One evil is conspicuously absent—you no longer see the swanking monocled officer. In the old days life was one salute after another—a continuous click of heels. When a Prussian officer entered a restaurant he was not only the cynosure of all eyes but got the best table and the quickest service. His glory is dimmed, for he has practically vanished from the map. The officers visible look and conduct themselves like human beings.

Though Berlin is still under martial law you see few soldiers as compared with the immense number you saw before the war. Formerly there was an elaborate guard mount twice a day at the Brandenburg Gate. The only signs of it that remain are the unused gun racks.

No external change in Berlin, however, is more significant than is expressed in the bullet-ridden pile of brick and stone which housed Herr Hohenzollern. Once it was pointed out by the natives with a pride that bordered on piety; to-day you hear it designated by civilian and soldier alike as "the house where William lived." By an odd piece of mockery the balcony on which the former emperor was wont to stand and receive the cheers and plaudits of his subjects is now a shattered wreck. Whether by accident or design it was the particular target of the machine guns during the spring revolution.

Upon inquiry I discovered that practically all the Kaiser's belongings—medals, uniforms, college degrees, unpublished masterpieces and all other—had been removed from the structure and that it is likely to be converted into a museum. The first relic will probably be the battered remains of a misguided and self-hypnotized autocracy.

No less striking in some respects is the evolution of the famous Brandenburg Gate, round which much pageantry centered. To-day you can see those once sacred walls plastered with posters announcing meetings of the Independent Socialists. Until the abdication of the Kaiser the central arch was scrupulously reserved for royal equipage. A policeman always stood there to keep off the vulgar vehicle. That arch is now wide open and the ice wagon and the milk cart rattle through with the same ease as did the kingly chariot in the days gone by.

In connection with the Brandenburg Gate is one impressive piece of irony. Immediately adjoining it is the open plaza known as the Pariser Platz. It is one of the most commanding sites in Berlin. Here the Kaiser received addresses of welcome and also greeted his guests with pomp and splendor. A reformed government official told me that so convinced were the Germans of an easy triumph in October, 1914, that the palace authorities had reserved all the windows in the Platz so that the Kaiser's guests could there review the return of the victorious armies!

Always a city of statues, two Berlin memorials stand out with peculiar interest these overturning days. One is the heroic bronze figure of Bismarck that has long stood in front of the Reichstag Building. As I looked at it again in the light of what has happened these past five years I wondered what the Iron Chancellor would have said to the wrack and ruin of the empire he reared, and more especially to the deluded imperial coxcomb who brought it down. Bismarck had no love for William and my guess is that he would have compressed his whole opinion in four eloquent words: "I told you so." He never would have plunged his people into a war against the world. Instead he would have picked off his enemies one by one.

Headquarters of Conspiracy

Within stone's throw of the Bismarck statue rises the huge wooden figure of Hindenburg, reared by a grateful populace then in the throes of a temporary rejoicing. As most people know, it had a useful purpose in that it was used as a rallying point to raise war funds. The citizenry bought nails and then paid for the privilege of driving them into the old warrior's body. The Allied armies did a better job and drove them figuratively into his coffin.

The Hindenburg statue has become rather a sad spectacle because the pressing needs of Germany have provided a more practical use for the nails, which have all been removed. Hence the immense figure looks as if it were moth-eaten.

No Berlin experience of mine was more dramatic than my visit to the Foreign Office in the Wilhemstrasse. In this grim gray building the whole devious web of German world-wide social, economic and political penetration was spun. The great banks that stand almost within its shadow were the box offices of Teutonic sabotage and corruption. All through the war I had seen the evidence of its cunning in Spain, Switzerland, Holland, Sweden; indeed wherever the German could get his foot inside the door. Within these walls were hatched the conspiracies that Bernstorff and Dernberg executed. It was the stamping ground of German diplomacy, and this meant that its rooms were soundproof and its mysteries deep. You had to give a double password to get in and half a dozen to get out.

A rather strange illustration of the way Germany is forgetting her war animosities toward the Anglo-Saxon was the presentation early in October of George Bernard Shaw's play Arms and the Man in English at a little theater in Unter den Linden. It was given by members of the English literature class in the University of Berlin. In the audience were a number of the actors and actresses in the professional company now playing the piece in German at a well-known local theater.

To turn to practical matters, Berlin, and in fact every other city in Germany, has a serious housing problem. During the war it was impossible to erect any structures because men and material were mobilized for the conduct of the conflict. Meanwhile the living needs of the people have expanded. The result of the scarcity of family as well as industrial buildings is little short of acute. The value of improved realty has soared skyward. In Cologne, Frankfort,

(Continued on Page 53)

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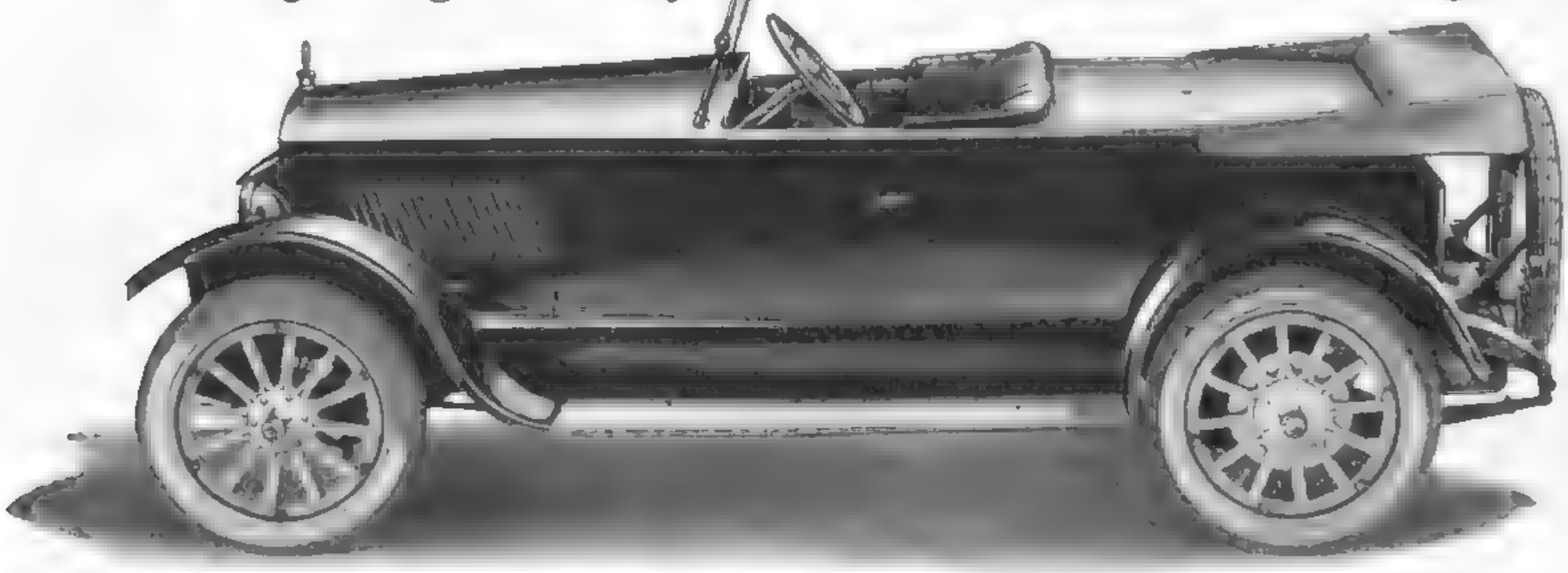

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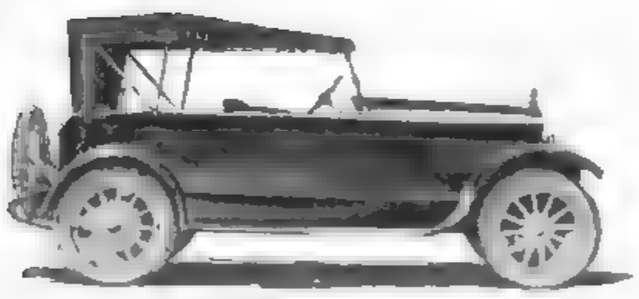
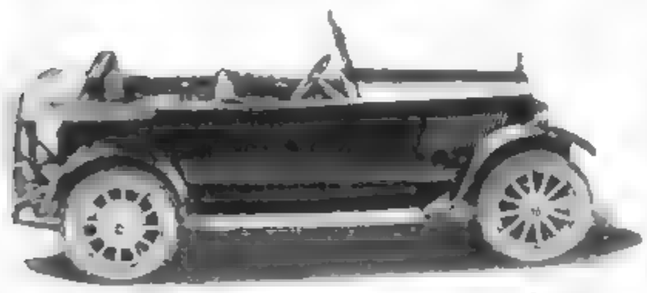


Convertible Roadster with top up



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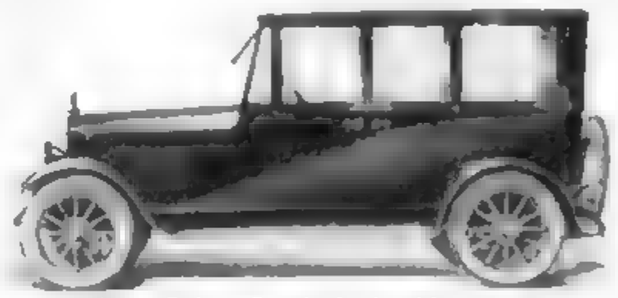

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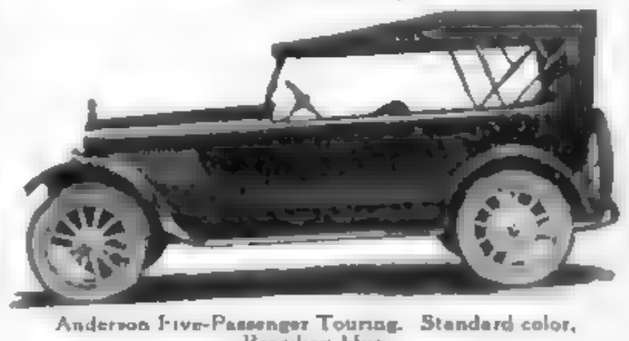

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Christmas Eve! Stockings filled . . . . tree all decorated—
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too unutterably COMFORTABLE in his GIFT FROM HER to think of anything.
Let a Royal Easy Chair thus add pleasure to YOUR Xmas Eve. Know Royal Comfort yourself.

FROM an upright position you can, in a twinkling, be stretched out, *fully relaxed*, with every part of your tired body comfortably supported in one of these wonderful chairs. And to make the transformation, all you do is "*Push the Button!*"

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ROYAL EASY CHAIR COMPANY
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Showing Leg Rest Concealed

(Continued from Page 50)

Leipsic, Hamburg, Munich and Dresden the assessed valuation is four hundred per cent higher than it was in 1914.

A man in Berlin told me that he was offered a government subsidy of one million marks if he would erect an apartment house the total cost of which was only three million marks. In other words, he was offered a bonus of one-third. He refused because of the difficulty in obtaining raw materials and the inability to get labor.

So desperate is the need of living accommodations that Frankfort has established a law of commandeer. No residence in the city is now permitted to have a spare room. A survey was being made while I was in Frankfort to find out how much living space is available. If a householder has an apartment of six rooms and there are only four members in the family he must surrender one to the authorities, who assign him a lodger.

Berlin is a study in contrasts. On one hand you have what might be called the despair of wealth. Fearful of loss on account of revolution or excessive taxation the rich seek to purchase forgetfulness in wine, woman and song. The Rome that burned while Nero fiddled had nothing on Berlin fox-trotting and gaming while unrest stalks about. On the other hand you have the acute desperation of poverty, expressed in large families pinched by want, oppressed by the high cost of living and wrecked by the loss of the bread-winner. I repeatedly walked through the poor districts of Berlin and saw an almost endless procession of pallid women and wan impoverished children.

During the war the Germans conducted a considerable propaganda about the lack of milk for their babies. For once their claims held some truth. There are thousands of children in and about Berlin two years of age who have never even tasted milk. One woman told me that all her children born since the war had been raised on spinach soup. At the time of my visit to Germany the milk supply of the country was about one-fourth of the normal.

The inevitable by-product of these last years of insufficient nourishment is the lowest birthrate that Germany has ever known. Before the war eight hundred thousand pairs of tiny hands were added to the population every year. This is one reason why the war-mad government felt that it could afford to hurl a world at peace into confusion. There was no worry about human renewal.

German Profiteers

That criminal government, however, did not reckon with overwhelming defeat such as has been imposed upon the nation. In the dwindling birth rate therefore you see one insurance against a recurrence of the lust and insanity that drove the old Germany to suicide. You have only to observe the wasted jumpy humanity to realize that a considerable part of the next generation will be anything but cocky. It will be glad to be able to lift its head and earn a livelihood. Defeat and disintegration have left their indelible marks. The sins of the military masters and those who served them have indeed been visited upon the people. Unless I am much mistaken they have had all the war they want for many decades to come.

The striking extremes of life in Berlin that I have just pointed out are equally true of every city of importance in Germany. Everywhere the rich have become richer and the poor poorer.

One definite reason for this is that in Germany as perhaps in no other country that went to war has the evil of the profiteer flourished so mightily. This universal curse, which knows no section and whose maxim is greed, is one aggravating source of the widespread Teutonic—indeed the whole European—discontent. It has made the campaign of the revolutionaries much easier than it would otherwise have been. Preach special privilege and you get the ear of the masses.

The German word for profiteer is *Shieber*. Thousands developed during the war. They made immense fortunes in munitions and also in surreptitiously buying up needful articles like cotton and copper in Switzerland and Holland. They were usually in league with the frontier customs officials. One branch of this gentry conducted a considerable business in counterfeit ration cards. Some even went so far as to set up printing presses and turn out Russian and Rumanian bank notes. They hoarded gold and they broke every law in the calendar of self-respect, decency and ordinary patriotism. They waxed fat while Germany hungered.

You can spot the *Shiebers* because they are about the only persons in Germany who have rubber tires on their automobiles. Rubber is worth its weight in gold. The average taxicab has a tire made of steel springs. When you hear a flock of cars thus equipped on a cobbled street it sounds as if a boiler factory was in operation all round you. Incidentally I might add that it costs not less than one hundred and fifty thousand marks a year to run a car.

How do the *Shiebers* get their rubber tires? One unfailing source of illicit supply—whether for sugar, tires, gasoline, silk stockings, silks, French brandy, cigars, cigarettes or fine perfumes—lies in the elaborate system of smuggling which is one of the crying scandals of Germany. French and Belgian luxuries instead of actual necessities are pouring into the country.

The Reds Bid for Ludendorf

The German profiteer balks at no price. He pays five thousand marks for a bottle of brandy, and he would willingly give up fifty thousand for a French frock for his wife or lady love if it were available. He argues that sooner or later confiscation or revolution will get his pile. Most of them have smuggled nest eggs in actual marks out of Germany into Switzerland, Holland or Sweden, so they say, "Why worry?" This is one reason why the mark is down.

The carnival of corrupt extravagance is readily capitalized by the Bolshevist group in Germany in the same way that it is being capitalized by the radicals in England, France and Italy. Every time a *Shieber* is caught with the goods it only adds fuel to the flame of unrest that is sweeping the country. While the profiteers guzzle they simply hasten the red holiday. Communism may be the result.

The revolutionaries are on the job day and night, despite their overthrow last spring. A member of Ludendorf's staff told me that his late chief had been offered five million marks to join the reds. Prussian officers out of a job and who must earn a livelihood are being daily recruited for the Spartacus forces. While I was in Berlin the brother of one of Germany's air aces went over to the reds at a salary of fifty thousand marks a month.

"Where do the Bolshevists in Germany get their money?" you may ask. They get it in precisely the same way that Lenine, Trotzky & Co. get theirs. They make it, and there is no limit to the output of a well-oiled printing press.

Once the reds let loose in Germany there will be no half-hearted business. It is a well-known fact that German Communist murder centers have been organized in Hamburg, Munich, Berlin, Erfurt, Eisenach and Halle. Assassination has become a fine art. It is an interesting commentary on the results of the war that the German radical, who was formerly rather an amiable person, has developed into an extremist who hesitates at nothing. He has his full mate in madness not only throughout Europe but right here in America.

Throughout Germany I found conservative men getting ready for what they considered an inevitable revolution this winter. I noticed, for example, that one man's house was peculiarly bare of furnishings.

When I inquired the reason he replied: "I believe that we are going to have serious uprisings and that some of the cities are likely to be sacked. When the despoilers come they will at least have something to destroy or carry away. I have deposited all my valuables in a safe place in the country."

We now come to the one feature of Germany in transition of largest general interest. Everybody eats, therefore everybody is interested in the cost of living, whether it is in the land of our late antagonists in the field or elsewhere. Food is the universal leveler of all rank.

Immediately after the signing of the Armistice the food scarcity in Germany was acute. Thanks to America the shortage was relieved. When I arrived last September there was apparently an abundance. In Germany as elsewhere you can get what you want to eat if you are willing to pay for it. I discovered this in both the belligerent and neutral countries during the great war. Unfortunately not everyone is able to buy this way. As a consequence there is considerable suffering among the great mass of the German people on account of the excessive rise in the price of commodities. The increase ranges from one hundred to four hundred per cent.

I must confess that when I looked at the menu cards in unoccupied Germany—which is the only place where you can make an adequate measure of actual conditions—I was amazed at the variety and the price. At Frankfort I had an excellent luncheon of meat, vegetables, salad and dessert, with a bottle of mineral water, for forty-five marks. At the rate of exchange that day it represented only about one dollar and fifty cents in American money. When you compare this with our present prices it is almost worth while to take a trip to Germany and save money.

At Frankfort I touched a real German tragedy. It concerns that well-known and time-honored Teutonic institution, the sausage. The lowly frankfurter got its name from Frankfort, yet when I sought to order some in a restaurant there the German who accompanied me said: "I advise you not to eat any sausages. Most of them are made of horse meat and they are unsanitary."

"Where are all the dogs?" I asked.

Whereupon my companion replied, "The edible ones have gone long ago."

Hence it was a case of no frankfurters in Frankfort! It reminded me of war days when I could get no Swiss cheese in Switzerland and no Edam in Holland.

The decline and fall of the sausage is worth more than a passing mention. For hundreds of years the sausage has figured in German song and story. In Konigsberg, for example, at the New Year the butchers presented the bakers with a giant sausage. Back in the year 1558 this annual if unromantic gift was one hundred and fifty feet long and was carried by forty-eight persons. It has almost become a curiosity.

One of the contemporary German jokes about the 1919 sausage runs like this: A man bought a sausage in a Berlin meat shop. The butcher had no paper, so the customer used a subway ticket as a wrapper. When he got home he found he had lost the sausage. It had slipped through the hole punched in the ticket by the train conductor! This is a sample of the German brand of humor, as applied to the *wienerwurst*. Yet it shows that a one-time national staple has ceased to be a bulwark of Fritz's stomach.

The sausage represents only one phase of the food tragedy. Good beer, once the inspiration of German contentment, is as scarce as is morality among the Bolsheviats. The beverage that made Munich famous has practically gone out of the market on account of the scarcity of malt and hops. I drank beer only once in Germany, and that was in a restaurant in Berlin. It was bitter stuff and absolutely unlike the beer that one got before the war.

Hotel Living Costs

In Germany as in any other European country during the war food regulations melt under the magic of money. To illustrate: I took three Americans to a fashionable restaurant in Unter den Linden, where I was told that I could get the best food in the city. The menu was elaborate but contained no beef. When I called the waiter's attention to this fact he leaned over and whispered, "Would you like to have some beef?" I said that such was my desire, and he remarked, "It will be all right, but it must be served to you as chicken."

That dinner, which included hors d'œuvres, some filet of sole, steaks *minute*, pastry for two, Mocha coffee and two bottles of German champagne, cost exactly three hundred and forty marks. At the rate of exchange that day, in American money it represented simply, plus a ten per cent tip, about thirteen dollars. Minus the champagne it would have been only two hundred and sixty marks. When you consider that this was for four people it is astonishingly cheap. At this point you must remember, however, that I had a great advantage over the German in buying because I had exchanged American money for marks at the lowest rate of exchange in German history.

The vagaries of the mark, I might add, which will be dealt with in more detail in the next article, constitute one of the real adventures in Germany to-day. When I was across the Rhine it had ebbed to a valuation of a little more than three cents. Before the war it was worth over twenty-three cents. Convert a hundred-dollar bill into German marks and you feel almost like a millionaire.

Bills for food and lodging whose totals startled the Germans, who can think of the mark only at its prewar value, were as jokes to those who use American and British money. My bill for lodging, breakfast and many incidentals, including laundry for nine days, at the Adlon was approximately five hundred marks. Before the war that would have amounted to one hundred and twenty-five dollars. At the rate of exchange when I paid it it was considerably less than twenty dollars. The collapse of the mark is eloquent evidence of Germany's decline.

When you eat table-d'hôte meals in Berlin, Frankfort, Leipsic, Hamburg or Cologne the overhead cost is not excessive, even from the German point of view. You can get, for example, a satisfactory luncheon consisting of soup, fish, meat and dessert for eighteen marks at either the Adlon Hotel or the Hotel Bristol, the two best-known hostelries in Berlin and at the Atlantic Hotel in Hamburg.

The two rarest things in the German bill of fare to-day are butter and milk. I went for six days without butter for breakfast at the Adlon. On the seventh morning my floor waiter showed up all atremble with excitement. When I asked him the cause he replied, "We have butter this morning."

The great scarcity in milk and butter is due to the shortage of livestock. There was a wholesale slaughter during the war to feed the armies, and under the terms of the Peace Treaty Germany has been compelled to hand over one hundred and forty thousand milch cows to the conquerors. The whole milk supply, as I have already intimated, is reduced about three-quarters. What cows remain are improperly nourished, on account of the absence of oil cakes.

Atrocities of Peace

One of the real atrocities of peace in Germany lurks in the coffeepot. Ask for plain coffee in a German restaurant and you are served with a brown mixture that tastes like a cross between gasoline and bilge water. In order to get something that has the faintest semblance to coffee you must demand Mocha, and even then you get a denatured and highly sterilized product.

Do not get the idea from this swift glimpse into the menus of expensive hotels that my experience is the experience of the great mass of the German people. The hotels and restaurants always have first choice of everything. Go into the German households and there you find a stinted diet and a flat pocketbook, because the price of foods in the shops is little short of appalling. A pound of ham costs nine and a half marks, when it is obtainable; a pound of bacon, five marks; a pound of coffee, fourteen marks; while cocoa sells for seventeen marks a pound.

Fuel goes food one better, or, I should say, one worse. The price of coal has increased in some localities twentyfold. At Kiel manufacturers are paying seven hundred marks a ton for coal that early in 1914 brought twenty marks a ton. This is one reason why industry is paralyzed, why homes are cold, and why, with this lack of one of the essentials of life, the German winter will be one of hardship and possibly worse. The German coal output on the day I left was less than forty per cent of the normal. This tells the whole story.

No less prohibitive are the prices of other necessities. A pair of shoes costs from one hundred and seventy-five to two hundred and fifty marks. An ordinary ready-made shirt that cost ten marks in 1914 now brings eighty marks. Though German wages have gone up they have not risen in proportion to prices, and a mark to the German still represents the prewar value.

Nor must we overlook a humble commodity like soap, which during the war was literally as rare as a jewel and almost as costly. It is still scarce and expensive. In 1917 and 1918 so keen was the demand for soap that men risked their lives and reputations to smuggle a few cakes across the frontier. More than one Allied prisoner of war escaped by bribing his jailers with soap. Very little was manufactured in Germany until recently, on account of the shortage of fats.

I cannot leave this whole problem of food without dealing with a picturesque condition not without its lesson for America. When you receive your bill in a restaurant in Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg or Munich you

will find that ten per cent has been added to the price of what you have consumed or bought. This is the so-called *Trinkgeld*, which is the German word for tip. Since the war the German cooks, waiters and other restaurant servants have formed such an effective organization that they have dictated this compulsory fee. Not only is ten per cent added to your bill in the restaurant but twenty-five per cent is also added to your room account at the hotel, which is supposed to cover the gratuities for valet and chambermaid.

This automatic tipping would be an admirable thing if it ended there, but unfortunately the patron who merely pays his bill, automatic fee included, and leaves the restaurant need not expect gilt-edged service when he returns. According to the rules of the union no waiter or hotel employee has the right to accept a casual or extra fee, but German servants, like all others, are human, and they expect a small gift in addition to the prescribed amount on the bill.

This extra fee, which is added to the bill, is paid to the employees in the shape of an increased wage, and does not go, as the average man would think, into a common pool shared by the help.

The German servant—and by servant I mean all employees of hotels and restaurants—is now the autocrat instead of the meek subservient cog in the work machine that he was before the war. If a waiter, for example, makes himself distasteful or becomes unpopular among his associates they have the right under the new union agreement to demand his dismissal by the employer. No matter how faithful or efficient or popular he may be with the patrons, once the union bans him he must go.

In discussing this situation with me the manager of one of the largest hotels in Berlin said: "The conduct of our establishment, so far as any control of the employees is concerned, has been taken entirely out of our hands. From scullery maid up to our head waiters we must pay the wages prescribed by the union scale and abide by every decision made by our help. A few weeks ago the waiters' committee informed me that one of my oldest waiters must go. When I remonstrated I was told that the whole staff would strike unless I submitted."

The Horrors of Tobacco Famine

Here you get a glimpse of one kind of democratization which is spreading throughout Germany. As never before the worker has a voice in the conduct of all activity that works for a wage. In the hotel organizations, for example, there is a general advisory committee of employees, which consists of a waiter, a porter, a chambermaid and the cook. This body really rules the establishment. In other words, the autocrat has left the breakfast table and sits enthroned in the kitchen.

Closely allied to commodity costs is another really unique situation. I refer to the scarcity of cigars and cigarettes. Germany is suffering from a genuine smoke famine. So keen is the hunger for cigarettes that you can bribe a baron with a package of American army cigarettes. It is no longer necessary to use money to buy your way into the presence of the elect. Hand the watchdog at the door a cigarette and he is your slave for life. The brother of a former member of the German cabinet and himself a financier of high rank asked me if I could sell him two packages of cigarettes. When I made him a present of a packet he said, almost with tears in his eyes: "Command me for any service." A package of cheap British cigarettes, known in the army in France as the "Tommy's delight" and which sells in England for ten cents, brings four marks in Germany. This is typical of all cigarette prices.

Offer a bell boy in a Berlin hotel a piece of money for his service and he will answer, "I would rather have a cigarette." It is hazardous to leave your boots outside your door or your wardrobe unlocked. This invites ordinary theft. The knowledge that you have cigarettes concealed in your room, however, almost marks you for murder.

It is no unusual sight to see a long line of men and women outside a Berlin cigar store waiting for a chance to buy the ration of cigarettes. Like New York and other American cities, Berlin has various chains of cigar stores. One of these groups specializes in cheap goods. Stocks are so low that cigarettes are sold only between nine and ten in the morning. Each customer is allowed only ten cigarettes. Hence the long queues, which begin to form as early as seven o'clock. This regulation is not confined to the cheap shops. On the door of the establishment de luxe of the most expensive tobacconist in Unter den Linden this sign is displayed: "This shop is open only between nine and twelve and three and four o'clock. Cigars and cigarettes are sold only on Saturday between nine and twelve."

Though cigarettes in considerable quantities are made in Germany—the center of the industry is Dresden, where it is controlled by Greeks—the average German prefers a foreign cigarette. Such American and British goods as find their way into the country bring six to eight times the price that they fetch in the United States.

This matter of cigarettes discloses another startling change caused by the war. Before 1914 Germany was essentially a cigar and pipe smoking country. Whenever you saw a portrait of a contented Teuton he was pulling away at a long meerschaum. The war, however, set the German, just as it set the Briton and the Frenchman, to smoking cigarettes. This was natural. Millions of men went into the army. During the long waits in the trenches or behind the lines a short quick smoke became the thing. Men smoked cigarettes who had never touched them before, and they acquired the habit. Last year thirty billion cigarettes were sold in Germany. It is almost double the former consumption.

Good cigars are scarce and costly. Before the war the well-to-do German liked an imported weed, though he did smoke large quantities of Dutch and native cigars. Some cigar prices are almost ridiculous. If you seek a certain premier after-dinner cigar made in Cuba, which sells in the United States for sixty cents, you may possibly be able to get it at a few exclusive restaurants for seventy-five marks. The prewar price in Berlin was four marks.

In one Berlin shop I saw a box of American five-centers that were part of a large consignment of excess A. E. F. Quartermasters' stores sold to the Germans. It still had the American army label on it, which included the army retail price of one dollar for the whole twenty-five. The box was selling in Berlin for exactly fifty marks.

Of course there is still a tremendous consumption of German-made cigars. Most of them come from Hamburg. The native cigar that sold for half a mark or a mark in 1914 now brings six to ten marks, according to size. In connection with these German cigars I can relate rather an interesting incident. I took a German financier to lunch at a well-known restaurant in Berlin. When the coffee was served I handed him an imported cigar. It was out of a box that I had bought in the American canteen at Coblenz.

We talked so long that our cigars were exhausted and I asked the waiter to bring a box of the best German cigars he had. To my astonishment the box he brought was labeled "Graf Bernstorff." On the cover was a picture of Bernstorff, flanked by the German Embassy at Washington on one side and the White House on the other. At the bottom was the reproduction of an American flag. The late German Ambassador to the United States was at least not without honor in his own country because he had had a cigar named for him.

Maximilian Harden

Up to this time I have dealt with Germans in the abstract. Now for the final phase I shall present a concrete personality in Maximilian Harden, the militant journalist whose denunciations of William Hohenzollern landed him in prison on more than one occasion back in the days when lesé majesty was full brother to arson or murder in Germany. I felt that any study of the nation in process of evolution would be incomplete without a talk with the most interesting of all contemporary Teutonic figures.

Harden is the editor of Die Zukunft—The Future—a pugnacious weekly which was suppressed a number of times during the war. The son of a Berlin merchant, he became an actor after his graduation from college, and then turned to writing. There are many people in Germany who think that Harden has never ceased to be an actor. In any event, once he dipped his pen into ink he began to write strong stuff. Harden was among the first to get, as we would say in America, the right dope on the former Kaiser. He arraigned him as a weak self-willed near-degenerate, and was immediately put behind the bars for it.

It was Harden who exposed the nefarious ring round the Kaiser, back in the nineties, which led to a whole moral reform at the German court. Largely because of his criticism of the Hohenzollerns there developed a close friendship between the editor and Bismarck. They agreed on one thing, which was that the deposed Emperor was a royal false alarm.

On an afternoon late in September I motored out to the Grunewald, loveliest of all the Berlin suburbs, to have a look at the man who had so long and so consistently dened the imperial lightning. He lives in a neat flower-embowered villa surrounded by trees. In the library, whose walls were lined with books from floor to ceiling, I got my first glimpse of Harden. He is slight and wiry of figure and nervous of movement. His face looks like a cross between an actor and a scholar. His forehead is broad and his eyes are deep and searching. He speaks in a low, gentle and almost musical voice.

Though Harden understands French and English our conversation was carried on entirely in German. With him as with many other Germans I demonstrated the efficacy of one of the cardinal selling points in big interviewing, namely, that a man is always more at ease and imparts more readily when you talk to him in his native tongue.

I found Harden eager to learn everything possible about the state of the American mind. He not only has a tremendous admiration for President Wilson but declared himself unreservedly in favor of a League of Nations. He designated it as "a vast force for good, part of the hope of the world."

Unlike the rest of his countrymen Harden is of the opinion that the Versailles treaty is a just visitation on Germany. He was the only human being I met within the confines of that former empire who expressed regret over the misdeeds of the German Army and Navy. He believes that the arch criminals who outraged every law of decency should be brought to book, and his list of culprits includes the captains of industry "guilty of attempted destruction of competing wealth."

"How about the trial of the Kaiser?" I asked Harden.

"To try the Kaiser now," was the reply, "would be a mistake, because it would simply make a martyr of a real culprit." He feels, however, that "the German people should not be held responsible for the deeds of the military masters who deluded and fooled them."

"Has real democracy come to Germany?" was my next query.

Harden pondered a moment and then answered, "Not yet, but it is coming. At the present time there are many Germans who want some of the old order as well as some of the new. They cannot have their cake and eat it too. I believe, however, that real democracy is bound to come."

"What has Germany learned from the war?" I asked.

"That she must think of others as well as of herself," was the swift retort.

When we spoke about the future relations between the United States and Germany Harden said, "Though the war hatred must burn itself out I am convinced that in time a new and real relationship will develop between the two countries. Formerly Germany ruthlessly cultivated the United States as a weapon against England. Now she will undertake to cultivate America for her own sake."

To summarize the situation in Germany is to say this: The end of the war found the nation still possessed of a tremendous potential strength. A year of unrest and indecision finds this strength unimpaired but trembling in the balance. Through radical political upheaval it may develop into a serious menace to rehabilitation and permanent peace. Aided but kept under drastic stewardship to prevent abuse of power, it can be converted into a constructive force for world stabilization.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with conditions in Germany. The next will be devoted to the industrial situation.

LET THE SELLER BEWARE!

(Continued from Page 10)

"So I asked every agent one question—'Have you a list of your trucks that have run more than 100,000 miles?'"

"What did they say?"

The purchasing agent laughed.

"A few of them tried to talk me out of an answer. The big majority of them just walked out and never came back. Of the forty or more who had been trying to sell me eight came through with an answer. Four answered that they had no such list. The other four had a roster of trucks that met the test—the Grand people gave me the names and addresses of more than ninety American firms or individuals owning trucks that had run more than 100,000 miles. Some had gone as high as 300,000."

"Um-m-m! Where did the Mileage get off in this test of yours?"

"To tell you the truth, the Mileage agent was one of those that dropped out without another word."

"Isn't that because they've only been making trucks a few years?"

"Probably. But that doesn't interest us, does it? What we want is a proved truck. My idea is to let the other fellow experiment."

"I don't think it would be an experiment with the Mileage truck," the president said with some asperity. "To be blunt, I'd like to try at least two Mileage trucks."

"Is that an order, Mr. Baker?"

"N-no," the president said hesitatingly. He was unaccustomed to this sort of cheek from subordinates and frankly disliked it. On the other hand he had a good deal of respect for his purchasing agent. At last he added, "No, I won't give you any orders. But I'm stating my preferences to you. We'll let it go at that."

The purchasing agent rose.

"You can depend on my using the best judgment I have, Mr. Baker," he said. "Remember that I'm buying the trucks for the company not for myself. If we had an engineering expert in my department——"

"An engineering expert?" the president interrupted testily. "I suppose that's the next thing we'll have to buy you, eh? But what for?"

"Yes, you'll have to come to that," Wiley said, smiling. "And when you have one I'll pass up tests and experiments to him and be able to get you better materials as well as better prices. But as long as we haven't an engineer I'll have to go ahead on judgment. I'll let you know what I find out."

With this information planted to be cultivated later the purchasing agent left. He was in a disagreeable position. He liked the president and the company. But he had been looking for something like this to develop and he rather welcomed the chance to have the thing over with one way or the other. What worried him particularly now was his own mental balance. He knew from experience and the teaching of his former chief, old John Greer of Sharp Steel, that he had not only to resist the appeal the president's wishes made to him in the truck matter but he had also to resist any unconscious tendency in himself toward being antagonized and doing the Mileage an injustice. It would be easy to be influenced toward buying the Mileage by the fact that the president urged it so strongly; it would be even easier to lean backward and adopt an unfriendly attitude that had nothing to do with the merits of the question. As he had ten days in which to make up his mind he took on a short lecture course on mechanics, read textbooks omnivorously and almost ruined his eyes pursuing the academics of motor truck operation. But everything he learned strengthened his early preference for the Grand and he decided to order four of them.

Just before the order was to be given the president sent for him and introduced a salesman.

"This is Mr. Knibbs of the Mileage Motor Car Company, Mr. Wiley," he said.

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FISK CORD TIRES

COMPARISONS reveal visible advantages in Fisk Cord Tires—uncommon in size, good looks and workmanship. But only the travel test of thousands and thousands of miles can reveal the sturdy integrity built into them. The Fisk Ideal makes Fisk Cords inevitable. It is—

"To be the best concern in the world to work for, and the squarest concern in existence to do business with."

Next Time—BUY FISK
From Your Dealer

Lexington

MINUTE MAN SIX

New Model S, Overshadows Previous Successes

THOSE who have been privileged to see the Model S are unanimous in saying it introduces a new era of motor car value and owner-satisfaction.

To list its many advantages, its improved engineering features, original beauty, greater convenience and comfort is inadequate to picture its true worth It is the *sum total* of all these things, conceived and perfected because of their relation to *each other* that gives Model S its margin of superiority.

We wish every car owner could experience the thrill of its powerful, fluent motor: that they could realize the increased power and saving of fuel resulting from our exclusive Moore Multiple Exhaust System and a wonderful new manifold, to handle low grade fuel, that they could operate our new Cable-Brake and see how road roughness does not affect the pedal, and how equally it grips both wheels; that they could use the new 2 Way head lamps, vacuum controlled, getting *full* light for passing cars without blinding others.

It will be a pleasure to acquaint you thoroughly with Model S -write us or see a Lexington dealer.

Its moderate price, $1885, is possible only because of the vast manufacturing facilities allied with Lexington.

Lexington Motor Company, Connersville, Indiana, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 54)

"I've been talking to him about his trucks and he has me more interested than ever."

The purchasing agent looked the president in the eye.

"Are you buying the trucks then?" he asked.

"No, that's why I called you in. I thought you'd like to get into touch with Mr. Knibbs."

"All right, sir. I'll talk to Knibbs."

And he started toward his own office, beckoning to the salesman. The president intervened.

"You don't need to go, Wiley," he said. "I have a little time to spare and I'd like to hear this truck matter threshed out right here."

Wiley turned round abruptly.

"Then let me make the first talk, Mr. Baker," he said quietly. "I was going to take Knibbs into my office and tell him that we didn't want his truck. Now I'll have to tell him here."

The president bristled.

"What's that?"

"I've decided that the company can't afford to buy Mileage trucks and I've made up my mind on an order to another firm."

"What kind are you going to buy?" the president snapped.

"I'm not ready to tell Mr. Knibbs." Wiley smiled.

"Go ahead!" the agent said stiffly. "Don't mind me!"

"But I do mind you, Mr. Knibbs. Supposing that I were negotiating with you and another salesman came to me for information—would you like me to name you and your line to him? Honestly, now?"

"Well, no," the agent replied after a moment's hesitation. "I suppose that if you did he would immediately focus on arguments that would show you where his truck beat mine. And the debate might give him a lot of information I'd rather he didn't have."

"Exactly! I make it a rule, Mr. Baker," the purchasing agent said, turning again to his president, "never to discuss one agent or his commodities or his prices or anything about him with a competitor. The boys know that is my rule and they all like it. It gives everybody an even break and it saves complications."

"It's a good rule, Mr. Wiley," the truck salesman interjected. "And I believe I'm in the way here. If you decide to reopen the truck question, let me know."

And he walked out.

Meantime the president had been fidgeting in his chair. When the visitor was gone he turned rather snappishly to Wiley.

"You'd better clear up this truck question now," he said rather testily.

"I'm ready, Mr. Baker. I don't find a single feature about the Mileage to recommend it to us—there's the long and short of it. I've decided to buy four Grands—in fact, the requisition is written and lying on my desk now."

"Then you'd better tear it up," the president said. He was headstrong and a trifle tempery and this flat opposition galled him. "I had decided to have you buy four Mileage trucks, but I will compromise with you and let you take two of each."

"No, you won't, Mr. Baker," the purchasing agent said. "You'll accept my resignation. I will go back and dictate it at once."

The president stared.

"Do you mean that, Wiley?" he demanded.

"I mean just that, Mr. Baker, and I'll tell you why. Don't think that my trouble is wounded vanity or hurt pride, because I haven't any of either commodity in my system, so far as I know. I think perhaps you've overlooked the importance of something I said to you the first day I was here. I said then that I wanted full authority in my own department. Remember that?"

"Yes, perfectly. But you have practically full authority."

"Practically isn't enough, sir. Let me show you what would happen if you or any department head could tell me what to buy and what not to buy. Understand, I'm always open to suggestion and advice. I don't pretend to know it all. About a great many things the department heads, or even some of your employees, can give me cards and spades. But when it comes to the final decision I'm the lad who has to make it. If you can take details of my work out of my hands, the treasurer can, or the shipper or the factory superintendents. Don't you see? To-day you are wanting to buy trucks—they would want to buy pencils or account books or tires or cans or machines or something. And pretty soon we would be back where we were before I came—without a purchasing agent except in name. And that's what I meant when I first came here and said that I could be of service to the company if I was given authority and backing."

"But I am merely insisting that we have at least two Mileage trucks in our fleet," the president interjected stubbornly.

"I am certain that you would regret it if we bought them," Wiley said instantly. "And if we could both take the time I could prove it to you. I've been studying nothing but trucks for ten days and I've learned quite a little. But even if I thought there was a chance that the Mileage might prove a good investment for us there is a second and very strong reason why I would resign before accepting dictation from you or any official on such a matter."

"I suppose I might as well have it, young man," the president sighed.

"It is this: If the salesmen found out through one isolated instance that the officials of this company could use their influence on me in buying I wouldn't be worth a clerk's salary to you in a month."

The president leaned forward.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that my principal value lies in my buying advantageously and economically over a long period of time, and that ability rests on my complete independence of all kinds of influences. If you are going to pick out our motor trucks you will be the man the motor truck salesmen will set out to sell. And not only that, but the word will go round and tire men, accessory agents, body builders and others will be trying to get to you. That opens the door. And the same thing applies to every department of the company."

"But I wouldn't let them see me."

"You let Knibbs see you."

"Y-yes, but that was because I was interested in Mileage trucks."

"Quite so—this time. But you would have to convince them all of the fact that this was an exceptional case. And as I said before, you've opened the door now. That, however, is not the principal point. The important thing is that salesmen would lose confidence in me at once, and confidence in me is what I have been trying to build up ever since I've been with you. If they thought I was a figurehead they would treat me as a figurehead—and they would be right." He broke off and studied the president for a moment. "Shall I go and write that resignation now, or do you want to hear something about my methods?"

The president smiled.

"We'll let the resignation go for the present. I'd like to have this thing out."

"So should I." The purchasing agent sat down. "I'm not going into the purchasing process very deeply," he said, "but I want you to understand how important it is to you—not to me—to give me free rein. To begin with, there is no department of your business where the personal equation enters so largely as it does into my work. Under the method John Greer taught me every salesman who hopes to do business with this company thinks of only one man here. That man is the purchasing agent. They have to sell that man and they have to do it on terms and with such treatment of him as to keep him sold. The ones who don't operate that way don't sell anything to us and, what's more, they know there is no use in trying.

"I'm in the market all right, provided they've got what we use, that it comes up to standard quality, at a fair price, promptly and just as it is represented to me. Obviously I can't go out and buy—the salesmen have to come to me. Those salesmen have to interest me and convince me. They know it. If I am a crook they find it out in a week. If I'm bull-headed and ignorant they have to think up tricks for getting round me. If they can flatter me into buying they will do it. If they can frighten me or get me panicky they invent wild tales and come in on the run. In other words, they play me like a fish. If they don't sell me they don't sell the company. So I'm the man the salesmen study.

"That puts a big responsibility on me, as you can see. Perhaps you haven't thought of that before. I know that comparatively few business executives realize the extent to which their buyers must be trusted to get the best results. A good many of them would faint if they knew what was going on in their purchasing departments. But every little while there comes a show-down like this one and then the executive has to learn and to decide for himself which system he is going to follow. The question is: Are you going to have a clerk at the head of my department who is a cog in your machine and nothing more, or are you going to have a real department chief who ranks with the other executives? It isn't a question of honor and glory—not a bit of it. It's a question of cold dollars and cents."

"I think I see what you are driving at now—the matter of initiative."

"Absolutely! The matter of making a job that is worth holding and then getting the right man to hold it. Maybe I'm not the man in this case. But whoever he is, he must have authority to match his responsibility and—and his load, we'll call it. I have to be keen, up on the markets, familiar with conditions in a thousand lines of trade, quick on decisions, watchful, easy to get along with and hard to fool.

"But there is another thing I have to be, and that is honest. If I were crooked I could make ten thousand dollars a month in graft right here under your nose. But how long would my graft last? About one month! Because the moment I began to accept bribes or presents or favors from salesmen this company would begin paying for those favors in hard cash and in poor goods. In the second month, moreover, it would begin to pay in increased prices, because the salesman who bribes a buyer expects to get his bribe back in the form of graft for himself or his firm—with interest. I've been at this work ten years now and the only three crooked purchasing agents I have known in that time are now down and out—ruined. It's worth thinking about—from your point of view."

"That's true," the president agreed. "I can see that. Go on with the lecture."

Wiley smiled.

"I don't mean to make it sound like that," he said. "But I believe it will pay to thresh the whole thing out and give you my angle on it.

"I've said that salesmen, when they think of selling anything to this company, think only of selling it to me. That means that there is an immediate and fairly close connection between the salesmen and myself. Those fellows are human. In the past buying was done in a very slipshod fashion. The successful salesman was the good fellow and mixer, the shrewd and clever man, the bright and compelling talker—or the crook. The sales manager's idea of a good salesman was one who could take a stock of shopworn or inferior goods or a line in which the house was heavy and clean it all out by his slick methods.

"Now that is all being changed—by purchasing agents—by the buyers. It is more true every day that honesty and fair dealing are the best policies in business. The men I do the bulk of my buying from are plain, straightforward, quiet fellows who know they can trust me to keep my word with them, who know what I want in the way of quality and who don't waste any time offering me poor goods or making me high prices. On the other hand, they are the kind of fellows I know I can trust. Mutually we are on this basis—truth telling, fair prices, prompt deliveries and ready accommodation on their side; fair treatment, an even break, prompt payment and friendly interest and appreciation on mine.

"My experience with Sharp Steel taught me a lot about the salesmen one has to avoid. When I came to you I met most of my old acquaintances and a good many new ones. In the last few months I have found only four men I couldn't trust. They don't call any more. But not a single salesman or agent has quit me yet because he couldn't trust me. That's the extent of the human equation in buying. Am I talking too much?"

The president shook his head.

"Go on," he said. "I'm listening."

"I'm about through. I had to lay a foundation, as the lawyers say. If you are willing to concede the correctness of my system you will have to go a step further and agree that the whole thing falls to the ground if the salesman has reason to believe that I am only a straw man. Once or twice department heads here have tried to order goods or induce me to, but I've put my foot down. They don't try it twice. And now the salesmen never think of trying any other method of selling than the direct one of walking into my office and stating their proposition—showing their goods.

"Can't you see, Mr. Baker, that I must do the buying or else get out? If Knibbs here thought that you were buying trucks instead of me he would not only come to you for business but he would pass the word outside that I was only a straw buyer. If I told Wentworth of the Sellit Paper and Box Company that I would pay only two-fifty a thousand for cartons, his first hunch would be to appeal to you. If he couldn't get you he might try Meekins or Short or some of those fellows in the producing department. And my grip would slip. Now I can say to Wentworth, 'I'll pay two-fifty a thousand for butter cartons and not one penny more. Take it or leave it.' And the chances are that he will take it. But if he thinks a final answer can be got somewhere else he will hedge a while and then slip out to see how best to build a shoofly track round me.

"The whole thing comes down to this—more than anywhere else in your business you can't split authority in buying."

The president leaned back in his swivel-chair.

"I begin to see, Wiley," he said frankly. "And I think we'll buy four Grand trucks. Does that satisfy you?"

Wiley flushed.

"Don't misunderstand me, Mr. Baker," he said. "It isn't for the sake of satisfying me that I want you to pull out on the truck matter. I haven't even touched on the relative merits of the two ——"

The president broke into a laugh.

"No, you haven't," he cried, "and you're not going to! You're too fast a talker for me. Run along and operate your own department in your own way. And when I want your resignation I'll let you know. Good afternoon—and good luck to you!"

So the truck incident was closed—almost. Parenthetically it may be remarked that about a year later the president found on his desk a clipping reporting that the Mileage Motor Car Company had suspended its truck line because they had not been successful in bringing trucks up to the standards they had set and maintained for their passenger vehicles. President Baker smiled a little and sent for the transportation manager.

"Doane," he said, "we bought four Grand trucks about a year ago. I've been wondering lately how they have stood up for you."

The hard-boiled manager grinned.

"I'd hate to have you think I was getting paid for boosting," he said, "but the truth is that those Grands are the best investment we ever made. Only one of the four has ever been in the shop and that one was hit by another car—and dented. All four of them have run round fifteen thousand miles and they look to me to be good for ten years' more service."

"Thanks, Doane," the president said. "That's what I wanted to know."

President Baker picked up the clipping and wrote on the margin, "What's the matter—someone monkeying with your authority again?—J. B. B."

Then he sent it to the purchasing agent's desk. He thought he knew where the clipping had come from—and he was right.

In the meantime, however, many things had happened to increase the president's respect for his buyer. Shortly after the latter's threat to resign he walked into the office of the president with an anxious face and said abruptly, "Chief, do you know that there is a big labor strike coming that may tie us up tight ten days after it starts?"

The president laughed.

"That's a little off your beat, isn't it, Wiley?" he inquired good-naturedly. "What sort of strike are you prophesying?"

"Railroads. It may blow over, but it looks ominous to me now."

"You are making a mountain of trouble out of the molehill of labor agitation, son. If we believed everything we heard ——"

"No, this time it's the real thing."

"What makes you think so?"

"I get it through the purchasing agents' association. I've just heard this morning that the New Iron Works have ordered and stored coke and pig iron enough to run them for three months."

"Well?"

"Who owns the New plants, chief?"

"The Jacksons, I suppose."

"Backed by the railroad. You've guessed that, haven't you?"

"Um-m-m! I see! You think they have been forewarned?"

"I'm sure of it. And I want to stretch my authority a little and buy for a year ahead if necessary."

"A year is a long time, Wiley."

"Not so long, if we are running at full capacity, as a month would be if we were shut down."

"There's something in that."

"And if we were cut off from our raw-material supplies, even for a few days, we should be hamstrung. Another thing that I've figured is that most prices are going to go up—at least they are not going to go down. You know the state of the labor market. Wages are up to stay for the present. Everything in the world of business points to high levels. And so I figure that we couldn't lose much by buying, even if the transportation strike doesn't materialize."

"I'll leave it to you, Wiley," the president said. "But I think you are mistaken about the tie-up."

The purchasing agent went out and took off his coat. In ten minutes his office was humming like a top. Three weeks later a local railroad yard strike began suddenly and spread soon over the whole state. Manufacturers who had been caught napping went into the air. Purchasing agents everywhere began running for cover. Salesmen, jobbers, importers and producers of raw materials had to lock themselves in their offices to keep importunate buyers from mobbing them. The big manufacturing centers of the city were practically paralyzed.

But Purchasing Agent Wiley sat back and smiled at their woe. His own company was running to capacity. On the second day of the strike President Baker returned from a week's inspection trip by auto and the first man he sought was Wiley.

"Well, you were right!" he boomed. "But that doesn't make me feel much better. It was all right to order ahead, but how about deliveries? How long can you keep us going with the supplies on hand?"

Wiley leaned back in his chair.

"At capacity you can run for three months," he said calmly. "At our normal rate of production you could keep going without a pound of essential supplies coming in for five months."

"But, good Lord, man," the president cried, "where are you going to get the raw stuff? Where are our cartons and boxes and containers coming from—not to mention other supplies? How about chemicals? And tins? And the thing that worries me most is fuel oil!"

Wiley still smiled.

"You remember my asking you for more authority a little while back?"

"Of course I do! But that was for long-time contracts—it doesn't help deliveries on those contracts."

"I stretched my authority a little. Maybe I cheated, but I took the chance." He pulled four large photographs from a drawer and laid them out. "Do you recognize those buildings?"

"Yes—the Stone & Garrett warehouses and the one at Mission Street and the Delta. What about 'em?"

"We have a year's lease on these warehouses. For almost a month I've been cramming stuff into them by the carload. That's where our working supplies will come from as long as the strike lasts."

The president dropped into a chair and wiped his forehead.

"Well, son, you do beat time!" he exclaimed admiringly. "But what would you have done if there had been no strike? You would have been stocked up with ——"

"On five minor lines—yes—I would have been stung. But compared with the whole list my losses would have been as a bag of peanuts to a shipload of wheat. Everything I have in those warehouses except the five small lines I mentioned has gone up a few notches since I bought and most everything is still climbing. I was figuring just the other day that I could sell any time now on a rising market and net $25,000 on the deal."

The president shook his head mournfully.

"You youngsters are too fast for me," he complained—"altogether too fast! There's going to be a new president some day soon—the directors will pick up one of you youngsters and I'll be shelved! No, you're too speedy for my time!"

As it turned out the strike was broken in a few days and Wiley did sell a part of his hoarded supplies. But after a conference with the president it was decided to hold most of the materials as a sort of industrial insurance against strikes, tie-ups, disaster and delayed deliveries, and from that time forward there was always a sufficient amount of material on hand to prevent a serious impediment in production in the factory. And the important thing was that not a moment was lost by the company and all its many employees went steadily on with their work at high wages when thousands of others were laid off for a few days or weeks before their employers could readjust themselves to the situation. It was after that experience that President Baker began to refer to the purchasing agent's office as "the heart of the plant." And that, as he always insisted, was exactly what it was.

"Wiley keeps us going—operation, manufacture, raw materials, finished product, sales force and even the executive offices," he would say. "And when the rest of us are marking time or are held up he keeps right on storing up energy for our next spurt. His little office is the heart of the business and when he wants anything I'm going to see that he gets it."

One day at his club a big paper jobber crossed to him, holding out a hand.

"I want to congratulate you on shaking us down last week, Baker," he said laughingly.

"How was that?" the president asked guardedly.

"You don't mean to say you haven't heard of what that smart young buyer of yours did to us? It's the talk of Paper Row."

"I'm afraid I've missed something," Baker said.

"Is your house in the habit of buying a hundred thousand dollars' worth of paper without a conference on it?" the jobber asked incredulously.

"We're in the habit of buying about a million dollars' worth of goods a quarter without a conference on anything. Wiley buys for us—*carte blanche*. So you will have to tell me the story."

The jobber sat down.

"I didn't know that any purchasing agent in this city had that sort of authority except John Greer of Sharp Steel. Oh, I remember—your man Wiley came from Sharp, didn't he? Well, that explains that. About the paper—the story is that the six big paper men of this territory had a meeting a while back and talked over prices. We didn't fix them, you understand—just had a sort of gentlemen's agreement about throat cutting."

"I understand," Baker said dryly.

"Well, I don't suppose you believe me, but we'll let that go. At any rate we heard that your man Wiley wanted a big lot of paper. I sent a salesman over to see him and told him to quote our best price as round $115,000. Of course the other five dealers got in with their bids in a hurry. But nothing happened.

"A week went by and I sent our man up again. He asked Wiley what had been done about the paper order and Wiley just looked him in the eye and said, 'I can't tell you much, Summers. But I will say this—your firm is too high!'

"Summers tried to get him to tell him more, but Wiley closed up. The salesman came back and I began to scratch gravel. I concluded that you had got a better bid from some of the other fellows and that made me sore. I figured the job all over again and finally sent Summers back to quote your buyer a price of $100,000 for the order. Wiley shook his head. 'That's still too high, Summers,' he said. Summers asked him if that meant that someone was underbidding us and Wiley refused to talk. To make a long story short, I finally decided that one of our competitors was knifing us and I shaved clear to the bone and offered Wiley the paper for $96,000.

"The deal was closed last week with the People's Paper Mills—at a price round $92,000. Afterward I happened to meet some of the other men in the Big Six. We were all suspicious of each other, but we got to talking things over and presently we found that we had been outbluffed by the best poker player in the city—your man Wiley."

President Baker smiled.

"How do you mean, Nixon?" he asked.

"I mean that Wiley had forced us into showing our hands just by standing pat. We discovered that he had taken our bids as fast as they came in and stuffed them into a drawer. He had kept his mouth shut and waited. Pretty soon our salesmen began to drop in on him one after another, and he told each of them exactly what he had told my man, Summers—'You're too high.' And that's all he would say. Of course each of us thought that the others were cutting prices and each of us edged down a shade. When he had us at bedrock he took the lowest offer. And then he laughed at us—laughed in our faces. I sent our salesman over to ask what the game was and he came back with this message: 'Tell Nixon that I've been suspecting for a year that you jobbers were in a combine and now I know it. Give the Big Six my love!'"

President Baker laughed heartily.

"Busted you wide open!" he exclaimed. "I'll bet you haven't spoken to one another since! And it serves you right! You were busted, weren't you?"

The other man nodded gloomily.

"Yes," he acknowledged. "The combination, or gentlemen's agreement, or whatever you want to call it, is no more. It's defunct, deceased, dead and buried! Each of those other fellows is sure I'm a crook and I know all of them are—and so we've just quit playing in the same back yard. But that buyer of yours must be a wonder. If you ever get through with him, Baker, I wish you'd let me know. I'd like to have him on my payroll."

Later President Baker made an occasion to speak to Wiley about the paper deal. Wiley laughed.

"Oh, I knew they were jockeying with prices somewhere," he said. "The raw-material market, as I get it from trade journals and other sources, has been fluctuating a good deal; but the prices these road agents were asking were too uniform. That made me suspicious and I laid for them. I'm glad they smashed."

The president agreed.

"But won't this incident make hard feelings among the paper salesmen?" he asked. "Will they ever forgive you?"

"Why not?" Wiley demanded promptly. "I'm buying paper and they are trying to sell it. I didn't deceive them, even by implication. The trouble with them was that they were in a crooked deal and their consciences hurt and they suspected one another. As a matter of fact, I've made two stanch friends—the salesman I finally bought from and who had never had such a big order in his life before, and Mr. Nixon's salesman, Summers, because Summers hated the combination and was being kept out of some of his best business by it. Don't worry about paper, Mr. Baker—we've got them eating out of our hands now!"

"You talked to me once about your buying methods, Wiley," the president said. "Tell me what your experience has been lately. I'm interested."

Wiley thought a minute.

"There has been some change in the last year or two," he said then. "Salesmen are getting easier to handle—more reasonable and businesslike and less shrewd and smart. They know me and my ways now. They know my three hard-and-fast rules."

"What are those?"

"One is—give me your best price first. Only in exceptional cases, like that of the paper deal, will I buy from a man who tries me out with a high price and then allows himself to be beaten down."

"I see. But don't they take advantage of that rule to hold you up?"

"Not more than once. I've been trimmed once or twice, but the men who did the trimming don't come back for more business. And one sale doesn't make a salesman."

"There's something in that. Go on."

"Rule two—if you sell me poor goods or fool me on price or quantity or deliveries don't come back into the office."

"That's a good one—if they respect it."

"They do. I'll tell you a story about that in a minute—about soda ash. My third rule is—if you want me for a steady customer convince me that you are a dependable source of supply."

"What does that mean exactly?"

"This: Every purchasing agent has an ideal—to find sources of supply on which he can depend year in and year out, unfailingly and without interruption or trouble. By that I do not mean only a source of supply that gives us good goods at fair prices; I mean a source that has the organization and machinery and reputation and a tradition that will keep it being dependable continuously. Of course I'm only talking about an ideal condition, because the biggest and strongest concern in the world will have its dependability interrupted once in a while by strikes, transportation troubles, a shortage of raw materials, or something that no human agency can foresee or prevent. Nevertheless there are a large number of big concerns—and an increasingly large number of smaller ones—that depend for their success and standing on keeping the supply coming steadily. That's the first thing the purchasing agent asks about.

"There is another factor that enters into dependability of supply source. Of course there is fair dealing and good faith—but the thing that is often overlooked is intelligent business. For instance, there is a certain national corporation handling goods that we need. On one item—something like fifty thousand dollars' worth a year for us—I have never been able to buy a pound from them. That is because what they are offering me is very close to what I want instead of exactly what I want. I've looked the matter up and talked it over with engineers and they say that the big company could make a slight change in their mixture and meet my specifications without a dollar's expense. Do they do it? They do not! They have been trying ever since I've been here to sell me, not by doing what I want them to do but by arguing me out of my position. They have had more experts and smooth salesmen up here for that purpose than I could give time to. They are just determined to convince me that I don't know what I want. That doesn't go. I happen to know what I want, and why, and I've demonstrated that I can get the commodity and that it does all I demand of it. And yet my friends of the big company are still arguing. So far they've failed to get anywhere and they are going to continue to fail as long as I keep my health."

"But you buy other goods from them?"

"No, that's the point. In many lines they have what I want. But I don't consider them a dependable source of supply for anything—because they are an unintelligent source. Consequently I am prejudiced against all their goods."

The president grunted. "What was it you were going to tell about the salesman who violated your second rule?"

"Oh if you double-cross me don't come back for more business? That was French with his soda ash. Last July I bought a small order of soda ash from French of the Awon Chemical Company. Two months later French came in and urged me to take on a large contract. He said the price was going up and that I had better get in while I could. The price he named was three cents a pound on five hundred barrels.

"I objected that I didn't want that much ash—that all I cared to sign up for was enough to carry me to the first of the year.

"'That's all right,' French said, 'you take what you want under this contract and we'll take off your hands any you have left.'

"I took him at his word and when the first of the year came round I still had about ninety barrels of soda ash coming to me under the contract from the Awon people. I wrote them, reminding them of French's promise and telling them that I wanted the contract canceled. My reason was that the market had broken in the meantime and I could buy cheaper soda ash. The Awon flatly repudiated French's agreement, so I took my extra soda ash, paid up and shut up."

"What happened then?"

"What happened in connection with my rule is that French came in shortly afterward with a dandy price on chemicals that we needed, but I wouldn't even listen to him.

"He couldn't understand me. 'Do you mean to say you'd hold a grudge over a little thing like a hundred barrels of soda ash?' he asked me.

"'No, French,' I said, 'life is too short to hold a grudge over soda ash in any amount at any price. But a grudge is a cheap bargain for me if it reminds me that a man or a company thinks more of a little thing like a hundred barrels of soda ash than it thinks of its own word.'

"French didn't have another remark to make on the subject. As it happens, that wasn't the end of the incident either."

"What happened?" the president asked.

"I put my extra soda ash in storage and within a few weeks the market took a sudden upward slant. I happened to hear at the Purchasing Agents' Association rooms one day that Morton of the Tinker Cannery Company wanted soda ash. I told him that I might spare him a hundred barrels if he would let me know the best price he could get from the salesmen. A day or so later he called up to say that French was offering him what he needed at three-twenty.

"I sold Morton at three-ten, which shaved the market close, and French is still wondering what hit him. Some day I'll tell him."

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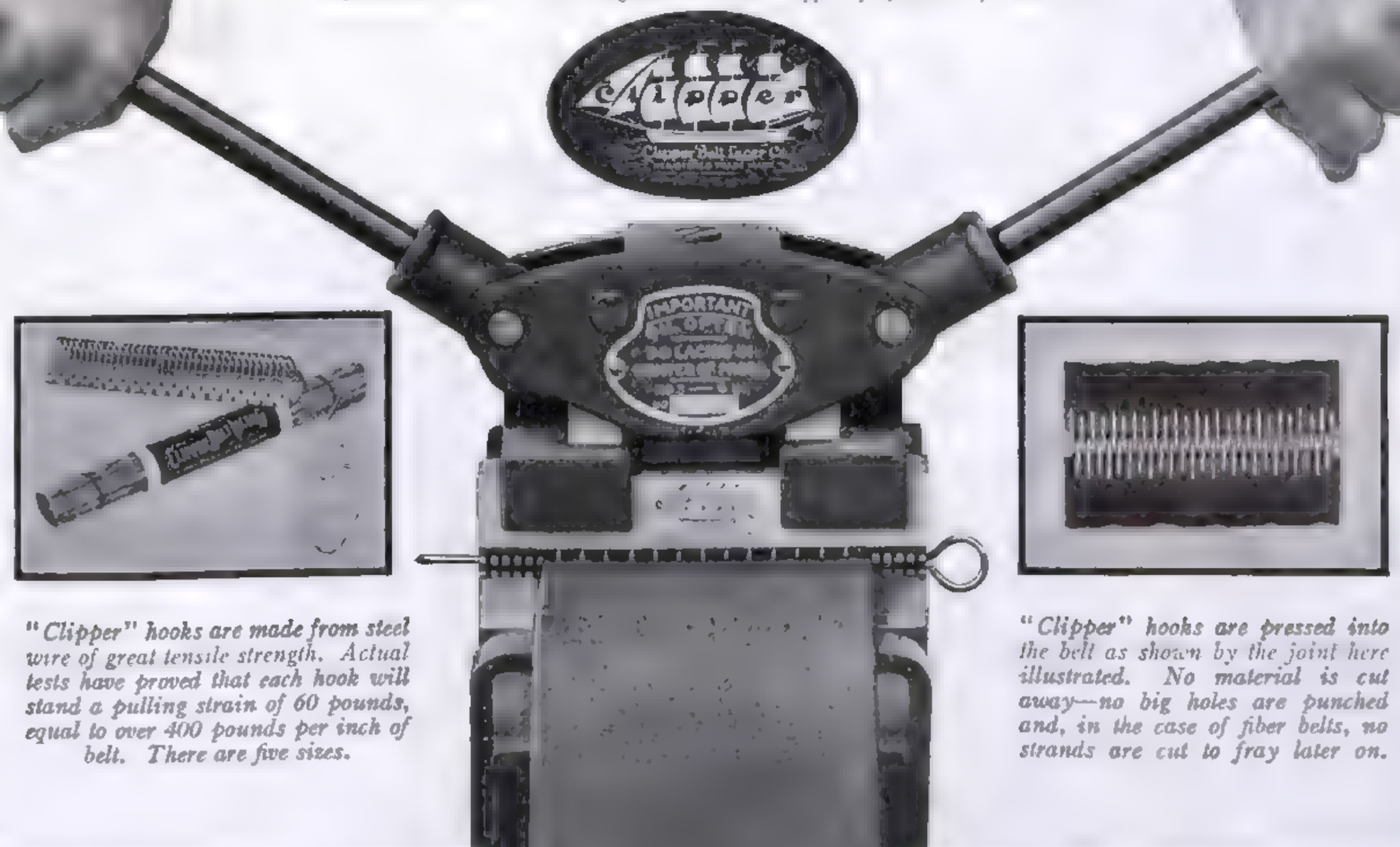

"Clipper" hooks are made from steel wire of great tensile strength. Actual tests have proved that each hook will stand a pulling strain of 60 pounds, equal to over 400 pounds per inch of belt. There are five sizes.

"Clipper" hooks are pressed into the belt as shown by the joint here illustrated. No material is cut away—no big holes are punched and, in the case of fiber belts, no strands are cut to fray later on.

Clipper Belt Lacer Company

GRAND. RAPIDS, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

LONDON, ENGLAND—No. 10 NORFOLK STREET

BIG PEOPLE

Continued from Page 5

"I mean opportunities, openings, chances to do better for myself than I've ever dreamed of doing before. Oh, I've got irons in the fire, don't you worry! Incidentally," he added with marked gratification, "the thing I'm thinking about, the one I think I'll take, will bring me right here to live—in little old New York."

His eyes beamed upon her. She was thrilled with his news.

"Oh, Russell, that makes me happy! You don't know how much I've thought about that—wondered if it was going to be hard for you to ——"

"Not on your life! It's one of the easiest things I do nowadays. Why, Fanny, I'm not quite the callow youth, without influence or position and never knowing where his next dollar was coming from, that told you good-by in 1917. Things have happened to me. You'll see!"

And then, leaning forward under the eye of hovering waiters, he said movingly in a changed tone: "How would—wouldn't you like to live in New York?"

"I? My dear! It's something I've never thought of."

"I'm asking you to think of it now. Fanny, you haven't forgotten the last conversation we had before I went away?"

Coloring, she answered lightly with some loss of ease:

"Women have long memories for some things, they say. Never breathe a word to them that you aren't prepared to stick to! But now—I'm simply dying to hear about your irons in the fire and how you got them and everything!"

He accepted the gentle postponement; glanced at his wrist watch, cautioned the waiter to show more celerity and went on with happy absorption.

"Well, you see, it was bull luck from my standpoint, Fanny, because I hadn't pulled any wires, but just went where they sent me—but the 300th was full of the most wonderful fellows. Everybody used to comment on it. Sons of some of the biggest men in the United States were my messmates—Sterter, Bradford, Fielding, Honeykamp and so on—and everyone a prince. Why, I was about the only officer in the regiment that had less than a million dollars—it's a fact!

"Well, naturally we all got thicker than thieves before we were through and, of course, it was an awfully good thing—a broadening thing—for me. I'd simply never had the chance to associate with men like that before, the life I'd led in Caledonia, and I tell you it was like opening up a new world! And yet at the same time, Fanny, it was like finding myself too. I think you understand what I'm trying to say. And then when I was banged up and got the ribbon—well it looked as if people couldn't do enough for me. It certainly was gratifying the way all my friends stood by me and came right up to the scratch. But the thing that attracts me most—the proposition I was speaking of—comes from Tom Bradford, who's one of the best friends I've got. He's ——"

"Oh, I remember Tom Bradford! You've often mentioned him in your letters."

"Well, you know who he is then—only son of old Joshua himself and a perfectly wonderful fellow. Incidentally Tom has a wad of his own from his grandmother—she was a Hardcastle from Butte. Well, Tom was in my company through it all from the camp days and we took a shine to each other from the start. He and I used to —— Well, for crime's sake! If there isn't General Wattrous! Look, Fanny!"

His stare directed attention to an elderly officer, who with a party of women was just being seated at a flower-decorated table some distance away. Very short in stature, this eye-catching son of Mars could hardly have tipped the beam at less than two hundred pounds. His figure was a hogshead's, his walk a waddle and he had a face that reminded Fanny of nothing so much as a gargoyle painted red. Nor was his case helped in contrast by the fact that the three women who accompanied him were all young, tall and beautiful.

"Russell, I never saw such a little Gila monster!"

Captain March, putting down his napkin, looked mildly shocked.

"Sh! Why, that's the great Wattrous! That's G—20! They call him the brains of the Army."

"Well, I'm glad to know he has brains!"

But the young man said: "I must pay my respects, Fanny—excuse me a minute. I know the old boy personally."

And he went away among the gleaming tables, limping badly without his stick, yet by no means robbed of his lean young grace. Many eyes followed him besides her own.

Fanny watched her soldier come smartly to attention at the elbow of his general. It was noted that the obese hero was in no haste to recognize his caller. When at last he glanced up from the menu he was studying his face wore a visible scowl, which was not observed to soften as the little pig-eyes rested upon Russell. Plain as day that look said over the spaces: "What the devil do you mean by speaking to Me?"

Apparently Russell, handsome and smiling, had to recall himself to the brains of the Army and apparently it took time. At length the old gargoyle was seen to nod a time or two and his look lightened a little—or rather his air of utter loathing relaxed by a mere trifle. Fanny considered that Russell should now have turned on his heel with the coldest dignity. On the contrary he stood there, soldierly and respectful but quite at ease, for several minutes, making a series of obviously amiable remarks in which by polite glances he seemed to include the ladies of the party—to whom he had not been introduced. The general appeared to respond to these civilities almost exclusively by jerking motions of his close-shaven poll. His attention remained with the official in a morning coat who was receiving the noble order.

The chief petty officer was not unfamiliar with the ways and manners of military caste. Still when Russell came back to her, having withdrawn from his respects with unruffled ease and perfect bows, she could not forbear to say, "I never saw anything as rude as that little monstrosity in my life!"

Russell laughed unaffectedly, and yet it was clear that her point of view surprised him too.

"Why, Fanny, that man couldn't be rude to me if he tried. I once heard a colonel say that to be kicked by Old Watty was an honor."

"I don't care! I think he's horrid!"

"He's got a right to be! What he says goes along the Front, let me tell you. Why, you know how it is in the Army, Fanny! The younger men all plume themselves if they have even a speaking acquaintance with any of the general officers, the really big men. It's considered an honor to say how-de-do to them—and incidentally it helps you sometimes, you bet! As a matter of fact, by a stroke of luck I was able to do General Wattrous a mighty good turn once."

"Oh, were you?"

He nodded with a full mouth.

"Found a bed for him one snowy night when his car broke down and when you might say there wasn't any bed. Just back of Dègremont, it was. He remembered about it just as soon as I reminded him of it."

"Dègremont? Wasn't that where you first went into the line, Russell?"

"It was that—just out the night I met Old Watty. Brigaded for three weeks with the British in what they called a quiet sector. Whew!"

Fanny prompted fearfully, and yet eagerly too: "Was it so—so very bad?"

"I'll say it was!" said Russell, and laughed. "Half an hour after we got in the first night my company was gassed all to pieces. Evacuated twenty-two men before morning. Second night the boches pulled a fierce raid to get acquainted—killed seven and grabbed four. Third night they bombarded and charged us three times. Fourth night they gave us large-caliber shells right along from dark to dawn. That's where Fritz Honeykamp got it, poor chap. Lying right next to me in the dugout, he was—head blown right off his shoulders. Jimmy Sterter got a nasty slash that night too. By the way, Bal Jaspar told me that Jimmy's in town with his new wife. I was sort of hoping we might run into them here or somewhere. I'd certainly like you to meet him. He's Sterter Steel, you know—a regular prince and one of my best friends. Rush along the dessert, waiter. My time's short."

Fanny thought his matter-of-factness splendid, and was ready to hear more; nay, she thirsted to hear more. But the talk inevitably slanted into more personal fields and flowed discursively. Bolting his artichoke to make up for lost time, Russell presently recaptured the thread where General Wattrous had broken it.

"It was this way, Fanny—you'll be so interested: You know, they gave me four days' leave last month as soon as I began to hobble round. Well, I have a little influence in the right places, the boys say—my opportunities were pretty good, you see, and I didn't neglect them—so I arranged for Tom Bradford to get leave at the same time. He and I and Harry Brooks went up to Paris together and I'll admit we had a time! Well, you see, Tom would never have had the nerve even to ask for leave, he's had so much, and so he felt awfully grateful to me. Insisted on paying all expenses—wouldn't let me buy a newspaper—and that's another reason I'm so flush to-day!

"Well, one night we got to talking about the future and the boys asked me what I was going to do. I told them I had several irons in the fire—from Jimmy Sterter and Johnson Fielding, for instance—but nothing absolutely definite had materialized so far, so I didn't know. Check, waiter! And then Tom spoke up and said, just as if it was something we'd often discussed: 'That's all settled, Russ. You're coming with Bradford and Vermilye in New York. My old man will fix you up. You leave it to me.' Tell the truth, I had sort of looked for something of the sort and maybe had thrown out a feeler or two, but I hadn't expected it and you could have knocked me down with a salted almond.

"Well then, Fanny, I asked him frankly what kind of position he had in mind, and he said, with my record as a soldier and my bad leg, I had a right to expect something pretty good. Said trust him for that—said he'd write to his father as soon as he got back to billets. Think, Fanny! Bradford and Vermilye!"

"It's glorious!"

"Check, waiter! Yes—right away! And you expected me to go to counting pay rolls again in Caledonia!"

The luncheon was over; they must hurry on upon the soldier's lively schedule. Drawing on her gloves and glancing over the glittering scene, Fanny thought of Washington and reflected that this first leave together was all too short. She also suddenly surprised the dim thought floating somewhere by: "Goodness, what a lot of social activity there is in the Army! I'd no idea!"

But she brushed away that fancy as somehow vaguely disloyal.

"What are we going to see, Russell?"

"Best musical show in town. Almost impossible to get in. Bill Jaspar had to bribe the agency to find me tickets."

The check came on wings. Inadvertently catching sight of the red-ink notation—scrawled in strange, Frenchy, hardly legible figures as it was—Fanny was mildly staggered. The host for his part disdained to glance at the items. On the contrary he won actual gratitude from the blasé waiter and rewarded the coöperating captain with a second bank note, saying carelessly, "Everything was very nice." Then at her round gaze he added gaily:

"It pays, Fanny. Remember, I expect to live in this town. Next time that fellow'll know me. We'll take a taxi."

She had been conscious of grudging to the theater solid hours that might have been spent in a hansom cab or on a bus top or even in the hotel library—just talking and talking. But this, of course, was Russell's day and she was happy in his good pleasure.

The best musical show had run to packed houses all summer and seemed good for another year or two at least. Its title was, Oh, Maria, Why Did You Kiss Him?—and to its composition nine musicians, lyricists and librettists had contributed their hard technique. Moreover the story to begin with—so the program said—had been "adapted from the French of Philippe Nocère." The cast included six beautiful show girls, thirty-two not quite so beautiful damsels of the chorus and twelve chorines for whom beauty would scarcely have been claimed by their own mothers. It also had a prima donna with a piano limb and an interestingly mobile diaphragm, and a comedian who relied largely on humorous paint and facial exploits for his fascination, and demonstrated his success by saluting all the show girls twice in each act.

Only this morning Fanny had feared to find her soldier over-sobered and saddened; she saw him now in the highest spirits. He was boyishly pleased by everything; the damsels delighted him; even the chorines, in the act in which four of them danced together, drew a word of cordial praise. His infectious laughter rang through the place. At one point—the scene in which the comedian, intoxicated upon a patent medicine, mistakes the prime minister for a donkey and tries to ride him into the women's quarters of the palace—he became so convulsed that the great actor himself noticed it and remarked to the conductor: "Don't make me laugh like that, doc. My mother-in-law is alive and hearty."

In the darkened house the girl looked often at his merry bronzed face. Her heart warmed to him.

The last intermission proving a long one, conversation about other matters than the play became possible. Eager to have him understand everything, to catch up fully on these fifteen months, Fanny turned the talk upon herself, supplying neglected details of her life and work in Washington; of the office routine and Mr. Charles; of her scorn of men who had chosen desk work and kept happy; of the boarding house and the lonesome evenings and the girls in the house, fellow war workers, some of whom went to lengths to escape that lonesomeness; of Harold Barstow from home in the Fuel Administration, a nice man—though stupid—who usually "took her out" on Sunday afternoons. And Captain March listened to everything with unaffected interest.

"You'll laugh, Russell, but I'm really doing more and more responsible work all the time. It makes me feel sometimes almost as if I were helping a little. That keeps one up. And personally, of course, the whole experience has been a wonderful one for me. I feel—it seems to me—that I must have gained a lot from it. And then ——"

"Just how do you mean, Fanny?"

"Well," said she, a little embarrassed, "you see, I'd never worked before, done anything real; never even thought or felt very much in a—a grown-up way; never had any experience at all. I think I've learned a lot and may be grown a little—wiser. Anyway—for better or worse—I sometimes feel that I'm simply not at all the same person I was two years ago."

He looked so unsettled at that, as if he sensed a personal implication somewhere, that she explained at once gently:

"Just as you can never be quite the same, Russell dear, or anybody who has really been through it—if only in their feelings."

"Oh! I see! Yes, you're right there. I know I've changed—a lot. I look back sometimes ——"

A wild blare from the orchestra announcing the opening *ensemble* for the act drowned out his words. When the curtain fell again, terminating Maria, Fanny noted with a start that it was five o'clock.

Russell's train left at ten-twenty-five. He expected other leaves; in fact once his hospital connection was established and his knee duly reexamined and docketed—for the wounds from the operation had never yet healed—he hoped to find himself free to come and go pretty much as he wished. But their time of remeeting, which she had anticipated with so peculiar a poignancy, was fast running out, and she was troubled with vague dissatisfactions.

And then as her thought jumped forward to the quiet tête-à-tête over the tea table, when at last Russell would really begin to talk to her, there came a new digression—and an unlucky one. Emerging into the jam and jostle of the lobby, they ran full into a fellow officer of Russell's, a stout young man with a simple red countenance and notable vocal cords, who cried aloud with starting eyes:

"Jumping Judas! Ethel, here's Rusty March!"

Fanny's heart instantly sank. Curiously enough, just such a contingency had flitted across her mind at the lunch table. She knew who this officer and Ethel were without introductions—none other than Jimmy Sterter of Sterter Steel and his expensive-looking young wife—married, Fanny soon

(Continued on Page 63)

Twill-not *Drill*-for Lee Union-Alls

"I never owned work clothing that has worn like this suit."

Dealers all over the country hear this remark repeatedly about LEE UNION-ALLS. And one of the big reasons is that the khaki in LEE UNION-ALLS is a high count *Twill*—not a *Drill*. This means there are 108 warp threads to each inch. These warp threads are woven three over each filling thread like this:

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You can depend on all Kantleek Rubber Goods. The line includes Syringes, Ice Caps, Face Bottles, Bulb Syringes, Breast Pumps, etc. Prices from 40c. to $4.75.

(Continued from Page 60)

learned, since Lieutenant Sterter's return, invalided, in October.

The two officers, who had not met since spring, were obviously delighted to see each other. It was only too clear that they would not separate easily. After the first burst of "When did you get over?" "How much leave you got?" "Where're you staying here?" the inevitable question followed: "What're you doing now?" Lieutenant Sterter, having put the query, answered it himself, as it were: "Trotting on to the Biltmore for tea. You come right along!"

"No, we're going to the Plaza," laughed Russell with a glance at Fanny. But he was obliged to add: "Why don't you come with us?"

"Can't be done—asked you first! You'll do us the favor, won't you, Miss Hardy? Course you will—make her, Ethel." The intriguing-looking girl stated briefly: "Oh, surely, you will join us," while Mr. Sterter was heard to chuckle to Russell aside: "Better not say no, old cockalorum! Got something werry good for you upstairs."

It was so settled, of course. The four young people bowled away together in a taxi, which it seemed—the prodigal Sterters kept chartered by the day.

The best that Fanny could say for the improvised square party that followed was that it didn't last very long. Oddly the attitude of the others seemed to be somehow the same—as if this were generally recognized as but the necessary dull interlude amid much merrier possibilities.

They sat at a table too small for them in a room which—though large—was too small for the people packed into it, and sipped tea which nobody wanted. For inevitably they took tea in the literal sense; the uniforms eliminated choice and chance, and Jimmy Sterter cast constant sheep's eyes at more exciting potables beckoning on every hand. However, hope lurked indefinably in his limpid black eyes; doubtless his inner eye was turned upstairs. To Fanny he seemed an open and sanguine young man, jolly enough, though faintly inclined to overbearingness when argued with. The new wife roused reflections of a different sort. She was a warm sleek creature, all done in browns—skin, eyes, hair, costume—and her manner was marked by a strange languid insolence suggesting confidence in a charm, which in fact she did mysteriously exude. To Fanny's commonplaces she responded monosyllabically, if at all.

The two men had the conversation virtually to themselves. It consisted chiefly of gay reminiscence, of brother officers and of times they had had separately and together in France. Despite her pleasure in Russell's enjoyment of the reunion, Fanny was not sorry when the moment came for guests to take their leave. The Sterters indicated the moment, by unmistakable signs.

Russell walked with her to the elevator. It had been agreed that she should have an hour to rest before dinner, and now he impressed it upon her ardently not to take a minute longer.

"I hate to give you up for a whole hour—especially as we've had to share our time. Don't forget now—seven o'clock exactly! I'll be standing right there by that palm tree."

Fanny smiled and promised, and the lift shot her away upward. She had meant to spend half of the rest hour in dressing, half in writing to her mother—no less—giving news on the spot, as it were, of Russell's arrival and her own exploit in journeying to meet him. Once in her own small eyrie, however, and the door shut, the girl became conscious of an unwonted lassitude. Having partly undressed, she stretched herself on the bed for just a minute—with the not infrequent result. When she woke, with a sharp start, it was quarter of seven.

She bathed hurriedly, changed into the "little" evening dress she had brought along for this dinner and descended at speed, sweet apologies on her lip. However, Russell was not at the meeting place. There seemed to be thousands of people in the lively foyer, but the tall figure of her warrior was nowhere among them.

Then in a minute or two she descried him hurrying from the direction of the elevators. From afar she saw that his pleasant face bore open signs of trouble.

"Awfully sorry, Fanny—awfully! I can't tell you! I just could not get away. The Sterters simply hung round my neck."

"It's all right, Russell. I was very late too."

"But here's the devil of it: The Sterters insist on our dining with them. Just wouldn't hear of anything else. I ——"

"Oh!"

She must have looked very blank at these tidings, for his face took on an access of worriment which immediately softened her.

"I mind it more than you do—I'll bet on that! It simply knocks our day, that's all—it's a nuisance! But, Fanny, what're you going to do? I refused a dozen times point-blank, but it didn't have the least effect. I never saw people so insistent."

Laughing down—not easily—her sense of all but childish disappointment, Fanny became the comforter.

"Why, I think it'll be very nice, Russell. He's so—so jolly. And we'll still have a little time afterward—and more, let's hope, later on when you're out of the hospital."

Russell said gratefully: "You're a brick, Fanny. Nobody could be sweeter. . . . Of course I don't want to offend Jim. He can help me in lots of ways—has helped me in fact. His people own about all of Herkimer, Pennsylvania. They'll be down in a minute."

They found seats in the small alcove which makes an inlet in the thronging lobby and sat down to wait. Undoubtedly Russell was conscious that the Sterters had rather overborne him and that Fanny so understood it. Possibly also there was in his mind her attitude of affectionate disparagement in years gone by—that attitude which—beyond his knowledge—she had so recently deplored to Mr. Wollaston.

Having briefly described his visit in the Sterters' sitting room, he was impelled to explain himself a little further:

"Jim's a wonderful fellow really. But for the fact that we simply haven't got the time to-day I'd be glad of the chance for you to see something of him. You ought to see the fuss they made over him on the other side—whew! Colonels, generals, distinguished visitors, big people in Paris—I tell you everybody was tickled to say they knew Jim Sterter. And still you know, Fanny—well, when it came to getting something you wanted—to putting a thing across—I don't consider Jimmy had anything on me, if I do say it. In fact—well, you see Jim's got a little way with him at times that people don't like. He's a little quarrelsome—sort of truculent, you might call it—especially if he's had a drop too much, and that offends a good many people. I think I can honestly say that while I know most everybody I haven't got a single enemy in the Army. After all, it was I and not Jimmy who was going to be put on the divisional staff. And that was my own ——"

"On the staff? Why, I hadn't heard about that!"

Captain March said with an air of mingled feelings: "I was keeping it as a surprise. Of course—it didn't come off. First I got sent down with this broken knee and then the blooming war ended on me. But I've good reason to think it was practically settled. Colonel Enright was pulling hard for it. He said that while he'd be sorry to lose me I had exactly the right qualifications ——"

"And would you have liked that—being on the staff?"

"I should say so! No more trenches! Like it? Why, I consider it about the softest thing there is in the Army. And besides there's the association with the higher officers—the big men, the picked minds of the Army. Why, socially you're simply in another class!"

He told at some length of his meeting with Capt. Sir Eric Parmlee in the town of Bailleul, and of a good deal that Sir Eric, himself a staff officer, had said on this point. And gradually, as he talked on, the girl's gaze upon his unconscious face became marked by a curious fixity, at once searching and introspective; and her hidden thought turned backward. All at once she had remembered vividly some large words she had used one day in the office of a personage. She became aware that she regretted those phrases. It was clear that she had been rhetorical, overemotional that day, and the memory embarrassed her.

Precisely at that moment Russell—having caught the sudden strains of the dining-room orchestra—touched her abruptly and profoundly by interjecting in his anecdote:

"There's Smiles again, Fanny! Gad, I'd like to trip the light fantastic once more!"

Her heart fluttered within her.

The Sterters did not come down in a minute—or several minutes. In the end Russell had to go up for them. It was after eight when the four young people sat down to dinner.

To one member of the quartet that meal seemed to pass in a kind of cloud. Table talk was copious and lively enough in all conscience, but seldom indeed was it of the sort that you could remember and take home with you, as it were. Reminiscence naturally continued to be the prevailing note; only among the recurring names of officers other names—names feminine and Frenchy—began to drop from the lips of Jimmy Sterter, vastly to the interest of his young wife, whom Fanny—womanlike—had early conceived as having a deteriorating effect upon the whole conversation. Mrs. Sterter still talked exclusively to the men—she had learned to call Russell by his name upstairs, it seemed—but she talked much more than at the tea table. She spoke chiefly in French and her running observations, rarely more than a sentence in length, drew frequent guffaws from her spouse, in which Russell readily joined. She herself produced an odd staccato laugh like a rather pretty bark, which attracted some attention from neighboring tables. As for Jimmy, his rubicund countenance seemed rosier than ever, his manner more jocund. But he was quite severe with the Slovene waiter, whom he addressed as Peanuts, and revealed a desire to talk continuously. Even Russell, after his second ascent to the sitting room, seemed somewhat freer of tongue.

He told the Sterters about Tom Bradford and Bradford and Vermilye, and Jimmy Sterter's interruption was:

"Point is, was he sober at the time? Bet you a dinner at Maxim's he's forgot he ever said it."

"Well, I'll admit he was a bit spiffy," laughed Russell. "We were in Paris, remember—but he won't forget it, not if I know it! In fact I happened to be writing to him on the boat about another matter and I ——"

"What do you care if the rotter backs out? Jumping Judas! You come to me! I'll attend to you—fix you up something better'n you ever had in your life!"

"I'm listening, Jimmy! Who knows but I may call on you?"

"That's right, Fanny—Miss Hardy, I mean," said Jimmy, turning to her with immense gravity and reassurance. "Don't you worry for a minute. Jumping Judas! Rusty March's my friend—my very good friend! I'll never let him lack for a job—no, sir, not as long's my grandfather stands there and waves. D' you get my figure? Comparing my grandfather to The Star-Spangled Banner—understand?"

"I got your figure instantly. And a very ingenious one it is too, in my opinion."

"Think so? Shoo! I think up those little things all the time. No trouble to me—it's a gift. Say, you seen this show the missus and I're going to to-night?"

"Probably not. I've seen very little. And I don't know what you're going to."

"It's called Combien, Yvonne? Name suggest anything to you? Hey?"

"It doesn't seem to at the moment."

"Ho, ho! Just what I thought. The sly rascal's keeping things back from you. I'll make him come through—don't you worry! Listen to him! Bet he's telling Ethel about the time he lunched at the embassy—what'd I tell you? Here, Rusty, you dog, what do you mean not telling Fan—Miss Hardy here—about Mademoiselle Yvonne? Come on now! Come through right on uncle's knee! Feel better when it's off your chest."

The episode was typical. Allusion this time was to a Mademoiselle Dufrane, a girl of excellent family in Segneville, who, it seemed, had been kind to Russell when he was in hospital the first time—"as she was to everybody," he explained with a pardonable air of annoyance at having to explain at all. Jimmy, however, noisily insisted upon a peccadillo and in this he had the loyal support of his wife, who said in sum: "Tell me all, Russell—I was never shocked yet."

"How about that hot letter she wrote you afterward?" insisted Jimmy. "You know darned well what I mean—meal baissays!" And finally, disgusted with his inability to get a successful rise, he said something *sotto voce* to Ethel in French which threw that amazing young person—she was just nineteen, it seemed—into a fit of strange merriment.

Halfway through the banquet, talk did turn for a moment from the personal to the general. Russell, telling the Sterters about his last leave in Paris and the people he had met there, happened to mention John Ames Fordyce—from his own home state. Fanny, who had known and admired the famous publicist as long as she could remember, was interested at once.

"But I thought he was in Russia."

"Just back from there—got to Paris the day before I saw him. Seems he'd got some sort of appointment with the big conference they're going to have there and ——"

"The Peace Conference? Oh, I'm so glad!"

"Yes—yes. He just said the conference, but that must be the one. Said we had our work cut out for us to see that we got what we'd been fighting for—I remember that. Gave us a lot of inside information on the whole situation. This is Dr. Ames Fordyce I'm speaking of, Ethel—probably the greatest living newspaper editor; one of the biggest men in the country. I've known him ever since I was born—great chum of my father's. We ran into him in the Place de l'Opéra ——"

At the first opportunity Fanny said eagerly: "How interesting, Russell! What else did he tell you—about the peace, I mean?"

"Well, let's see. He said he was afraid some of our Allies weren't converted—I think that was the word he used—and were going to try to grab everything they could. Said everything depended on the President standing up for our ideals—otherwise we were in for a lot more wars. That's about the gist of what he said, as I remember. Lots of big people were stopping to speak to him at the time, and tell the truth I didn't listen as hard as I might. As a soldier, I suppose I don't take much stock in the talking end of the game. Well, Harry Brooks told him a story ——"

The eyes of the Sterters had begun to wander, but here young Jimmy bounded noisily back into the conversation:

"Right you are, Rusty! Talk makes me sick. Talk 'bout ideals makes me specially sick. Ugh, ugh!"

Fanny retorted warmly: "But isn't talking about ideals absolutely necessary just now—in fact the most necessary and important thing in the world? You soldiers, who fought to accomplish certain things—you more than anybody else are entitled ——"

"What things're you talking about, Fanny—Miss Hardy, I mean? Jumping Judas! Don't you know what we fought for? Well, I'll tell you. We fought to lick the Germans, and by God, we did it!"

As if pleased by the citation of the Deity, Ethel beat the table with small hands, crying: "Hear, hear! Three rousing cheers for my Jimmy!"

"But licking the Germans won't help very much unless we ——"

"Now listen!" said Jimmy. "Listen while I tell you! All this talk about making the world safe for democracy and bein' sweet to small nations and all that is good enough for bringing sentimental slackers into the war and selling Liberty Bonds, but it never touched the fighting man. No, sir! What holds the fighting man is the sporting end to the business—that he's going to beat up those swine so bad they can never look him in the face again. That's something to bite on, don't you understand? That keys a fellow up in the zero hour when chinnin' about ideals wouldn't help him more than a glass of buttermilk. No, sir! Take it from me—that guff's just for writing chaps and the fellows that just sit round and think while the soldiers're saving humanity!"

Russell, who had been nodding his head up and down, now said: "Hear, hear! And I guess that's about right too."

Surprised and somehow really chagrined, the girl addressed herself to him, in a changed tone:

"Of course I understand, Russell, that a soldier needs every help he can find, just for getting through. But after it's over and the war is won? Just think of what Doctor Fordyce said—more wars unless this one's settled right. You certainly don't want to go through all this again."

"Ha, ha! We should worry about that!" laughed Jimmy. "Don't you fret, Fanny! It'll be the other fellow's turn next time!"

Russell said: "Far as I'm concerned—for one thing, the Army doesn't want cripples. Looks as though I've given about all I've got to give. Why, Colonel Enright said to me ——"

"Don't you fret, Fanny," repeated Jimmy triumphantly. "Rusty and I've talked this

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thing all over. We've done our bit—and we don't want to hear anything more about the war long as we live. Just going to give ourselves up to enjoying the pleasures of life—and by gad, other people think we've earned it, if you don't! Lemme tell you little anecdote to illustrate."

Russell was here detached by Ethel for talk of another sort. Jimmy, continuing his remarks in the general tone of a victorious debater, did nothing to charm away the sense of indignation he had unwittingly roused in the breast of Fanny Hardy; on the contrary he managed to increase it markedly. Struck by the repetition of the name, she asked presently, with no special animation, who Colonel Enright was. Jimmy's more than pink features registered surprise.

"Look here, old Rusty don't seem to've kept you advised about things at all! Why, Enright's our regimental commander—brother-in-law of Mrs. Hickson Smith, as Rusty would say. He's the fellow that got Rusty his cross. You ought to know Enright. Must arrange to have you meet him some day."

Making no effort to conceal her astonishment and distaste, the girl said: "Got Russell his cross! What on earth do you mean? I supposed that Russell got that for himself by what ——"

"Sure he did, Fanny! Everybody knows that. Point is, you see, lots of fellows deserve crosses by what they do, but everybody can't get 'em, don't you understand? Or Jumping Judas—they wouldn't be any honor! So a little friendly word from the right quarter—at the right moment—helps a fellow like the devil. Get the idea? And old Rusty always stood in with ——"

"But his colonel, the head of the regiment, would hardly have chosen ——"

"Oh, don't plague the men any more about the war, Miss Hardy!" said young Ethel's finished voice. "You're spoiling the fun! Jimmy, I'm going to tell Rusty my new funny story—do you dare me? Only I'll tell it in French, Miss Hardy, for it isn't the least little bit *jeune fille*."

It was quarter past nine when the Sterters left the table for the theater. "I adore missing the first few acts," noted Ethel bonnily, as they rose. Arrangements were completed for an early remeeting with Russell, which occasion—Jimmy assured all—would be "a time."

The ultimate departure in the chartered taxi was attended with some boisterousness. And Jimmy gave the doorman a couple of dollars and called him Peanuts too.

Captain March and Fanny stood in the lower foyer by the revolving doors. In the moment of their restored privacy they regarded each other. His face looked faintly fatigued, she thought, but still there was a light in his eyes. And something deep within the girl seemed determined that he should be the first to speak.

"Well," said Russell, laughing. "I'm glad you and Jimmy didn't come to blows! You had me pretty nearly nervous there for a minute—he's so touchy at times. But isn't he a prince, Fanny? And she's what *I* call the real thing."

All hope died then in Fanny's heart of getting anything out of the ruined day.

Her look went away from him and she said in a let-down way: "Is there still time for a drive, do you think? Or shall we just sit here till ——"

He said that by all means they should have their drive—there was still an hour. Resuming their interrupted schedule, the young pair pushed through the circling doors hardly a minute behind the Sterters.

The drive was through the shadowy park to One Hundred and Tenth Street and back to the station at Thirty-second. The night, starry and singularly mild for January, was propitious; the cab gave a seclusion such as they had not enjoyed before that day. Russell's conception of the moment was clearly loverly. However, the girl proved unresponsive, though in a gentle way too casual to rouse remark. It was easy to divert the leads he gave toward their personal relation and the near and distant future. But she yielded him her hand, not unwilling to establish some connection between this hour and the gladder time of meeting in the morning.

They talked a little of Caledonia, of old friends and old times. But it was clear through everything they said that his thought flowed strongly toward the newer world and the bright new place he was to take in it. One thought he did give her, however.

"What we were saying at dinner about the war, Fanny—of course Jimmy overdid it, picturing the ideal soldier as just a fighting animal. That certainly isn't my view. Of course a man's got to make himself callous, as far as that goes—it's just like a doctor. If a soldier was all the time thinking about the suffering, the horrors of the thing—all that makes war just a misery and a hell—you can see he wouldn't be good for very much. He's got to be callous and unfeeling and hard or he can't do his job efficiently. Still I don't hold—and never have—that a soldier ought to be just a shooting-and-sticking machine. No, I think he ought to think! I think it's his duty to keep saying to himself: 'Yes, this is an awful mess, but by George, I'm going to get something good out of it!' That's the way I've tried to do. What's the matter? Isn't that right?"

The question, sudden as a pounce, seemed to gather in the girl's thought with a jerk. She said with some effort: "Did I look surprised? I suppose what you said seemed a—a sort of coincidence."

"Coincidence? How d'you mean?"

"Nothing worth talking about. Just that I heard a very able man say the same thing the other day."

"Been over?"

She shook her head.

"He's a civilian doing desk work in Washington."

"I don't know that he's got a right to an opinion, but still—anyway—that's been my principle. And I think I can say with all modesty that I've succeeded too. You remember, you said this afternoon you weren't the same person you were two years ago. Well, I'm not either. I've changed and developed more than I'd have believed possible. You see that, I expect. Don't you, Fanny?"

"You forget—I've hardly seen you at all, thanks to the Sterters. In what way do you notice the change most yourself?"

Captain March answered without hesitation: "In my ability to meet all sorts of people and make an impression on them—to capitalize my abilities, as Sir Eric Parmlee put it, and take what's fairly coming to me. I can see now that was exactly my trouble before. If I met anybody who was rich or important or distinguished I just assumed that he was naturally better than I was and sat back and let him run things. Well, I've learned that doesn't pay. I've learned from association with big people that the world's going to take you at your own valuation, and the way to be important is to act important. Bluff, bluff, bluff! By George, that's what about half of life comes down to, once you see it that way! Why, Fanny, sometimes there in Paris when I was sitting round with colonels and admirals and high commissioners and titled Englishmen I used to snicker to myself and say, 'And this is Russell March of Caledonia!'"

"You've certainly met some unusual people."

"You've said it! And it's done so much for me—that's what I'm trying to say. Yes, turn here, driver—back to the Pennsylvania Station. Why, take it this way, Fanny: Two years ago I was perfectly satisfied to spend my life in Caledonia and if I'd risen to be cashier time I was forty I'd have thought myself mighty successful. Now—well, you know my plans and you heard what Jimmy said at dinner. Highest salary I ever got was two thousand dollars a year—now I expect to be taking down ten thousand dollars within two years at the outside. That's putting it about as concretely as I can, I guess. And then from the living end of it—the social side! Why, Fanny, of course I want to visit Caledonia and see the folks and tell them my experiences—make a few speeches at banquets if they insist—but live there? Why, it's simply not big enough to hold me any more. It's provincial, that's what Caledonia is! It's country! It's small! Just compare Caledonia with this—with what we've been seeing and doing to-day! Compare Jimmy and Ethel Sterter with the boys and girls at a country-club dance!"

He summed up with a pleased laugh: "Oh, I don't feel that these two years—almost—that I gave to my country have been wasted by any means! Lord, the way things were breaking for me these last few months, it was enough to make me sorry the war ended so soon!"

Fanny's face, shaded in the dusky cab, had been turned toward the window and the passing sights. Now her eyes suddenly closed. At the same moment she was moved by an abrupt emotion toward the man beside her, a poignant feeling that was not quite love, and her fingers involuntarily pressed the large hand she held.

He was fresh from profound and terrible experiences. He had been shot, he had been gassed, he had felt the bayonet's deadly bite. He had stood solitary in the last blackness of night and himself spoken the word which took hopeful lads out to inconceivable hazards and frightful ends. Half dead, he had lain in the trap of No Man's Land, a lonely human atom helpless amidst uproars that cracked the skies, watching with half-faded eyes the red sun rise to a dawn which seemed certain to be his last. With cries of senseless rage and triumph he had leaped to grapple with mortal enemies; his hand was dark with the blood of men. He had known fear that froze the spine, joy like the dream of waking up in heaven. For days and weeks on end he had lived and kept his being on the threshold of eternity. And these things he had suffered, not as a log suffers a mill, but as a sentient and causative part of a mighty upheaval in human relationships, a cosharer in conscious, grim, enormous issues such as plumbed men's souls to the uttermost.

Now his voice, speaking on and on, drifted through her thought as from afar:

"Well, Mrs. Ambassador said I was just wasting myself—that was all there was to it. Then she asked me straight out, as I say, if I had ever thought of diplomatic life, and when I said, 'Well, only in the most general way,' she said, 'Well, you think of it in a very particular way.' She said, 'With your abilities, your distinction as a soldier and your social gifts, your game leg and your ribbon, you should go far.'

"By the way, Fanny, lots of people seem to think this leg of mine's going to be a big asset for me—in a commercial way, I mean. Shouldn't be surprised if that was right too. Well, several big people were standing there listening to the whole thing; and Commander Wainwright—the naval attaché, you know, and a great friend of the ambassador's—said, 'Ah, there, Russell! And let me tell you this lady always knows what she's talking about!'"

He stopped short and ejaculated in a new tone: "Oh, Lord, here's the station, Fanny! Our day's over."

The taxi indeed was already turning into the half-lit runway of the vast teeming edifice; rapidly it slanted downward toward the bottom, toward the end, where the waiting redcaps clustered. A flying glance at his watch now advised Russell that it was twenty minutes past ten. He had but five minutes to make his train and his ticket was still unbought.

The moment of parting, coming precipitately as it seemed, was necessarily hurried.

"Aren't you getting out with me?"

"It would be no use, Russell. You'll have to get right on. In fact you've barely ——"

"Afraid you're right. Only wish I could see you off. What time's your train?"

"Twelve-twenty. Plenty of time to get back to the hotel, change and pack up. I thought I'd just keep this taxi."

"That's right. And you don't think you can possibly come up next week-end if I can ——"

"I don't see how I can ask for leave again so ——"

"Then I'll do my best to run over for a day before ——"

"It must be a Sunday! I have to work like mad every other day. And then won't you—oughtn't you to go to Caledonia?"

"The deuce! Yes, yes, of course I must. But I'll fix up something—you see! I'll wire you. Well, good-by! You were so sweet to come up and it's been a wonderful day."

At the last moment, heedless of the horns behind them crying out at this blocking of the procession, the soldier thrust his head back through the window of the cab and caught her hand in a hard grip. Fanny saw that the look on his face was slowly altering, as if a new thought, and an unsettling one, had just touched the edge of his consciousness.

"Fanny, you you haven't changed toward me while I was away, have you?"

Her heart stirred at the hint of trouble in her lover's voice. But all that she brought herself to say, with the gentle shake of her head, was:

"I feel toward you just as I used to, Russell dear."

Captain March, oddly, seemed satisfied with that.

Chief Yeoman Hardy's absence from the office was but for a single day. Moreover that day was a Saturday, which Ensign Frothingham, for example, scarcely considered as leave at all. Her commendably prompt return for the opening of business on Monday morning evoked guarded enthusiasm from Lieutenant Charles, who showed his appreciation by giving her within the first hour enough work to last the week.

She became intensely busy. It was half past seven before she left the office on Monday evening. On Tuesday and Wednesday she "came back" after dinner by request, and was hard at it both nights until eleven o'clock. On Thursday when she woke—not entirely rested—it was to the prospect of a day stiffer than any that had gone before.

At eight-thirty o'clock that morning, as she hurried officeward with the gathering army of unwounded desk workers, she had an unlooked-for encounter with Mr. Wollaston.

It was a misty raw morning, faintly drizzling and otherwise disagreeable. But Fanny liked the matutinal walk down Seventeenth Street, which was her only exercise and which further never failed to give her a stirring sense of being part of a gigantic whole, a small necessary unit in a thrilling enterprise in cooperation. In addition the moment was favorable for high thinking, and this morning—it seemed—her thoughts were especially preoccupied. She trudged oblivious to her surroundings; took the crossing at H Street in a vein of perilous abstraction. From the rolling stream in the middle of the thoroughfare a car detached itself abruptly, curved sharply and slowed with squealing brakes to the curb not ten feet away. She neither saw nor heard. However, a passenger dismounting from the vehicle took his stand upon the sidewalk directly in front of her. So looking up, the girl ran full upon the gaze of the celebrated Board Chief, discovered in the act of removing his hat.

"Well met!" said he in a friendly tone. "Let me give you a lift down."

The confrontation was sudden and to Fanny considerably disturbing. The moment her eyes rested upon him she knew that, without her realizing it exactly, this man had constantly hovered in the background of her thoughts through these four days. The unexpected sight of him in the flesh proved disconcerting to a hardly explicable degree. She felt the blood rise in her cheeks, and the consciousness of the foolish symptom at once enhanced the cause of it.

Nevertheless, despite these feelings, despite her known preferential attitude toward the walk, it did not seem to occur to her to reject his courteous proffer.

As she seated herself in the beautiful equipage Mr. Wollaston went on, quite like an ordinary person:

"Have you been away? I don't seem to have seen you for some time."

The girl answered with excessive sprightliness:

"Oh, I have been away—that's true—but only for a day, and that was last week! It's just happened we've had nothing to trouble you with, you see, since we settled the awful problems of trade with Mesopotamia! Goodness, what a load that was off Mr. Charles' neck! He was actually worried about it, and admitted it—a perfectly amazing thing, you know, in our office apostle of suppressed emotions!"

"Ah? Well, he'll have Siberia to worry about next, I imagine. Omsk seems to be ripening right along, don't you think? However, I'm glad to have run into you in this way, if only to greet and say good-by. I'm clearing out next week. As you ——"

"Clearing out?"

"Leaving the Board. Rather unexpectedly, or to put it exactly—like a navy memorandum—unexpectedly soon. You ——"

"Ah! I'm sorry—and Mr. Charles will be really upset when he hears. Really you must know that your place here—so far as our office is concerned—can hardly be filled."

If her manner was as matter of fact as his own, that indicated some poise perhaps; if Mr. Charles would be upset when he heard this news, his assistant—morally speaking—was experiencing a sensation not far removed from that while she spoke. Fanny Hardy, in fact, confronted a second discovery. She perceived as if for the first

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time that she had long ago come to think of this man, not as the most stimulating of the war chiefs at all but, in a strange way, as her friend.

"It would be pleasant to cherish a delusion of that sort," said Mr. Wollaston easily, "but I don't. Thank you all the same."

"I am painfully sincere. This is a real blow. But then—I suppose the rubber business simply cannot get along without you any longer?"

"No—n-no. It isn't that exactly. Let's say rather that all things, however agreeable, must have an end. We pass from stage to stage."

"But why did you smile? Was I funny?"

"Did I smile? Then I must have thought that you were funny."

"Well—but won't you throw your mind backward and analyze for me how and why? For my future guidance, since I imagined myself as serious—weighty even?"

"Certainly. You conceive me—if I follow you correctly—as chucking all this interesting work here to rush home and make as many rubber tires as I possibly can, to meet a buoyant market. Humor, they say—or one large section of humor—grows out of the incongruity between somebody's conception of a fact and the fact itself. The fact here is that I sold out all my rubber interests six months ago."

The girl turned in the silently rolling limousine and gave him a stare as straight as a man's.

"But—I didn't know that! Why, you've never hinted at such a thing! I ——"

"It was in the papers, as I remember. However ——"

"But I didn't see it! I didn't know! Why—what made you do it?"

"Very simple. I got an offer—and a pretty good one—for my stock."

But his air of amusement hardly sustained itself under that steadfast scrutiny, and he paid her the compliment of adding almost seriously:

"And then—necessarily—I'd lost some of my personal enthusiasm for making rubber—in April two years ago. No, let me see—I really suppose it was two years before that, or thereabouts. And making money—to look at it that way—is a pretty dry cause when one's heart is gone from the work."

"Yes—yes, of course! But—but this work here? Isn't it—worth while? Hasn't it seemed to you important and—and valuable?"

"Yes, certainly—for the most part. At least it's seemed on the whole the best that I could do. Of course I've had to remember I'm not a young man—fit to shoulder a gun. That's galled at times naturally—but crying over spilt milk never helped anybody yet. Let's see—yours is B Street, isn't it?"

She nodded, and her engrossed gaze, turning from him, lost itself out of the open window through which the thin morning mist, like smoke, perpetually streamed.

"By the way," continued Mr. Wollaston, "I was sorry you couldn't come to lunch that day. As she'd heard something about you—for women naval officers don't grow on every bush, you know—my sister was quite anxious to see you for herself. And I really think you would have enjoyed her. She's what you might call a card."

"Oh, I didn't doubt my enjoyment—and I did appreciate being asked, so much," said Fanny. And, considerably confused, she acknowledged an obligation to explain a little further.

"You see—you understand that—a woman situated as I am here can hardly expect—well, any sort of social life—such as she might have at home."

"No, I don't understand that exactly. It all depends, I should think. However, that is for you to decide, of course. I remember our last talk very well. In fact I've speculated a little. Of course I should like to ask a question or two, but one draws the line at impertinence. We approach our destination, I note. Possibly you won't be coming to the Board again between now and next Wednesday? Then I'd better take this occasion, as the public speakers say, to tell you how much pleasure I've had in our—official relations. Don't tell a soul, but you've been the most uniformly satisfactory coworker I've found in Washington. Yes, tell everybody, for it's simple truth. I can't recall one man here, certainly not one young man, who's brought to his work as much good sense, good judgment and imagination as you have."

She said after a moment, "I—do you really mean that?"

"My dear Miss Hardy, I gave up saying things I didn't mean a long, long time ago. It simply doesn't pay."

"Then," said she, "I'll tell you how much I think of it. I'm going to write it to my father before I sleep to-night."

The speech seemed to please the Board chieftain, but he only said: "Good! For it's very, very true. Well, here we are! And how much longer do you intend to stay a sailor?"

"Oh, indefinitely! I'm one of the bitter enders, I think."

The car had halted before the main entrance of the great new Navy Building into which hundreds and thousands of uniforms—male and female—were pouring for the labors of a new day.

Chief Yeoman Hardy made no instantaneous move to join her thronging work fellows. Indeed, as she saw it, from more than one point of view this conversation was not finished.

"What's rather more important in the history of the world—isn't one to know a little more about your movements? You've only told me that you're leaving the Board—and have given up the rubber business. I'm dying to ask you what you're going to do next."

"I? Why, I'm going immediately into another business. Don't some things go without saying?"

"Well, was I being amusing again? This becomes embarrassing."

"No, I'm the humorist this time. Or so I considered, trying to say what I thought you expected of me."

"Ah, but possibly you don't know what I expected? At least—what is the business? Do tell me!"

"I think I will tell you—as my colleague in a confidential arm of the Government. I'm sailing for Paris Saturday week. The President wants to see me."

"Oh!"

Mr. Wollaston added in an offhand sort of way: "It's a secret as yet—in fact I haven't even said this to my associates on the Board—but I believe he wants me as one of the economic advisers to the commission."

"Oh!"

The confidential colleague, who could sum up a knotty question on a sheet of paper as well as another, was aware of the inadequacy of her rejoinders—she couldn't seem to help it. In truth she was staggered by his revelation; staggered by the simple but brilliant fact that this undemonstrative man, her friend, whom she had attacked with bitterness for insensitiveness to his times, had been moved through these years to overthrow and rebuild the foundations of his life. And she was dazzled by the vista of usefulness and honor which her mind's eye saw opening before him. In her own ears her voice sounded little and mortifyingly flat.

"That's splendid! It's—it's perfectly great! I congratulate you—a thousand times! And of course I won't tell a soul."

"Thank you. It's a chance— a door perhaps. Who knows?"

At that point, with no special aproposness or grace, Miss Hardy made a movement indicating descent from the car. Mr. Wollaston politely preceded her. Facing her for the second time that morning upon a jostling sidewalk, he amiably resumed control of the conversation.

"I'm not going to tell you good-by. I dislike good-bys on principle, and besides I imagine I'll see you again—if not here at the Board, then somewhere else later on. It amounts to an intuition."

"I think it is a nice one," said Miss Hardy.

And then she added hastily, with only a little loss of breath: "But—please put on your hat. There's something—no, there are two things—I want to say."

Having thus committed herself beyond turning back, she glanced away down the crowded street and took the plunge she had for some minutes contemplated, in a voice from which self-control had pressed all tone. But the strain turned her a little white.

"You mentioned the last talk we had—and in a way you implied a question which you were perfectly entitled to ask. I've wanted to tell you that I've remembered that talk too—especially in the last few days. I remember saying some quite silly things. I've wanted to say that I've been sorry for them since."

"Really? I don't seem to recall your saying anything of that sort."

"If you mean that too I'm very glad. But I did say them, and I -I abhor being rhetorical. Of course what matters is not what people do; it's what it means to them as they do it. . . . It seems to me that's all there is to say."

Mr. Wollaston, who could hardly have felt completely enlightened, replied at once, "It is enough, I assure you. And, I need hardly add, I appreciate your saying it."

"And then another thing that personally I'm sorry for—that you're leaving so soon. As our work looks now, I'll not be coming to the Board again."

"Ah! And that's an impasse, as I understand you?"

"Well, I—I wondered—I suppose as you're going on Wednesday you're terribly busy—and, of course, every bit of your time will be filled till then?"

The Board Chief looked down at the rather pale petty officer, whose averted fringed eyes had stirred the fancy of others than Ensign Dawson, and an odd look flitted briefly over his face and was gone.

"Before answering that question I must ask plainly whether it involves any serious intentions on your part?"

She managed a smile at that, which helped considerably, though not quite so much as she could have wished.

"Dreadfully serious, I fear you may think! I—you see, I wanted to ask if you—if you could lunch with me at my c-cafeteria one day—any day you could come—before you went? I—it's considered quite good. I mean the cafeteria."

"For example—to-day?"

With instantly recovered ease—for who shall dumfound a woman?—she answered, "A perfect example from my point of view."

"I was lunching with a fellow—Polk. He shall wait. Where and when shall I meet you?"

"Well, I won't ask you to come to my office. That would seem infra dig for a peace commissioner, don't you think? Will you meet me here on the sidewalk—as if casually—at one o'clock?"

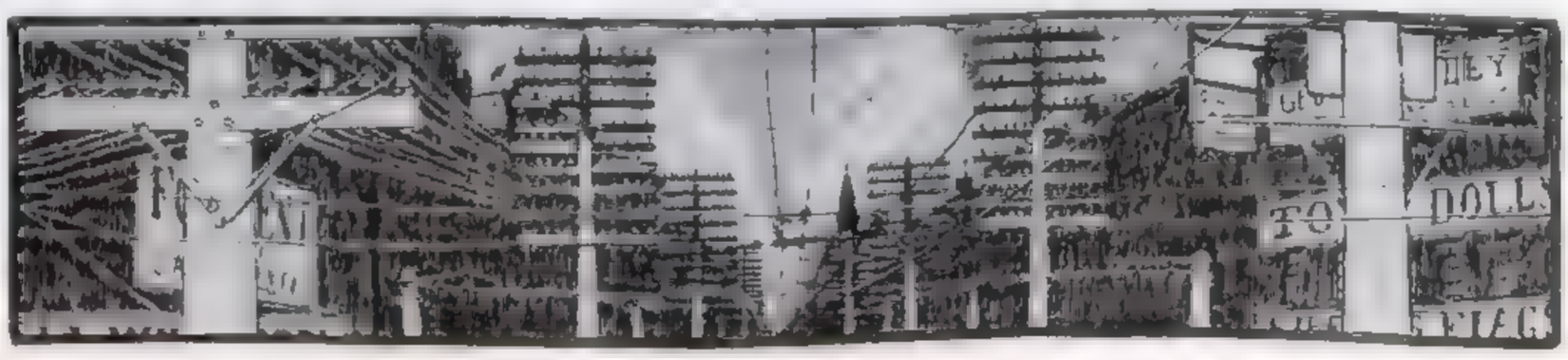
"I'll meet you here on the sidewalk at one o'clock. I say nothing about the casualness. Do you know, I think you're doing a very nice thing. *A rivederci!*"

"*A rivederci*," said Miss Hardy.

The inflowing tide of naval reservists swallowed her up. Five minutes later Lieutenant Charles gobbled her completely. She was burdened with many cares. Nevertheless, toward eleven o'clock she surprised the dim thought floating somewhere by:

"Entertaining big people at a cafeteria—whew! Russell and Jimmy and Ethel would have a fit!"

But this time she did not brush the thought away.



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TUTT AND MR. TUTT

(Continued from Page 9

"Good afternoon, Mock Hen! You are early to-day."

Mock took her hand and stroked it affectionately.

"I go Fulton Mark' buy li'l' terrapin. Stop in on way to see dear Miss Fan'."

They stood thus for a moment, and while they did so the clock struck four.

"I go now!" said Mock suddenly. "Four o'clock already."

"It's early," answered Miss Fanny. "Won't you stay a little while?"

"I go now," he repeated with resolution. "Good-by, li'l' teacher!"

She watched until his lithe figure passed through the door, and presently returned to the back room. Mock waited outside until she had disappeared. Then he changed back the clock.

"We've got you, you blarsted heathen!" cried Mooney hoarsely as he and two others from the Central Office threw themselves upon Mock Hen on the landing outside the door of his flat. "Look out, Murtha. Pipe that thing under his arm!"

"It's a bloody turtle!" gasped Murtha, shuddering.

"What's the matter, boys?" inquired Mock. "Leggo my arm, can't yer? What'd yer want, anyway?"

"We want you, you yellow skunk!" retorted Mooney. "Open that door! Lively now!"

"Sure!" answered Mock amiably. "Come on in! What's bitin' yer?"

He unlocked the door and threw it open.

"Take a chair," he invited them. "Have a cigar? You there, Emma?"

Emma Pratt, clad in a wrapper and lying on the big double brass bedstead in the rear room, raised herself on one elbow.

"Yep!" she called through the passage. "Got the bird?"

Mock looked at Murtha, who was carrying the terrapin.

"Sure!" he called back. "Sit down, boys. What'd yer want? Can't yer tell a feller?"

"We want you for croaking Quong Lee!" snapped Mooney. "Where have you been?"

"Fulton Market—and Hudson House. I left here quarter of four. I haven't seen Quong Lee. Where was he killed?"

Mooney laughed sardonically.

"That'll do for you, Mock! Your alibi ain't worth a damn this time. I saw you myself."

"You saw someone else," Mock assured him politely. "I haven't been in Chinatown."

"Say, what yer doin' wit' my Chink?" demanded Emma, appearing in the doorway. "He was sittin' here wit' me all the afternoon, until about just before four I sent him over to Fulton Market to buy a bird. Who's been croaked, eh?"

"Aw, cut it out, Emma!" replied Mooney. "That old stuff won't go here. Your Chink's goin' to the chair. Murtha, look through the place while we put Mock in the wagon. Hell!" he added under his breath. "Won't this make Peckham sick!"

Mr. Tutt had just finished his morning mail when Willie informed him that Mr. Wong Get desired an interview. Though the old lawyer did not formally represent the Hip Leong Tong he was frequently retained by its individual members, who held him in high esteem, for they had always found him loyal to their interests and as much a stickler for honor as themselves. Moreover, between him and Wong Get there existed a curious sympathy as if in some previous state of existence Wong Get might have been Mr. Tutt, and Mr. Tutt Wong Get. Perhaps, however, it was merely because both were rather weary, sad and worldly wise.

Wong Get did not come alone. He was accompanied by two other Hip Leongs, the three forming the law committee appointed to retain the best available counsel to defend Mock Hen. In his expansive frock coat and bowler hat Wong might easily have excited mirth had it not been for the extreme dignity of his demeanor. They were there, he stated, to request Mr. Tutt to protect the interests of Mock Hen, and they were prepared to pay a cash retainer and sign a written contract binding themselves to a balance—so much if Mock should be convicted; so much if acquitted; so much if he should die in the course of the trial without having been either convicted or acquitted. It was, said Wong Get gently, a matter of grave importance and they would be glad to give Mr. Tutt time to think it over and decide upon his terms. Suppose, then, that they should return at noon? With this understanding, accordingly, they departed.

"There's no point in skinning a Chink just because he is a Chink," said Tutt when his partner had explained the situation to him. "But it isn't the highest-class practice and they ought to pay well."

"What do you call well?" inquired Mr. Tutt.

"Oh, a thousand dollars down, a couple more if he's convicted, and five altogether if he's acquitted."

"Do you think they can raise that amount of money?"

"I think so," answered Tutt. "It might be a good deal for an individual Chink to cough up on his own account, but this is a coöperative affair. Mock Hen didn't kill Quong Lee to get anything out of it for himself, but to save the face of his society."

"He didn't kill him at all!" declared Mr. Tutt without moving a muscle of his face.

"Well, you know what I mean!" said Tutt.

"He wasn't there," insisted Mr. Tutt. "He was way over in Fulton Market buying a terrapin."

"That is what, if I were district attorney, I should call a Mock Hen with a mock-turtle defense!" grunted Tutt.

Mr. Tutt chuckled.

"I shall have to get that off myself at the beginning of the case, or it might convict him," he remarked. "But he wasn't there—unless the jury find that he was."

"In which case he will—or shall—have been there—whatever the verb is," agreed Tutt. "Anyhow they'll tax every laundry and chop-suey palace from the Bronx to the Battery to pay us."

"I'd hate to take our fee in bird's-nest soup, shark's fin, bamboo-shoots salad and ya ko main," mused Mr. Tutt.

"Or in ivory chopsticks, oolong tea, imitation jade, litchi nuts and preserved leeches!" groaned Tutt. "Be sure and get the thousand down; it may be all the cash we'll ever see!"

Promptly at twelve the law committee of the Hip Leong Tong returned to the office of Tutt & Tutt. With them came a venerable Chinaman in native costume, his wrinkled face as inscrutable as that of a snapping turtle. The others took chairs, but this high dignitary preferred to sit upon his heels on the floor, creating something of the impression of an ancient slant-eyed Buddha. Wong Get translated for his benefit the arrangement proposed by Mr. Tutt, after which there was a long pause while His Eminence remained immovable, without even the flicker of an eyelid. Then he delivered himself in an interminable series of gargles and gurgles, supplemented by a few coughlike hisses, while Wong Get translated with rapid dexterity, running verbally in and out among his words like a carriage dog between the wheels of a vehicle.

It was, declared Buddha, an affair of great moment touching upon and appertaining to the private honor of the Duck, the Wong, the Fong, the Long, the Sui and various other families, both in America and China. The life of one of their members was at stake. Their face required that the proceedings should be as dignified as possible. The price named by Mr. Tutt was quite inadequate.

Mr. Tutt, repressing a smile, offered the box of stogies. What amount, he inquired through Wong Get, would satisfy the face of the Duck family? A somewhat lengthy discussion ensued. Then Buddha rendered his decision.

The honor of the Ducks, Longs and Fongs would not be satisfied unless Mr. Tutt received five thousand dollars down, five more if Mock Hen was convicted, three more if he died before the conclusion of the trial, and twenty thousand if he was acquitted.

Mr. Tutt, assuming an equal impassivity, pondered upon the matter for about an inch of stogy and then informed the committee that the terms were eminently satisfactory. Buddha thereupon removed from the folds of his tunic a gigantic roll of soiled bills of all denominations and carefully counting out five thousand dollars placed it upon the table.

"H'm!" remarked Tutt when he learned of the proceeding. "His face is our fortune!"

"Look here," expostulated District Attorney Peckham in his office to Mr. Tutt a month later. "What's the use of our both wasting a couple of weeks trying a Chinaman who is bound to be convicted? Your time's too valuable for that sort of thing, and so is mine. We've got three white witnesses that saw him do it, and a couple of dozen Chinks besides. He doesn't stand a chance; but just because he is a Chink, and to get the case out of the way, I'll let you plead him to murder in the second degree. What do you say?"

He tried to conceal his anxiety by nervously lighting a cigar. He would have given a year's salary to have Mock Hen safely up the river, even on a conviction for manslaughter in the third, for the newspapers were making his life a burden with their constant references to the seeming inability of the police department and district attorney's office to prevent the recurrence of feud killings in the Chinatown districts. What use was it, they demanded, to maintain the expensive machinery of criminal justice if the tongs went gayly on shooting each other up and incidentally taking the lives of innocent bystanders. What was a district attorney for anyway? Wasn't the law intended to cover Chinamen as much as Italians, Poles, Greeks and niggers? And now that one of these murdering Celestials had been caught red-handed it was up to the D. A. to go to it, convict him, and send him to the chair! They did not express themselves precisely that way, but that was the gist of it. But Peckham knew that it was one thing to catch a Chinaman, even red-handed, and another to convict him. And so did Mr. Tutt.

The old lawyer smiled blandly—after the fashion of the Hip Leong Tong. Of course, he admitted, it would be much simpler to dispose of the case as Mr. Peckham suggested, but his client was insistent upon his innocence and seemed to have an excellent alibi. He regretted, therefore, that he had no choice except to go to trial.

"Then," groaned Peckham, "we may as well take the winter for it. After this there's going to be a closed season on Chinamen in New York City!"

Now though it was true that Mock Hen insisted upon his innocence, he had not insisted upon it to Mr. Tutt, for the latter had not seen him. In fact, the old lawyer, recognizing what the law did not, namely that a system devised for the trial and punishment of Occidentals is totally inadequate to cope with the Oriental, calmly went about his affairs, intrusting to Bonnie Doon the task of interviewing the witnesses furnished by Wong Get. There was but one issue for the jury to pass upon. Quong Lee was dead and his honorable soul was with his illustrious ancestors. He had died from a single blow upon the head, delivered with an iron bar, there present, to be in evidence, marked "Exhibit A." Mock Hen was alleged to have done the deed. Had he? There would be nothing for Mr. Tutt to do but to cross-examine the witnesses and then call such as could testify to Mock's alibi. So he made no preparation at all and dismissed the case from his mind. He had not seen a dozen Chinamen in his life—outside of a laundry.

On the morning set for the trial Mr. Tutt, having been delayed by an accident in the Subway, entered the Criminal Courts Building only a moment or two before the call of the calendar. Somewhat preoccupied, he did not notice the numerous Chinamen who dawdled about the entrance or the half dozen who crowded with him into the elevator, but when Pat the elevator man called, "Second floor!—Part One to your right!—Part Two to the left!" and he stepped out into the marble-floored corridor that ran round the inside of the building, he was confronted with an unusual and somewhat ominous spectacle.

The entire hallway on two sides of the building was lined with Chinamen! They sat there motionless as blue-coated images, faces front, their hands in their laps, their legs crossed beneath them. If anyone appeared in the offing a couple of hundred pairs of glinting eyes shifted automatically and followed him until he disappeared, but otherwise no muscle quivered.

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"Say," growled Hogan, Judge Bender's private attendant, who was the first to run the gantlet, "those Chinks are enough to give anyone the Willies! Their eyes scared me to death, sticking me through the back!"

Even dignified Judge Bender himself as he stalked along the hall, preceded by two police officers, was not immune from a slight feeling of uncanniness, and he instinctively drew his silken robe round his legs that it might not come into contact with those curious slippers with felt soles that protruded across the marble slabs.

"Eyes right!" They had picked him up the instant he stepped out of the private elevator—the four hundred of them. If he turned and looked they were seemingly not watching him, but if he dropped his glance they swung back in a single moment and focused themselves upon him. And every one of them probably had a gun hidden somewhere in his baggy pants! The judge confessed to not liking these foreign homicide cases. You never could tell what might happen or when somebody was going to get the death sign. There was Judge Deasy—he had the whole front of his house blown clean out by a bomb! That had been a close call! And these Chinks—with their secret oaths and rituals—they'd think nothing at all of jabbing a knife into one. He didn't fancy it at all and, as he hurried along, supremely conscious of the deadly cumulative effect of those beady eyes, he fancied it less and less. What was there to prevent one of them from getting right up in court and putting a bullet through one? He shivered, recalling the recent assassination of a judge upon the bench by a Hindu whom he had sentenced. When he reached his robing room he sent for Captain Phelan.

"See here, captain," he directed sharply, "I want you to keep all those Chinamen out in the corridor; understand?"

"I've got to let some of 'em in, judge," urged Phelan. "You've got to have an interpreter—and there's a Chinese lawyer associated with Tutt & Tutt—and of course Mr. O'Brien has to have a couple of 'em so's he'll know what's going on. Y' see, judge, the On Gee Tong is helping the prosecution against the Hip Leongs, so both sides has to be more or less represented."

"Well, make sure none of them is armed," ordered Judge Bender. "I don't like these cases."

Now the judge being recently elected and unfamiliar with the situation did not realize that nothing could have been farther from the Oriental mind or intention than an attack upon the officers engaged in the administration of local justice, whom they regarded merely as nuisances. What these Chinamen supremely desired was to be allowed to settle their own affairs in their own historic and traditional way—the way of the revolver, the silken cord, the knife and the iron bar. Once enmeshed in Anglo-Saxon juridical procedure, to be sure, they were not averse to letting it run its course on the bare chance that it might automatically accomplish their revenge. But they distrusted it, being brought up according to a much more effective system—one which when it wanted to punish anybody simply reached out, grabbed him by the pigtail, yanked him to his knees and sliced off his head. This so-called American justice was all talk—words, words, words! From their point of view judges, jurymen and prosecutors were useless pawns in life's game of chess. Perhaps they are! Who knows!

When Judge Bender entered the court room it was already packed with blue blouses. A special panel of two hundred talesmen filled the first half dozen rows of benches, the others being occupied by witnesses, policemen and the miscellaneous human flotsam and jetsam that always manages somehow or other to find its way to a murder trial. Inside the rail O'Brien, the assistant district attorney, was busy in conversation with three cueless Chinamen in American clothes. At the bar sat Mock Hen with Mr. Tutt beside him, flanked by Wong Get, Tutt, Bonnie Doon and Buddha.

The judge beckoned Mr. Tutt and O'Brien to the front of the bench.

"Is there any chance of disposing of this case by a plea?" he inquired.

O'Brien looked expectantly at Mr. Tutt, who shook his head. The judge shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, how long is it going to take?"

"About six weeks," answered the old lawyer quietly.

"What!" ejaculated judge and prosecutor in unison.

"A day or two less, perhaps," affirmed Mr. Tutt, "but, likely as not, considerably longer."

"I shall cut it down as much as I can," announced the judge, appalled at the prospect. "I shall not permit this trial to be dragged out indefinitely."

"Nothing would please me better, Your Honor," bowed Mr. Tutt with the shadow of a smile. "Shall we proceed to select the jury?"

The accuracy of Mr. Tutt's prophecy as to the probable length of the trial was partially demonstrated when it developed that most of the talesmen had a pronounced antipathy to Chinese murder cases, and a deep-rooted prejudice against the race as a whole. In fact, a certain subconscious influence affecting most of them was formulated by the thirty-ninth talesman to be rejected who, in a moment of resentment, burst forth, "I don't mind trying decent American criminals, but I hold it isn't any part of a citizen's duty to try Chinamen!" and was promptly struck off the jury list.

"I say, chief," disgustedly declared O'Brien to Peckham at the noon recess as they clinked glasses over the bar at Pont's, "you've handed me a ripe, juicy Messina all right! I won't be able to get a jury. We've been at it since ten o'clock and we haven't lured a single sucker into the box!"

"What's the matter?" inquired the D. A. apprehensively.

"I can't quite make out," answered O'Brien. "But most of 'em seem to have a sort of idea that to kill a Chinaman ain't a crime but a virtue!"

"Well, don't tell anybody," whispered Peckham, "but I'm somewhat of that way of thinking myself. Set 'em up again, John!"

However, by invoking the utmost celerity a jury was at last selected and sworn at the end of the nineteenth day of the trial. As a jury O'Brien confidentially admitted to Peckham it wasn't much! But what could you expect of a bunch who were willing to swear that they hadn't any prejudice against a Chink and would as soon acquit him as a white man? The truth was that they were all gentlemen who, having lost their jobs, were willing to swear to anything that would bring them in two dollars a day. The more days the better! And it is historic fact that during the sixty-nine days of Mock Hen's prosecution not one of them protested at being kept away from his wife and children, his business or his pleasure. On the contrary they all slumbered peacefully from ten until four—and when the trial ended, on the whole they rather regretted that it was over, the only genuine opinion regarding the case being that the Chinks were all as funny as hell and that Mr. Tutt was a bully old boy.

The evidence respecting the death of the unfortunate Quong Lee made little impression upon them. Seemingly they regarded the story much as they did that of Elisha and the bears or Bel and the dragon—as a sort of apocryphal narrative which they were required to listen to, but in no wise bound to believe. They were much interested in Quong's suit of chain mail, however, and from time to time awoke to enjoy the various verbal encounters between the judge and Mr. Tutt. As factors in the proceedings they did not count, except to receive their two dollars per diem, board, lodging and hack fare.

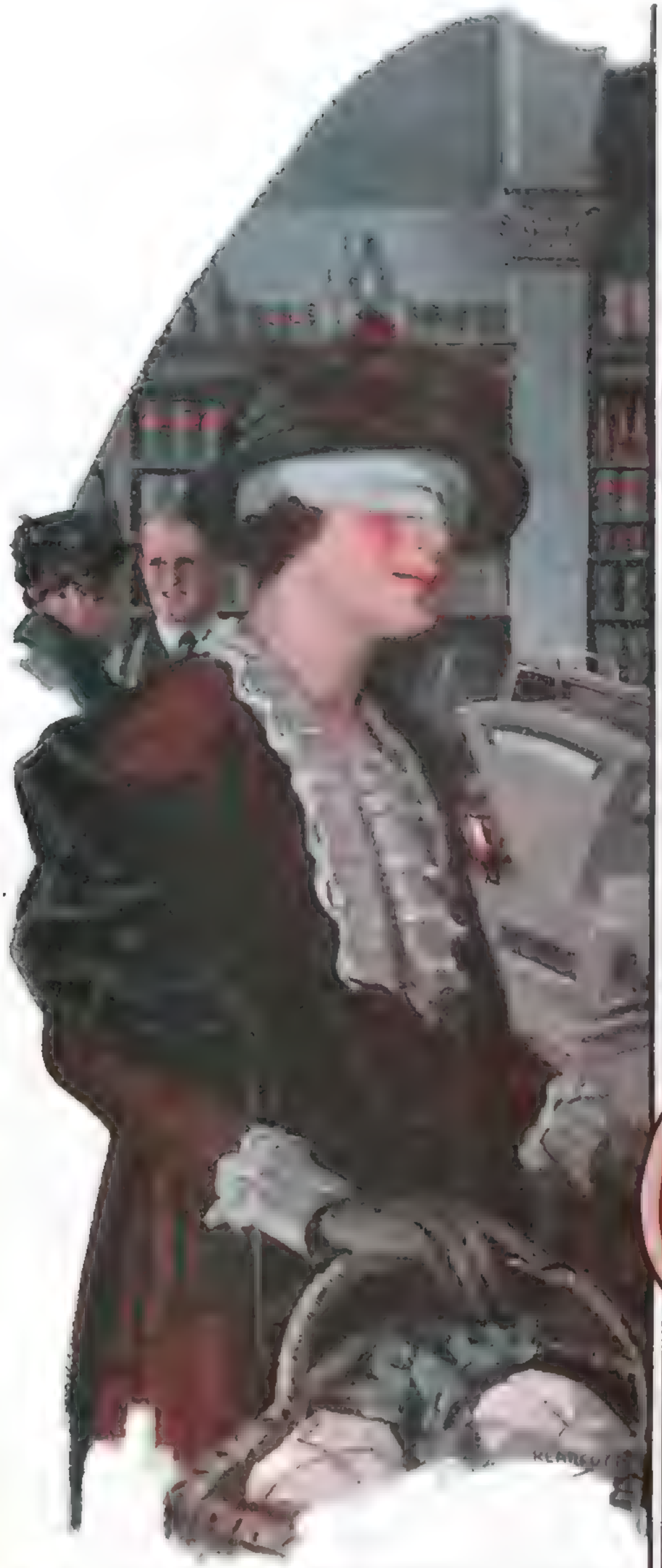
The trial of Mock Hen being conducted in a foreign language the first judicial step was the swearing of an interpreter. The On Gees had promptly produced one, whom O'Brien told the court was a very learned man; a graduate of the Imperial University at Peking, and a Son of the Sacred Dragon. Be that as it may, he was not prepossessing in his appearance and Mr. Tutt assured Judge Bender that far from being what the district attorney pretended, the man was a well-known gambler, who made his living largely by blackmail. He might be a son of a dragon or he might not; anyway he was a son of Belial. An interpreter was the conduit through which all the evidence must pass. If the official were biased or corrupt the testimony would be distorted, colored or suppressed.

Now he—Mr. Tutt—had an interpreter, the well-known Dr. Hong Su, against whom nothing could be said, and upon whose fat head rested no imputation of partiality; a graduate of Harvard, a writer of note, a ——

O'Brien sprang to his feet: "My interpreter says your interpreter is an opium smuggler, that he murdered his aunt in Hongkong, that he isn't a doctor at all,

Mock Hen Raised a Trap and Emerged Into a Tunnel by Means of Which He Eventually Reached the End of the Block

(Continued on Page 73)



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(Continued from Page 70)

and that he never graduated from anything except a chop-suey joint," he interjected.

"This is outrageous!" cried Mr. Tutt, palpably outraged at such language.

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen!" groaned Judge Bender. "What am I to do? I don't know anything about these men. One looks to me about the same as the other. The court has no time to inquire into their antecedents. They may both be learned scholars or they may each be what the other says he is—I don't know. But we've got to begin to try this case sometime."

It was finally agreed that in order that there might be no possible question of partiality there should be two interpreters—one for the prosecution and one for the defense. Both accordingly were sworn and the first witness, Ah Fong, was called.

"Ask him if he understands the nature of an oath," directed O'Brien.

The interpreter for the state turned to Ah Fong and said something sweetly to him in multitudinous words.

Instantly Doctor Su rose indignantly. The other interpreter was not putting the question at all, but telling the witness what to say. Moreover, the other interpreter belonged to the On Gee Tong. He stood waving his arms and gobbling like an infuriated turkey while his adversary replied in similar fashion.

"This won't do!" snapped the judge. "This trial will degenerate into nothing but a cat fight if we are not careful." Then a bright idea suggested itself to his Occidental mind. "Suppose I appoint an official umpire to say which of the other two interpreters is correct—and let them decide who he shall be?"

This proposition was received with grunts of satisfaction by the two antagonists, who conferred together with astonishing amiability and almost immediately conducted into the court room a tall, emaciated Chinaman who they alleged was entirely satisfactory to both of them. He was accordingly sworn as a third interpreter, and the trial began again. It was observed that thereafter there was no dispute whatever regarding the accuracy of the testimony, and as each interpreter was paid for his services at the rate of ten dollars a day it was rumored that the whole affair had been arranged by agreement between the two societies, which divided the money, amounting to some eighteen hundred dollars, between them. But, as O'Brien afterward asked Peckham, How in thunder could you tell?

The court's troubles had, however, only begun. Ah Fong was a whimsical-looking person, who gave an impression of desiring to make himself generally agreeable. He was, of course, the star witness—if a Chinaman can ever be a star witness—and presumably had been carefully schooled as to the manner in which he should give his testimony. He and he alone had seen the whole tragedy from beginning to end. He it was, if anybody, who would tuck Mock Hen comfortably into his coffin.

The problem of the interpreters having been solved Fong settled himself comfortably in the witness chair, crossed his hands upon his stomach and looked complacently at Mock Hen.

"Well, now let's get along," adjured His Honor. "Swear the witness."

Mr. Tutt immediately rose.

"If the court please," said he, "I object to the swearing of the witness unless it is made to appear that he will regard himself as bound by the oath as administered. Now this man is a Chinaman. I should like to ask him a preliminary question or two."

"That seems fair, Mr. O'Brien," agreed the court. "Do you see any reason why Mr. Tutt shouldn't interrogate the witness?"

"Oh, let me qualify my own witness!" retorted O'Brien fretfully. "Ah Fong, will you respect the oath to testify truthfully, about to be administered to you?"

The interpreter delivered a broadside of Chinese at Ah Fong, who listened attentively and replied at equal length. Then the interpreter went at him again, and again Ah Fong affably responded. It was interminable.

The two muttered and chortled at each other until O'Brien, losing patience, jumped up and called out: "What's all this? Can't you ask him a simple question and get a simple answer? This isn't a debating society."

The interpreter held up his hand, indicating that the prosecutor should have patience.

"*Ah-ya-ya-oo-aroo-yung-ung-loy-a-a-ya oo-chu-a-oy-ah-ohay-tching!*" he concluded.

"*A-yah-oy-a-yoo-oy-ah-chuck-uh-ung-loy-oo-ayah-ayoo-chung-chung-szi-oo-aha-oy-ou-ungaroo-yah-yah-yah!*" replied Ah Fong.

"Thank heaven, that's over!" sighed O'Brien.

The interpreter drew himself up to his full height.

"He says yes," he declared dramatically.

"It's the longest yes I ever heard!" audibly remarked the foreman, who was feeling his oats.

"Does not that satisfy you?" inquired the court of Mr. Tutt.

"I am sorry to say it does not!" replied the latter. "Mr. O'Brien has simply asked whether he will keep his oath. His reply sheds no light on whether his religious belief is such that it would obligate him to respect an oath."

"Well, ask him yourself!" snorted O'Brien.

"Ah Fong, do you believe in any god?" inquired Mr. Tutt.

"He says yes," answered the interpreter after the usual interchange.

"What god do you believe in?" persisted Mr. Tutt.

Suddenly Ah Fong made answer without the intervention of the interpreter:

"When I in this country," he replied complacently in English, "I b'lieve Gees Clist; when I in China I b'lieve Chinese god."

"Does Your Honor hold that an obliging acquiescence in local theology constitutes such a religious belief as to make this man's oath sacred?" inquired Mr. Tutt.

The judge smiled.

"I don't see why not!" he declared. "There isn't any precedent so far as I am aware. But he says he believes in the Deity. Isn't that enough?"

"Not unless he believes that the Deity will punish him if he breaks his oath," answered Mr. Tutt. "Let me try him on that?"

"Ah Fong, do you think God will punish you if you tell a lie?"

Fong looked blank. The interpreter fired a few salvos.

"He says it makes a difference the kind of oath."

"Suppose it is a promise to tell the truth?"

"He says what kind of a promise?"

"A promise on the Bible," answered Mr. Tutt patiently.

"He says what god you mean!" countered the interpreter.

"Oh, any god!" roared Mr. Tutt.

The interpreter, after a long parley, made reply.

"Ah Fong says there is no binding oath except on a chicken's head."

Judge Bender, O'Brien and Mr. Tutt gazed at one another helplessly.

"Well, there you are!" exclaimed the lawyer. "Mr. O'Brien's oath wasn't any oath at all! What kind of a chicken's head?"

"A white rooster."

"Quite so!" nodded Mr. Tutt. "Your Honor, I object to this witness being sworn by any oath or in any form except on the head of a white rooster!"

"Well, I don't happen to have a white rooster about me!" remarked O'Brien, while the jury rocked with glee. "Ask him if something else won't do. A big book for instance?"

The interpreter put the question and then shook his head. According to Ah Fong there was no virtue in books whatever, either large or small. On some occasions an oath could be properly taken on a broken plate—also white—but not in murder cases. It was chicken or nothing.

"Are you not willing to waive the formality of an oath, Mr. Tutt?" asked the judge in slight impatience.

"And wave my client into the chair?" demanded the lawyer. "No, sir!"

"I don't see what we can do except to adjourn court until you can procure the necessary poultry," announced Judge Bender. "Even then we can't slaughter them in court. We'll have to find some suitable place!"

"Why not kill one rooster and swear all the witnesses at once?" suggested Mr. Tutt in a moment of inspiration.

"My God, chief!" exclaimed O'Brien at four o'clock. "There ain't a white rooster to be had anywhere! Hens, yes! By the hundred! But roosters are extinct! Tomorrow will be the twenty-first day of this prosecution and not a witness sworn yet."

However, a poultryman was presently discovered who agreed simply for what advertising there was in it to furnish a crate of white roosters, a hatchet and a headsman's block, and to have them in the basement of the building promptly at ten o'clock. Accordingly, at that hour Judge Bender convened Part IX of the General Sessions in the court room and then adjourned downstairs, where all the prospective witnesses for the prosecution were lined up in a body and told to raise their right hands.

Meantime Clerk McGuire was handed the hatchet, and he approached the coop with obvious misgivings. Ah Fong had already given a dubious approval to the sex and quality of the fowls inside and naught remained but to submit the proper oath and remove the head of the unfortunate victim. A large crowd of policemen, witnesses, reporters, loafers, truckmen and others drawn by the unusual character of the proceedings had assembled and now proceeded without the slightest regard for the requirements of judicial dignity to encourage McGuire in his capacity of executioner, by profane shouts and jeers, to do his deadly deed.

But the clerk had had no experience with chickens and in bashfully groping for the selected rooster allowed several other occupants of the crate to escape. Instantly the air was filled with fluttering, squawking fowls while fifty frenzied police officers and Chinamen attempted vainly to reduce them to captivity again. In the midst of the mêlée McGuire caught his rooster, and fearful lest it should escape him managed with truly surprising dexterity to decapitate it. The body, however, had been flopping round spasmodically several seconds upon the floor before he realized that the oath had not been administered, and his voice suddenly rose above the pandemonium in an excited brogue.

"Hold up your hands, you! You do solemnly swear that in the case of The People against Mock Hen you will tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help you God!"

But the interpreter was at that moment engaged in clasping to his bosom a struggling rooster and was totally unable to fulfill his functions. Meantime the jury, highly edified at this illustration of the administration of justice, gazed down upon the spectacle from the stairs.

"This farce has gone far enough!" declared Judge Bender disgustedly. "We will return to the court room. Put those roosters back where they belong!"

Once more the participants ascended to Part IX and Ah Fong took his seat in the witness chair. The interpreter's blouse was covered with pinfeathers and one of his thumbs was bleeding profusely.

"Ask the witness if the oath that he has now taken will bind his conscience?" directed the court.

Again the interpreter and Ah Fong held converse.

"He says," translated that official calmly, "that the chicken oath is all right in China, but that it is no good in United States, and that anyway the proper form of words was not used."

"Good Lord!" ejaculated O'Brien. "Where am I?"

"Me tell truth, all light," suddenly announced Ah Fong in English. "Go ahead! Shoot!" And he smiled an inscrutable age-long Oriental smile.

The jury burst into laughter.

"He's stringing you!", the foreman kindly informed O'Brien, who cursed silently.

"Go on, Mister District Attorney, examine the witness," directed the judge. "I shall permit no further variations upon the established forms of procedure."

Then at last and not until then—on the morning of the twenty-first day—did Ah Fong tell his simple story and the jury for the first time learn what it was all about. But by then they had entirely ceased to care, being engrossed in watching Mr. Tutt at his daily amusement of torturing O'Brien into a state of helpless exasperation.

Ah Fong gave his testimony with a clarity of detail that left nothing to be desired, and he was corroborated in most respects by the Italian woman, who identified Mock Hen as the Chinaman with the iron bar. Their evidence was supplemented by that of Bull Neck Burke and Miss Malone, who also were positive that they had seen Mock running from the scene of the murder at exactly four-one o'clock.

Mr Tutt hardly cross-examined Fong at all, but with Mr. Burke he pursued very different tactics, speedily rousing the wrestler to such a condition of fury that he was hardly articulate, for the old lawyer gently hinted that Mr. Burke was inventing the whole story for the purpose of assisting his friends in the On Gee Tong.

"But I tell yer I don't know no Chinks!" bellowed Burke, looking more like a bull than ever. "This here Mock Hen run right by me. My goil saw him too. I looked at me ticker to get the time!"

"Ah! Then you expected to be a witness for the On Gee Tong!"

"Naw! I tell yer I was walkin' wit' me goil!"

"What is the lady's name?"

"Miss Malone."

"What is her occupation?"

"She's a gay burlesquer."

"A gay burlesquer?"

"Sure—champagne goil and gay burlesquer."

"A champagne girl!"

"Dat what I said."

"You mean that she is upon the stage?"

"Sure—dat's it!"

"Oh!" Mr. Tutt looked relieved.

"What had you and Miss Malone been doing that afternoon?"

"I told yer—walkin'."

Mr. Tutt coughed slightly.

"Is that all?"

"Say, watcha drivin' at?"

Mr. Tutt elevated his bushy eyebrows.

"How do you earn your living?" he demanded, changing his method of attack.

Bull Neck allowed his head to sink still farther into the vast bulk of his immense torso, strangely resembling, in this position, the fabled anthropophagi whose heads are reputed thus to "grow beneath their shoulders."

Then throwing out his jaw he announced proudly between set teeth: "I'm a perfessor of physical sculture!"

The jury sniggered. Mr. Tutt appeared politely puzzled.

"A professor of what?"

"A perfessor of physical sculture!" repeated Bull Neck with great satisfaction.

"Oh! A professor of physical sculpture!" exclaimed Mr. Tutt, light breaking over his wrinkled countenance. "And what may that be?"

Bull Neck looked round disgustedly at the jury as if to say: "What ignorance!"

"Trainin' an' developin' prominent people!" he explained.

"Um!" remarked Mr. Tutt. "Who invited you to testify in this case?"

"Mr. Mooney."

"Oh, you're a friend of Mooney's! That is all!"

Now it is apparent from these questions and answers that Mr. Burke had testified to nothing to his discredit and had conducted himself as a gentleman and a sportaman according to his best lights. Yet owing to the subtle suggestions contained in Mr. Tutt's inflections and demeanor the jury leaped unhesitatingly to the conclusion that here was a man so ignorant and debased that if he were not deliberately lying he was being made a cat's-paw by the police in the interest of the On Gee Tong.

Miss Malone fared even worse, for after a preliminary skirmish she flatly refused to give Mr. Tutt or the jury any information whatever regarding her past life, while Mooney, of course, labored from the beginning to the end of his testimony under the curse of being a policeman, one of that class whom most jurymen take pride in saying they hold in natural distrust. In a word, the white witnesses to the dastardly murder of Quong Lee created a general impression of unreliability upon the minds of the jury, who wholly failed to realize the somewhat obvious truth that the witnesses to a crime in Chinatown will naturally if not inevitably be persons who either reside in or frequent that locality.

Twenty-four days had now been consumed in the trial, and as yet no Chinese witnesses except Ah Fong had been called. Now, however, they appeared in cohorts. Though Mooney had sworn that the streets were practically empty at the time of the homicide forty-one Chinese witnesses swore positively that they had been within easy view, claiming variously to have been behind doors, peeking through shutters, at upper windows and even on the roofs. All had identified Mock Hen as the murderer, and none of them had ever heard of either the On Gee or the Hip Leong Tong! Mr. Tutt could not shake them upon cross-examination, and O'Brien began to show signs of renewed confidence. Each testified to substantially the same story and

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they occupied seventeen full days in the telling, so that when the prosecution rested forty-two days had been consumed since the first talesman had been called. The trial had sunk into a dull, unbroken monotony, as Mr. Tutt said, of the "vain repetitions of the heathen." Yet the police and the district attorney had done all that could reasonably have been expected of them. They were simply confronted by the very obvious fact—a condition and not a theory—that the legal processes of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence are of slight avail in dealing with people of another race.

Now it is possible that even had Mr. Tutt put in no defense whatever the jury might have refused to convict, for there was a curious air of unreality surrounding the whole affair. It all seemed somehow as if—assuming that it had ever taken place at all—it had occurred in some other world and in some other age. Perhaps under what might have been practically a direction of the court a verdict of conviction might have been returned—but it is doubtful. The more witnesses testified to exactly the same thing in precisely the same words the less likely it appeared to be.

But Mr. Tutt was taking no chances and, upon the forty-third day of the trial, at a nod from the bench he opened his case. Never had he been more serious; never more persuasive. Abandoning every suggestion of frivolity he weighed the testimony of each white witness and pointed out its obvious lack of probative value. Not one, he said, except the Italian woman, had had more than a fleeting glance of the face of the man now accused of the crime. Such an identification was useless. The Chinamen were patently lying. They had not been there at all! Would any member of the jury hang a dog, even a yellow one, on such testimony? Of course not! Much less a human being. The people had called forty witnesses to prove that Mock Hen had killed Quong Lee. It made no difference. The On Gee could have just as easily produced four hundred. Moreover, Mr. Tutt did a very daring thing. He pronounced all Chinese testimony in an American court of justice as absolutely valueless, and boasted that for every Chinaman who swore Mock Hen was guilty he would bring forward two who would swear him innocent.

The thing was, as he had carefully explained to Bonnie Doon, to prove that Mock was a good Chinaman and, if the jury did not believe that there was any such animal, to convince them that it was possible. His first task, however, was to polish off the Chinese testimony by calling the witnesses who had been secured by Bonnie Doon under the guidance of Wong Get. He admitted afterward that in view of the exclusion law he had not supposed there were so many Chinamen in the United States, for they crowded the corridors and staircases of the Criminal Courts Building, arriving in companies—the Wong family, the Mocks, the Fongs, the Lungs, the Sues, and others of the sacred Hip Sing Society from near at hand and from distant parts—from Brooklyn and Flatbush, from Flushing and Far Rockaway, from Hackensack and Hoboken, from Trenton and Scranton, from Buffalo and Saratoga, from Chicago and St. Louis, and each and every one of them swore positively upon the severed neck of the whitest rooster—the broken fragments of the whitest of porcelain plates—the holiest of books—that he had been present in person at Fulton Market in New York City at precisely four-fifteen o'clock in the afternoon and assisted Mock Hen, the defendant, in selecting and purchasing a terrapin for stew.

Mr. Tutt grinned at the jury and the jury grinned affectionately back at Mr. Tutt. Indeed, after the length of time they had all been together they had almost as much respect for him as for the judge upon the bench. The whole court seemed to be a sort of Tutt Club, of which even O'Brien was a member.

"Now," said Mr. Tutt, "I will call a few witnesses to show you what kind of a man this is whom these highbinders accuse of the crime of murder!"

Mock, rolling his eyes heavenward, assumed an expression of infantile helplessness and trust.

"Don't overdo it!" growled Tutt. "Just look kind of gentle."

So Mock looked as gentle as a sucking dove while two professors from Columbia University, three of his landlords in his more reputable business enterprises, the superintendent of the Rising Sun Mission, four ex-police officers, a fireman, and an investigator from the Society for the Suppression of Sin swore upon Holy Writ and with all sincerity that Mock Hen was not only a person of the most excellent character and reputation but a Christian and a gentleman.

And then Mr. Tutt played his trump card.

"I will call Miss Frances Duryea, of Hudson House," he announced. "Miss Duryea, will you kindly take the witness chair?"

Miss Fanny modestly rose from her seat in the rear of the room and came forward. No one could for an instant doubt the honesty and impartiality of this devoted middle-aged woman, who, surrendering the comforts and luxuries of her home uptown, to which she was well entitled by reason of her age, was devoting herself to a life of service. If a woman like that, thought the jury, was ready to vouch for Mock's good character, why waste any more time on the case? But Miss Fanny was to do much more.

"Miss Duryea," began Mr. Tutt, "do you know the defendant?"

"Yes, sir; I do," she answered quietly.

"How long have you known him?"

"Six years."

"Do you know his reputation for peace and quiet?"

Miss Fanny half turned to the judge and then faced the jury.

"He is one of the sweetest characters I have ever known," she replied, "and I have known many ——"

"Oh, I object!" interrupted O'Brien. "This lady can't be permitted to testify to anything like that. She must be limited by the rules of evidence!"

With one movement the jury wheeled and glared at him.

"I guess this lady can say anything she wants!" declared the foreman chivalrously.

O'Brien shrank down in his seat. What was the use!

"Go on, please," gently directed Mr. Tutt.

"As I was saying, Mr. Mock Hen is a very remarkable character," responded Miss Fanny. "He is devoted to the mission and to us at the settlement. I would trust him absolutely in regard to anything."

"Thank you," said Mr. Tutt, smiling benignly. "Now, Miss Duryea, did you see Mock Hen at any time on May sixth?"

Instantly the jury showed renewed signs of life. May sixth? That was the day of the murder.

"I did," answered Miss Fanny with conviction. "He came to see me at Hudson House in the afternoon and while we were talking the clock struck four."

The jury looked at one another and nodded.

"Well, I guess that settles this case!" announced the foreman.

"Right!" echoed a talesman behind him.

"I object!" wailed O'Brien. "This is entirely improper!"

"Quite so!" ruled Judge Bender sternly. "The jurymen will not make any remarks!"

"But, Your Honor—we all agreed at recess there was nothing in this case," announced the foreman. "And now this testimony simply clinches it. Why go on with it?"

"That's so!" ejaculated another. "Let us go, judge."

Mr. Tutt's weather-beaten face was wreathed in smiles.

"Easy, gentlemen!" he cautioned.

The judge shrugged his shoulders, frowning.

"This is very irregular!" he said.

Then he beckoned to O'Brien, and the two whispered together for several minutes, while all over the court room on the part of those who had sat there so patiently for sixty-nine days there was a prolonged and ecstatic wriggling of arms and legs. Instinctively they all knew that the farce was over.

The assistant district attorney returned to his table but did not sit down.

"If the court please," he said rather wearily, "the last witness, Miss Duryea, by her testimony, which I personally am quite ready to accept as truthful, has interjected a reasonable doubt of the defendant's guilt into what otherwise would in my opinion be a case for the jury. If Mock Hen was at Hudson House, nearly two miles from Pell and Doyers Streets, at four o'clock on the afternoon of the homicide, manifestly he could not have been one of the assailants of Quong Lee at one minute past four. I am satisfied that no jury would convict ——"

"Not on your life!" snorted the foreman airily.

"—— and I therefore," went on O'Brien, "ask the court to direct an acquittal."

In the grand banquet hall of the Shanghai and Hongkong American-Chinese Restaurant, Ephraim Tutt, draped in a blue mandarin coat with a tasseled pill box rakishly upon his old gray head, sat beside Wong Get and Buddha at the head of a long table surrounded by three hundred Chinamen in their richest robes of ceremony. Lanterns of party-colored glass swaying from gilded rafters shed a strange light upon a silken cloth marvelously embroidered and laden with the choicest of Oriental dishes, and upon the pale faces of the Hip Leong Tong—the Mocks, the Wongs, the Fongs and the rest—both those who had testified and also those who had merely been ready if duty called to do so, all of whom were now gathered together to pay honor where they felt honor to be due; namely, at the shrine of Mr. Tutt.

Deft Chinese waiters slipped silently from guest to guest with bird's-nest soup, guy soo main, mon goo guy pan, shark's fin and lung har made of shreds of lobster, water chestnuts, rice and the succulent shoots of the young bamboo, while three musicians in a corner sang through their noses a syncopated dirge. "Wang-ang-ang-ang!" it rose and fell as Mr. Tutt, his neck encircled by a wreath of lilies, essayed to manipulate a pair of long black chopsticks. "Wang-ang-ang-ang!" About him were golden limes, ginger in sirup, litchi nuts, pickled leeches.

Then he felt a touch upon his shoulder and turned to see Fong Hen, the slipper, standing beside him. It was the duty of Fong Hen to drink with each guest—more than that, to drink as much as each guest drank! He gravely offered Mr. Tutt a pony of rice brandy. It was not the fiery lava he had anticipated, but a soft, caressing nectar, fragrant as if distilled from celestial flowers of the time of Confucius. The slipper swallowed the same quantity at a gulp, bowed and passed along.

Mr. Tutt vainly tried to grasp the fact that he was in his own native city of New York. Long sleeves covered with red and purple dragons hid his arms and hands, and below the collar a smooth tight surface of silk across his breast made access to his pockets quite impossible. In one of them reposed twenty one-thousand-dollar bills—his fee for securing the acquittal of Mock Hen. Yes, he was in New York!

The monotonous wail of the instruments, the pungency of the incense, the subdued light, the humid breath of the roses carried the thoughts of Mr. Tutt far away. Before him, against the blue misty sunshine, rose the yellow temples of Peking. He could hear the faint tintinnabulation of bells. He was wandering in a garden fragrant with jasmine blossoms and adorned with ancient graven stones and carved gilt statues. The air was sweet. Mr. Tutt was very tired.

"Let him sleep!" nodded Buddha, deftly conveying to his wrinkled lips a delicate morsel of guy yemg dun. "Let him sleep! He has earned his sleep. He has saved our face!"

It was after midnight when Mr. Tutt, heavily laden with princely gifts of ivory and jade and boxes of priceless teas, emerged from the side door of the Shanghai and Hongkong American-Chinese Restaurant. The sky was brilliant with stars and the sidewalks of Doyers and Pell Streets were crowded with pedestrians. Near by a lantern-bedecked rubber-neck wagon was in process of unloading its cargo of seekers after the curious and unwholesome. On either side of him walked Wong Get and Buddha. They had hardly reached the corner when five shots echoed in quick succession above the noise of the traffic, and the crowd turned with one accord and rushed in the direction from which he had just come.

Mr. Tutt, startled, stopped and looked back. Courteously stopped along Wong Get and Buddha. A throng was fast gathering in front of the Shanghai and Hongkong Restaurant.

Then Murtha appeared, shouldering his way roughly through the mob. Catching sight of Mr. Tutt he paused long enough to whisper hoarsely in the lawyer's ear: "Well, they got Mock Hen! Five bullets in him! But if they were going to, why in hell couldn't they have done it three months ago?"

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CABELL DRIVES THE NAIL

(Continued from Page 17)

a youthful face, keen, rather cold blue eyes that seemed to see farther than eyes are meant to see, and a determined chin.

Cabell hesitated between an ecstatic rush to him, with a lifting of her flowerlike face for a kiss—the expression is hers—and a sweet shyness. Before she could make up her mind he had swung across the room, taken her hand in a hearty grip, said "Well, Cabell?" and turned to the boy. There was no time to say anything.

The man actually seemed interested in Doug, who couldn't do more than half grin and look foolish.

"Murphy's out stumping for me to-night against Clarkson," said the candidate when they were presently all seated. "One of those affairs where the populace asks questions afterward. I'd back Murph' against any man in the world on that. His Irish will make 'em laugh so they'll forget it if he doesn't know the answer. Clarkson's the kind that gets mad. Heard they lined up the Fifth Ward solid for Woodward. Looks a little as though I'd lose in my own county, but Murph' said last week that the northern part of the state was mine sure."

"Pretty even race," commented Mrs. Smith, and they talked of it eagerly, apparently forgetting there were such things as lovely young daughters.

"Who are you running against?" blundered Douglas.

Cabell laughed prettily. She didn't know, either, but it looked awful not to. Mrs. Smith said she must make him read the papers intelligently.

"Christie Woodward. Nice fellow, Doug. Don't know anybody I'd rather see governor—excepting your humble servant—than Chris Woodward. That's what makes beating him so hard. Nothing against him."

"If it were his cousin ——" began Mrs. Smith.

"Oh—Lance Christie! Different as chalk from cheese."

The name brought Cabell from the dreams the dullness of the conversation had evoked.

"Lance Christie!" she repeated involuntarily.

"You know, Cabell. His wife opened the Red Cross rooms."

"I see the young rascal at their headquarters every now and then—Lance, not his wife. . . . I'll take you with me, Doug, one of these days."

"Oh, boy! Can I run the car?"

The shrilling of the telephone bell broke in on Mr. Brewster's easy assent. Cabell and Douglas both leaped to the instrument, and there was a swift altercation before Cabell, who held the receiver, was able to reach the transmitter Douglas clutched, and give a honeyed "Hel-lo-o!" into it.

"Cabell! Douglas, let your sister have it. Aren't you ashamed?"

"Oh!"—a decidedly downward inflection. "Yes, he's here. Doug!"

"I toldja it was my call. . . . 'Lo. Uh-huh!"

The boy turned his back on them and pressed the transmitter close over his lips. He tried to keep his voice low, and his replies unintelligible. One foot beat a nervous tattoo on the floor.

"Both expecting something important," smiled the parent elect.

"They know better. One reason I'm glad is because I'll have more time for them." It wasn't necessary to mention what she was glad about. "I've had to leave them more or less to their own devices these last ten years. Is Stelle going to call up, Cabell?"

"I don't know." It had been fear that Lance Christie would disregard instructions that had sent her scurrying. The uncomfortably keen eyes of Mr. Brewster made her nervous. It seemed as if he must know whom she had expected.

"I got n' dollars. . . . I can't. . . . Well, I can't. I can't help it. . . . I can't if I can't, can I?" Doug's voice was raised in exasperation, and the bridegroom-to-be removed his regard from the daughter to the son.

"Doug's always needing money," sighed Doug's sister. "What the boy does with it is more than I know." She felt that this was very grown-up. She was rewarded with an electric glance from the keen blue eyes.

"I'll come over." Douglas jammed the receiver back on its hook and dived into his room. His voice came out desperately. "Goin' out, mom."

"No, Douglas."

"Yes'm; I've got to." He appeared with his cap and began to skirt the crowded room toward the outer door.

"I said 'No.'"

"But, mamma, I tell you I got to! I'll be back in a min-nut!" The boy's impatient eyes sought Mr. Brewster's beseechingly. "You make her let me go. You can." His fingers fumbled at the knob of the door.

"What is it—money?"

"Wallace—please. He mustn't take it."

Mr. Brewster smiled at her as he rose. "Leave him to me this time, Shirley. Come out here, Doug. How much?"

Douglas drew a quivering breath. "A hundred; I mean, ninety-five. Mom gave me five." He showed the bill as confirmation. "I can't tell you about it though. I promised. . . . Only I might have to go to jail if I don't get the money."

The man counted out the bills. "Here. Can you settle it for good? And understand! After this—cut that out."

"Oh, it isn't anything you could do twice. It's not gambling or anything. I won't—I mean, I will. Thanks." He started for the elevator.

"But I didn't have to make him tell me about it, Shirley," Wallace Brewster explained later. "One of my men will have the whole thing half an hour after I put him on it. Seems an unfair advantage. I'll let you know. Fine boy. Always wanted one like that. . . . Exactly the kind of mother I fancy, too"—with the shadow of a grin on his very young face.

Cabell said a publicly sweet farewell to her mother next morning, before she rushed back to the apartment and seized the ringing telephone. Doug had gone out an hour ago.

"This is Miss Cabell Smith. . . . Oh, how are you? Why, mamma wants me to lunch with her in town and shop. I'm dining with Mr. Brewster—Wallace Brewster, you know; running for governor?" So casually! "I'm afraid ——"

He was not to be put off like that. The stupendous news of Cabell's coming relationship to Mr. Brewster—she called him "daddy" because it sounded intimate—added to Lance Christie's desire for her society. He persuaded her to give him an hour that morning.

She met him two blocks below the Stratford, her blouse exposing a section of smooth young chest, her nose carefully whitened, her mouth blossoming with a shade of unnatural cerise. She and Stelle had bought the lip sticks weeks ago, but never dared use them. Now Cabell flattered herself she looked sophisticated, charming, quite the rival of the women in Lance's set. She dallied lightly with the idea of learning to smoke cigarettes - the extreme of wickedness.

They swung about the outskirts of the city, stopping once at a station for oil. Lance sent a small boy hustling into a near-by store for hot coffee. It was so much more grown-up to have coffee than chocolate sundae, which was what Cabell really wanted.

Then they began threading the traffic in the narrow Saturday-crowded streets. Lance was to drop Cabell in the neighborhood of Skelton's.

It had been an adventure. Cabell enjoyed exchanging what she thought was clever repartee with a man always described as fast. Besides, wasn't Lance misunderstood? She had suspected it yesterday, from the fact that his one mention of Mrs. Christie had been accompanied by a quick turning away of his head, a swift "I can't talk about her," and a change of the subject.

To-day he got so far as to say that a heaven had opened on his wedding day, but someone pushed the gates shut before he got inside. That sounded touching, even if she wasn't able to puzzle out its meaning. At any rate he hadn't been treated properly.

"I know people say a lot of pretty raw things about me. Well—no doubt some of them are true!" bitterly, with the right curl to his lip.

Cabell sympathized. She was misunderstood too. She forgot to duck the French tam to hide her face when they were caught in the next jam, and so suddenly found herself gazing into a pair of keen cold blue eyes, set in an absurdly youthful face. Her future parent was sitting in a big car with a number of other men. There was no doubt he had recognized her.

Her hands were cold and her throat tight all the way in. What in the world was she going to do? How could she account for it? Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

She said good-by without lingering, jumping out of the car and disappearing into Marcey's swinging doors with a mere "'By!" She fairly ran to the waiting room to wash off the cerise and rearrange her blouse.

"What's the use, anyway?" she muttered almost aloud to her reflection. "He'll go and blab and I might as well be dead. Oh, dear!"

She was a little late at Skelton's. Mrs. Smith was already at their usual table, and the first course was being brought in as Cabell hurried from the elevator.

"Missed a car," she murmured breathlessly.

"I tried to reach you all morning both at home and at Stelle's. Stelle said she hadn't see you."

"Why—how funny! I was home. No, I wasn't. I took a walk and—and just before I came down I was at the park looking up that leaf for botany—the one I told you about." Why did she bother to fib? In a few hours the whole thing would be out.

"I wanted you to bring down a piece of that pink chiffon. We might match it in ribbon."

"Oh, mamma, I don't want that baby kind of dress! Why can't I have some style? Goodness, the papers will write up what we wear, I don't care how informal you are. S'pose I want it blazed all over that I had on a kid dress like a sixteen-year-old?"

"You're only seventeen, aren't you?"

"Well, my goodness, there's some difference!"

Her mother smiled. "We'll go to Marcey's and see if they have a little Georgette, then."

Two women took possession of the vacant chairs at their table and private conversation was impossible, even if what they said hadn't put all minor considerations out of Cabell's head.

"If there isn't Mrs. Lance Christie!"

"Lucky she didn't see her husband half an hour ago. Who was that girl?"

"I don't know. Did you see the paint on her lips? Chorus, probably. Shame!"

Cabell kept the tam ducked to shield her hot face. Another day her mother could not have been blind, but now she was apparently deaf also. The girl stole a glance at Lance Christie's wife. Why, she wasn't a bit pretty! She didn't look as if she was anybody.

"I heard that her aunt arranged that wedding," one of Cabell's neighbors confided to the other. "She was brought up in a French convent, and when the Germans began their drive they dragged her—the aunt did, I mean—over here and got her safely married. She had money, and I suppose she was accustomed to the French way of having someone else select the man."

"They say Lance was wild about her."

"Yes, indeed. You know how he is—the newest face. And she was different. Looked like a little nun. Remember?"

Mrs. Smith touched Cabell's sleeve and Cabell gladly got away.

The afternoon was a blur. The only thing that seemed real was the haunting fear of what Mr. Brewster would do about the drive. She couldn't have told whether the frock selected was white or purple; or whether or not they finally decided on the serge coat.

The rush to the Stratford to dress for dinner and the hurry back to the St. Saen Hotel was one mounting agony. She didn't even complain about the satin ribbon her mother insisted on tying on her hair—Cabell's hair.

The candidate for governor was waiting for them in one of the parlors, listening to Doug's chatter as if he liked it. He met them eagerly, and had much to say to Mrs. Smith before he turned to Cabell.

"Cabell! What have you been doing with yourself all day?" His eyes were colder than ever.

Why, she'd been shopping with mamma.

"All day?"

No. They'd lunched together and shopped all afternoon. They'd bought ——

"And this morning?"

She'd had a lot of little things to do and—she'd walked in the park ——

"Cabell missed her car or we'd have had time to see you before you went over to the capitol," put in Mrs. Smith.

"So she missed the car, did she?" He looked at his future daughter as if he would bore to her very soul, and Cabell's lids fell over her frightened eyes. He waited until after the meal though. Then: "Cabell and I have something to say to each other. Doug can tell you what we've been doing all afternoon, Shirley."

Mamma couldn't be in love with the man or she'd object, and not sit there stupidly satisfied. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Cabell lagged to the door of the empty writing room, feeling none of the thrill that would have been hers last night if he'd stood aside then for her to enter, in this gallant fashion.

A fountain splashed beneath a circle of green lights. Beyond shining desks stretched in orderly rows about the walls. Mr. Brewster installed her at one and drew up a chair to face her. "Look at me, please. What were you doing with Lance Christie?"

Cabell tried to smile. Her fingers picked at the babyish frills on her skirt. "With—a—Lance Christie?"

"You understand what I say, I think."

"Why, he—I happened to meet him and he asked me if I'd—I'd ride down—and I did."

"You knew him?"

"N—yes. I—Stelle had a cousin from Camberley over last week and—he knew Mr. Christie, and when the three of us were coming in from the ball game—he—happened to get on the same car—and—we met."

"Have you gone driving with him before?"

"Oh, no! I wasn't driving with him this time. We only—we just ——"

"You needn't trouble to fib. You were driving with him this morning. Do you know that he is a married man, with an unsavory reputation?"

"People say things about him. They don't have to be true."

"But you admit you know he's married?"

"Well, can't you speak to a man if he's married? I'd have thought you would be broader than that. Nowadays you don't go into retreat if you are married. Can't a man have a friend ——"

"No. He can't sneak about with a decent girl. I'm not telling you anything new. You know you're not acting squarely or you wouldn't hide it. There must be something to you, with that mother. You can't be a sham through and through."

"You've no right to insult me because you're bigger and stronger." She had read that, and it came in pat.

"Aside from his being married he's not the kind of man for you to be seen with. Need I make that plainer? . . . Now remember this: You are not to see, speak to, write to or communicate with Lance Christie. Is that clear?"

"I don't see that it's your business."

"Whether you see or not is immaterial. Kindly note that I'll know it, and I can be really unpleasant if I try." He looked more than unpleasant. "There are schools where pupils who need it can be watched."

She tried weeping and she tried storming, with no impression. His one remark in the next half hour was to the effect that he hoped the decent thing in her would come to the top soon. He was a brute. She hoped she could pay him out for it some day. How she would enjoy it!

He did not insist on a promise. Indeed he gave her to understand that a promise from her had no weight.

She couldn't enjoy the play that wound up the evening. More than that, she couldn't enjoy the mild sensation their entrance in a family party made. She was taken up with hating Wallace Brewster. Even the knowledge that what she wore was being noted for the papers failed to interest her. Some day, possessed of an undefined power over him, she'd make Wallace Brewster beg for mercy, and then she'd laugh, a hollow mirthless laugh and refuse!

The lesson at church next morning was about one Jael, who rid herself and her people of an enemy by running a nail through his head. Cabell wished things were as simple as that now. She wouldn't have minded driving nails all over her future stepfather.

Stelle walked home with her. She had more than one thing to communicate to Cabell, and they lingered on the drive until Douglas came down for his sister.

(Continued on Page 79)

Miller

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ON Buffalo's finest cars one finds Miller Cords. These car owners who demand a tire service of the same high standard as that given by their fine cars, choose Miller Cords in preference to all others.

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"Um-m - Good old Licorice Flavor"

ADAMS
BlackJack
GUM

GOOD FOR THE THROAT

ADAMS
Pure Chewing Gum

(Continued from Page 76)

"Mamma, did you know why Doug wanted that money?" burst out Cabell when the two were alone.

"I—heard."

"Heard that he and his bunch stole the mayor's car and smashed it up and had to pay to get it fixed or go to jail?" in one horrified, amazed breath.

"Something like that."

"Mamma! And you don't care? Stelle told me. She saw them smash up. Stole it!"

"Mr. Brewster took the matter up with Douglas, Cabell."

"He knew—and didn't make a fuss? Well!" She couldn't go on. It was too unfair. He thought it was all right for Douglas to run off with a car and nearly go to jail, but if she rode with a man who took a pitiful joy in her society —— Yes, that was another thing! He was unjust, unfair, a bully and a brute.

She threw herself into a mission chair and picked up the Sunday paper. She prayed for the nail to be delivered into her hand. She'd use it. No fear she wouldn't use it.

The sheet she had been staring at became all at once intelligible. There was an article about the gubernatorial candidates:

"The entire outcome of the election depends on the Camberley County vote. The man who swings Camberley has the state."

If she only had the Camberley County vote in her possession how gladly she would hand it to Christie Woodward and defeat the autocratic Brewster! What pleasure was there in being a governor's daughter? He wouldn't let her enjoy it. Anyway, she wanted to hurt him. It ought to hurt him worse than anything not to be elected. . . . Only she didn't have the vote.

Douglas came in bubbling with excitement. He and dad had been over to Camberley and he'd driven the car. Gee, it was great! They'd had a big mass meeting and dad told 'em a few. Say, did they know our party had a big electric sign on top of Marcey's with "Brewster: Prosperity and Peace" on it? You ought to see it flash on and off! They'd plastered the whole country with bills about dad too. And say, know what kind of stunt Murph was pulling to-morrow night? Going to stand on top of the City Hall with a megaphone and make a speech. Doug was going to go with him and throw down bombs with campaign literature in them. Wasn't that a big little old idea? He'd say it was!

Cabell leaned back in her chair and smiled a cynical smile. She observed that in her opinion Woodward would swing Camberley and that settled the election.

"But get what you can out of it," she advised languidly.

Her mother stopped reading, and Doug whirled round.

"Like fun Woodward's got Camberley! We got it in our pocket right now. Guess you haven't seen the papers. Gee, that rotten sheet! Y'ought to read the Times. Then you'd get the dope."

"The race is unusually even," commented Mrs. Smith. "We can't claim Camberley yet, I'm afraid."

"Dad says the least little thing'll sweep 'em one way. If we knew what they'll do in the big strike we'd have 'em—or if they got hold of our position on the Right of Way Over Public Property Bill! That's a big thing to Camberley."

"What is our position?" asked Cabell eagerly. She hadn't the ghost of an idea of what a right of way might be or how it could affect an election.

Douglas was vague. He didn't like to admit that he didn't know. But gee, girl, think we'd let those birds know? Not by a whole lot! Dad can get by without letting out anything he don't want known.

"Mr. Brewster isn't dad yet—if ever."

"Sure he is. I asked him He likes it. You can call him it if you want. I'm going to have his little auto for mine, and work in his office when I'm out of school, and lots of times I'll chauf for him."

"You're his pet!" flared Cabell, and slammed into her own cubicle. Doug could do anything and have everything. She couldn't even choose her own friends. She'd run over to Stelle's and ——

She escaped without telling more than one white lie, and minced off down the lighted avenue. High hedges shut in most of the houses on the block, and great trees roofed the sidewalks. Leaves drifted down and formed crackling piles underfoot. The bitter-sweet smell of frost was in the air.

Cabell snuggled into the new coat, let her chin sink deep into the soft collar and stepped to a new Marseillaise. Wallace Brewster was the Tyrant and she the Brave. When the election returns were in and the autocrat found himself beaten, and was sunk into his chair, head bowed in inglorious defeat, she would calmly announce that it was to her he owed his bitter failure. It was an evidence of her power. Perhaps after this he'd have pause before he took that high and mighty tone with her. "Have pause"—that was pretty good.

A car stopped gratingly and a voice drawled: "In a dashing rush, little pal?"

She had almost passed him, but she came back at once, the fascinating smile in play, her walk superelegant. "Mr. Christie!"

He took her outstretched hand and kept it, warming it between both of his. "What made you run away from me yesterday?" His voice sounded like a warm sea, lapping her round. "Oh, yes, you did! Afraid to be seen with me by any of these good people?"

She denied that. Heavens!—they all said "Heavens!" in books—did he think she was so narrow? Really, she rather enjoyed shocking these good people. They both intimated that being good was tiresome, provincial and common.

"How about a little spin?"

Oh, no, she couldn't. She was just going to Stelle's and mamma might call up over there and—well, ten minutes, then; not more.

It was not much more, even though in the time it was necessary to confide the hateful story of Wallace Brewster's tyranny, and arrange a method of communication. Letters could be sent through Stelle.

When the car drew up before Stelle's ivy-hung dwelling Cabell was beginning to enjoy her martyrdom. It made her a heroine—a properly persecuted heroine. She considered whether or not it might be even more romantic to have a secret code. You couldn't signal with lights from an apartment window. In the first place the lights weren't movable, and in the next it would be an endless job to count the scores of windows to find hers!

Again that odd long look, that gleam of white teeth in the dark, that "Good night, little pal!" What a lot she had to tell Stelle!

She was halfway up the terrace steps before she recognized the man coming down the flight leading to the ivy-clad porch. She felt, as she told Stelle afterward, "full of frozen screams." The man was Wallace Brewster

"I told Shir— your mother—I'd call for you. It appears that I'm a bit previous."

She said "Not at all!" with a well-done shrug, and they proceeded to march down the street, shoulder to shoulder. They had reached the avenue before either spoke. Then he said with a frown that was evident even in the dark: "I don't suppose you're actually in love with that—man!" Apparently adjectives failed him.

"In love!" That hadn't occurred to her. She had been taken up with her daring in associating with the notorious Lance Christie, and with the novel position of little pal to a sadly misunderstood soul.

"Not that you know how to love anybody. You're too selfish to be capable of the real thing."

Selfish! The idea! She drew herself up.

"You don't understand!"—pityingly. How could he hope to comprehend the beautiful relations of Lance and herself?

"Don't understand? I understand the sort of man who calls a girl 'pal' because it's a neutral word that means anything and nothing. Ought to be abolished from the language. The use of it stamps a man for what he is. Of course you think he's madly in love with you—the world well lost and all that. That's what you think now. Wait till it's too late. You haven't got the real thing, and you wouldn't know what to do with it if you had."

"Love has nothing to do with it! Old people always think a man can't look at a girl and a girl can't have a man friend unless it's something like that. But we modernists are—are different." She ended weakly, because she wasn't sure of "modernists." She and Stelle had come across it in a magazine.

"Then it won't matter to you if you never see him again," the candidate for state honors observed after a pause, during which Cabell worried over the selection of "modernist." Maybe he was laughing at her.

"It will matter to him!"

"I shan't lose sleep on that account."

They had reached the drive and paused at the gate, Cabell picking at the drying leaves on the spireas, the man boring holes in the gravel with his cane.

"It will mean that a man who might be—be helped, will go straight to the dogs! You don't know what my being nice to him stands for. Just because everybody else gives him a push you want me to throw stones too. You want me to help send him to—hell!"

She half whispered the last word. Her eloquence brought tears to her eyes. He didn't seem impressed.

"I don't care where you send him. Seems to me that's his wife's business anyway. I never had any sympathy for those fellows who had to be coddled along step by step. If he's fond of dogs he'll probably find his way to them without assistance."

"It's a matter between myself and my own conscience"—grandly.

His glance was quizzical. "What a lot of ways there are for convincing ourselves that it's right to do wrong!"

"You're not fair. You let Doug do anything. You let him steal and—and everything!"

"No, I don't. Doug is to earn and pay back every cent. He wants to."

"Oh, yes, Doug is perfection! You want to tyrannize over me, that's all. You want to show you can boss me. Take away my friends and lock me up in schools. You think you'll break my spirit. But you won't! I can write to him. You can't interfere with his mail."

"Perhaps your mother may hit on a plan ——"

"Oh, tell her! I don't expect you to have any honor. Tell her right now. With the whole world against me I won't give him up!"

"Do you know you're very funny, Cabell?"

"Am I? I would be to you. You're the kind who laughs at a broken heart!"—crushingly, as she marched to the entrance, chin held high.

He followed in silence. She couldn't decide whether he was angry or amused, but she wouldn't let him think she cared. She chatted brightly to Walker, to whom her new relationship gave her a real standing at last.

Douglas sprang at them.

"Say, the Times called up, dad. They got to have something from you about the strike. I'll get 'em on the wire. . . . Main Five. . . . Woodward's come out with a string of soft-soap promises that'll haul in votes wholesale. . . . Times? Say, I got Governor Brewster here for you. . . . Yeh; Governor—that's what I said. . . . Here, dad."

Cabell slipped into her own room and locked the door. She'd never lower herself by calling the monster "daddy" now! If he was elected she'd call him "Your Excellency"—like that, distantly. If not she supposed "Mr. Brewster" would have to do. It wasn't so effective.

She wondered what mamma would say about Lance Christie. Old people never understood. They set to work and carefully taught you to be kind to everybody and do unto others and all that, and when it came right down to it they went out of their way to make you stop! Stop doing the very identical things they'd pounded into you all your life!

She took off the stupid girlish challis and put on a negligée. Anybody can look sophisticated in a negligée with her hair down and really nifty slippers—she and Stelle had exchanged birthday presents of slippers allowing the other to choose her own. Let Wallace Brewster demand her in there and he'd see that she wasn't the infant her mother pretended. Of course it would probably shock that lady unconscious.

He didn't demand her. Cabell waited—sometimes high-hearted and defiant, planning to burst into the room with a ringing laugh; sometimes chilly with fear, when the thought of crossing the threshold was a stark impossibility. And nobody disturbed her. The little ivory clock on her dressing table crawled from ten to eleven. She heard doors open and shut and the gradual cessation of voices. And silence.

At length she opened her door. The living room was dark. Doug's room showed no light. Her mother's was also wrapped in gloom.

"Want anything, Cabell?"

"N-no, nothing."

"Do go to bed, child. You can get up early and finish studying."

It was clear he hadn't told. She crept into bed uneasily. He wanted to play with her, like a snake with a charmed bird. Well, he'd discover what kind of partner he had in that game. The thought of the Camberley vote came back temptingly. If she just knew what his position was on that right of way, and what to do with it. . . . Lance! Why didn't she ask Lance? His cousin was the opponent. He ought to know.

She could hardly go to sleep for thinking of it. She'd get Stelle to mail a letter to Lance, telling him to meet her. Let's see: Better not go out in the car. Somebody would be sure to see and tell. Why not have tea together at Serodino's? They had booths like little private rooms and they could go in separately. The very thing!

Wallace Brewster had met his match!

She made the appointment for Tuesday afternoon. She was supposed to be at Stelle's, and Stelle had instructions to say she was there but couldn't come to the phone just now.

"Tell them I've swallowed wrong and can't speak, and I'll call up. Then phone me right away and I'll call from there. I don't know what on earth anybody'd phone for, but they might. If you get Vergil write it out for me. . . . Oh, I'm so excited!"

The loyal Stelle was no less so. "You'll come back here and tell me the whole thing? I can't wait. Goodness, Cabell, aren't you sort of afraid of Lance Christie? He's got such an awful name. My cousin says he don't know whether he ought to have introduced us that day."

Cabell executed her favorite shrug and left.

She was going to be very casual about entering Serodino's—just saunter in as if attracted by something in the window or as if she thought about something else. She practiced sauntering down Fourth Street, with side glances at the window mirrors to observe the effect of Stelle's mother's new hat, which she had confiscated for the meeting. It had a delightful stick-up that added to her height. She bought a spray of scarlet salvia and thrust it into the belt of her suit.

The casual entrance being effected she slipped into the third booth. Three is a symbolic number. Lance Christie hadn't come, but it wasn't time. She took out her vanity case and applied the cerise stick to her lips and the powder to her nose and waited. Still he didn't come.

The waitress asking again for her order awed her into having an éclair. Cabell ate it in a rush. It would look so odd for her to be eating if he came; and it was such a messy thing. She had to fix her lips all over again.

She had made the hour three-thirty. At four-thirty she put on Stelle's mink scarf and fastened her coat. He couldn't have had the letter.

But as she rose she saw the low red car draw up outside and Lance swing across the pavement. He met her with well-simulated amazement.

"If it isn't my little pal! What are you doing here?" taking her back to the booth with an imperious "Waiter, please!" over one shoulder.

He hadn't meant to be late. It was this last violent rush of the election. What would she have? Tea? Tea was all the go on the Continent. He rather liked it. So she had tea and a salad, because salads are more grown-up than ice cream.

It was hard to get started about the revenge. Lance apparently thought her invitation a commendable longing for his society. When she finally came to the point he seemed doubtful.

"We'd like to have the file—we'd finish in a blare of glory. But I believe Woodie will beat Brewster anyway. If you had the papers you could mail 'em to our headquarters to Clarkson. He never lets his conscience overwork. Still, you can't get 'em."

"Where would they be? What would they look like?"

He wasn't clear. There would probably be a private file of papers on the right of way something definite as to whether Brewster would let the railroads put a spur track over land belonging to the public, thus cutting off teamsters from the river and making boat loading difficult in high water.

"We don't know which way he'll jump. We're pretty sure it's the wrong way politically or he'd have come out with it. We've insinuated, but that doesn't prove anything. The file might be in his private safe."

"His private safe!" It might as well be in the Tower of London.

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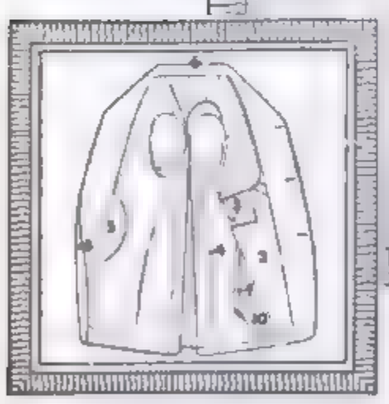
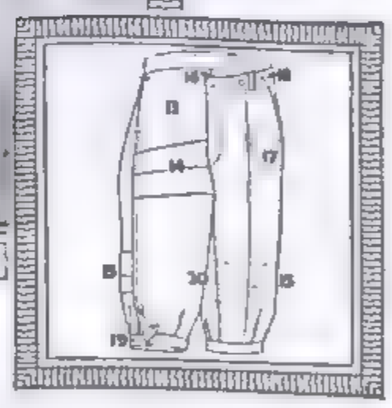


Dubbelbilt Features: 1. "Cravenette" finish. 2. Retains shape. 3. Front won't break. 4. Seams won't rip. 5. Double thickness elbow. 6. Collar hugs neck. 7. Rip-proof pockets. 8. Buttons won't come off. 9. Guaranteed fabrics. 10. Pockets double-sewn.



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Look at Dubbelbilt suit No. 7072 at $16.75. It comes in navy blue serge—all wool—Cravenette finished. Has a smartly tailored waist-seam coat with removable belt; full-lined knickers. See picture at bottom of page.

Ask also to see No. 7027—in good-looking long-wear corduroy, Cravenette finished. Similar style features to 7072. Price $14.75.

If your regular store doesn't sell Dubbelbilt Clothes, send us your boy's size and a money order for the amount mentioned and we'll have No. 7072 at $16.75 or No. 7027 at $14.75 delivered *direct*. Get *your* boy into Dubbelbilt Clothes.

DUBBELBILT BOYS'-CLOTHES, INC., BROADWAY AT 11TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

(Continued from Page 78)

"Of course we're for the railroads. Woodie's been counsel for them so long, you know."

Cabell didn't know, but she didn't reveal her ignorance.

"Why don't you run up to his office and act as if you were intimate with him before the office force, and get on the inside?"

Yes, why didn't she hobnob with the crowned heads of Europe—what there are left of them?

She let the conversation drift to personalities. He had a great deal to say about his wasted past—old stuff, but new to Cabell. He'd give a year of his life to be able to face Cabell with the knowledge that there was nothing to regret.

She toyed with her salad, and managed to intimate that there were dark moments in her own long life best left unmentioned.

The clock struck five and the streets filled with people. Lights sprang up magically everywhere. Lance left hurriedly. Before he went he bent over her, with that flash of white teeth, and she drew away quickly. He laughed, but he didn't press the point.

She stayed a moment longer, removing the cerise and wrestling with her gloves. She told herself she was a fool to act so. According to her favorite screen dramas that was the natural thing for him to do. Ought she to have let him? He'd know now she was nothing but a school kid.

She couldn't mince along now. She had to get to Stelle's and home. She squeezed onto a crowded car, and ran up the side street to Stelle's. As she dashed along a girl came out of a hedged-in garden and collided with her. They both said: "Oh—pardon me!" and caught at their hats. It wasn't a girl at all. It was Mrs. Lance Christie.

It bothered Cabell all the rest of the way. She looked nice, not the way you imagine a wife whose husband isn't appreciated. And she looked as if she'd been educated in a convent, too—so sort of fresh and holy.

"Made me feel a thousand years old!" Cabell said half aloud. It wasn't a comfortable feeling. No use saying it's life, and life's bitter. She and Stelle often told one another that, but it didn't help now.

Mrs. Lance had such straight-glancing eyes. Did she look at Lance that way? A chill went over her at the thought of meeting those eyes if the lady knew. Maybe it was a bit hard for a girl brought up in a convent to understand a man as exotic as Lance. "Exotic"—that was a good word. She resolved to look it up to-morrow.

"There must be some good in you somewhere!" For a moment Cabell thought the words had been spoken aloud. She hesitated at the foot of Stelle's steps. "You can't be all a sham!"

It seemed as if not Wallace Brewster but Mrs. Lance Christie was saying it—not contemptuously, but pleadingly, as if eager that the sentiment be true. Cabell looked up at the half dozen pin pricks of light in the cloudy sky. They didn't look like stars to-night. They were millions of miles away and unreachable. The gray fleece of the clouds would blot them out presently.

Stelle opened the door and dashed out.

"What are you mooning about, Cab? Here, give me mum's hat quick! She's in there. We'd better scoot in the side door and you can get your things. Nobody's called up, and I'm about to lose my mind on the math problems. We'll have to get 'em from Joe Terrill. Do tell me everything!"

Well, Lance had been very interesting, but it was late. Cabell would have to go into details to-morrow. She put on the French tam and picked up her books.

"Stelle! Oh—Estelle! Is Cabell there? Someone on the phone for her!" came the voice of Stelle's busy mother.

"Yes, she's just going. I let 'em think you were up here. I've been talking to myself out loud all afternoon!" giggled Stelle.

Cabell giggled, too, but it didn't sound so funny as usual.

"Hello? . . . Oh, mamma, I'm just leaving. . . . We were studying and we can't get math and we forgot the time. . . . Yes, right away. I've got my things on. 'By." Her face was crimson. Ordinarily she would have considered that she had done something commendable in thus replying, but not to-night.

Some of the stars were gone. No doubt the clouds would smother every one. Poor stars! Once, 'way before the war, a girl in a convent may have looked at those stars. . . . Five years ago! Cabell had been a child. She shrugged again. Had she ever been so innocent as Mrs. Lance Christie looked?

The remembrance of Lance's attempted kiss came back, sending a hot wave over her. Was there any good in her? Was she really a sham? A sham! That was an ugly word.

She hardly noticed Walker. The sickening thought had come to her that it was true. She didn't love Lance Christie—at least, how did you know? Yet she was deliberately taking him from his wife. Probably he was wild about Cabell—wanting to kiss her and all. She'd ruined his life and she didn't want him. She was—as she had suspected, and told Stelle often—cold and heartless, a Cleopatra or George Sand or one of those women who break men's hearts—no, that was the Lorelei. They'd had them—her—in lit last week.

After dinner, while Douglas alternately scowled over his books and brought up various sound reasons why he ought to be campaigning with dad instead, Cabell looked up the Lorelei. Stelle had found the reference and as usual forgotten to note where. Only the poem, copied in Stelle's flowing hand, with the long tails to the y's and wide tops to the t's, rewarded her search:

The most beautiful maid is reclining
On the rocks, so wondrous fair;
Her glorious jewels are shining,
She is combing her golden hair;
With a golden comb she combs it,
And sings a song thereby,
That thrills with its mystic meaning
And wonderful melody.
It seizes with wildest yearning
The boatman, entranced in his skiff;
He sees not the treacherous breakers,
He gazes alone on the cliff.
And soon will the waves engulf them,
Both boat and boatman strong,
For thus in her toils hath she bound them,
The Lorelei with her song!

It might have been written especially for Cabell—that bit about the golden hair and her singing. She'd always wanted to have her voice cultivated, only mamma was so fussy about her studying anything but lessons. If she couldn't get those half the time what chance was there of doing justice to vocal work, argued Mrs. Smith. As if voice culture was work! Maybe Lance felt that way—you know—wild yearning. It was thrilling to think about.

"Mom, can I go with dad to the labor meeting Thursday night? Can I?"

"Does he want you?" Mrs. Smith didn't look up from the list she was preparing for the wedding announcements.

"Sure. He's going to get in from the north 'long about eight and I got to rush him to the hall. Clarkson had that Quicksilver fellow spillin' it into the labor unions to-day—and gee, if that man wasn't smooth! I shinned up a post and listened on the fire escape. Oh, baby! He got me going so I almost believed him myself. I beat it to dad's office and told him, and dad and Murph got on the job, and boys, oh boys, we've got some hot shot! . . . Why, I ain't hurting your old table!"

"Your shoes are. Put them on the floor. Right down, Douglas! I suppose you may go if dad said so. Cabell, what's Marian Hastings' new address? Oakley or Oakland? . . . Oh, yes! . . . By the way, come to the office after school to-morrow. I'm having some white kid slippers sent in from the wholesale house and you can try them on. Oh, and Cabell! Wallace—dad wants you to have a gift from him—both of you—whatever you want. You may choose it yourself."

"Any mortal thing?"

Her mother nodded abstractedly.

"Then I want earrings—long ones, in jade."

"Cabell! I meant anything in reason."

"Well, I think that's reasonable. Goodness, it's what I want, isn't it? My heart, you'd think I'd asked for poison!"

"Oh, you vamp!"

"Never mind, Douglas. Think it over, Cabell, and select something you can wear. A pretty pin or ring or a girlish necklace."

"Oh—girlish! I'd just as soon not have anything!" Cabell flounced into her room and sulked over the Vergil Stelle had written out wrong. If she couldn't have earrings she'd have a ring with a perfectly e-nor-mous stone—long, you know, reaching to her finger joint. Maybe she ought not to take Wallace Brewster's jewels. He said she was no good—that is, he said there must be some good in her; meant the same thing. Well, he was wrong—right—oh, dear! She couldn't help being fascinating, could she?

A sham! Did Mrs. Lance Christie think so too? What did it matter if she did? She'd have to learn some day that nothing's very nice in this old world. Stelle and Cabell had known that since sophomore year. They frequently shook their heads over it. . . . What on earth made Stelle translate like that? Now you couldn't trust to luck on any of it.

But all through the feverish haste of getting a passable rendering the word "sham" persisted. Maybe it wasn't smart to "embellish the golden truth," as Stelle put it. Sham—sham—sham! In desperation she borrowed Doug's pocket dictionary and hunted the definition.

"A trick, fraud, make-believe, counterfeit." Her cheeks flamed and she lost the place. The word "sincere" leaped at her. That meant "genuine, upright, honest."

Cabell dropped the book with a bang.

Mrs. Smith was guiding her successor through the mazes of the private ledger when Cabell arrived, and merely nodded at the white boxes on her desk, so Cabell made her own selection. They had the sparklingest buckles—they were going to wear buckles again—and white chiffon rosebuds. They were darling.

Her mother absently approved the choice. Her mind was on something else.

"Cabell—let's see: You know where dad's office is?"

"Mr. Brewster, do you mean? In the Cole Block."

"Yes. Do you think you could take a packet to him right away? He left it by mistake and he needs it. He sent a messenger, but goodness knows what has become of him. He must have it at once. You won't stop for anything, will you?"

"Oh, do I have to? Help!"

"Cabell!"

"Well, I'm going. But I'm not crazy about it." Cabell jerked the laces of her school shoes into a knot crossly.

"Give it to dad—nobody else."

"Oh, all right. I'll give it to Mr. Brewster."

Now was the opportunity, wasn't it? She could lose the important packet and get revenged. It would be pleasanter to do something he couldn't trace to her. Her feet found their way to the Cole Block, and presented her at the door of the candidate's suite. It occupied the fourteenth floor—a model in green rugs and shining mahogany, lights dispersed evenly from beautiful hanging bowls, partitions of steel made to resemble mahogany, with frosted glass tops, and men—men at the laden desks, men at the giant filing cabinets, men at the bookcases lining the walls, men at the endless telephones.

One of them came to meet her, and it was suddenly an enchanting adventure. He treated her as she liked being treated, as if she were a visiting princess. He didn't ask who she was. Cabell wondered if he knew from the picture the Sunday papers carried in connection with the announcement of Wallace Brewster's engagement. Or if he'd seen her at the theater Saturday. The simple explanation of her mother's message that Cabell was on her way didn't occur to her.

"Mr. Brewster will see you at once, Miss Smith. Will you come with me?"

Other men glanced up as they passed. That their interest was due more to the fact that their chief was to marry her mother than to her own prettiness didn't dawn on Cabell.

Mr. Brewster was with a long, loose-jointed man who appeared half buried in campaign literature. What Doug called the map of Ireland was on his face. They both showed the effect of too little sleep, too much work and the long strain.

"Draw another five hundred for him, then. He'll have to make a whirlwind dash if he's going to do anything, but every chance is one more. . . . Cabell! Much obliged. Sit down while I look it over . . . My little girl, Murphy. . . . Believe I can give Quicksilver a knockout if I put that profit-sharing plan at the mass meeting. . . . That for me?" The candidate yanked an extension phone nearer.

Murphy dragged himself from the lithographs and print and smiled at Cabell. "Hear you're to lead the younger set at the Capital this winter."

"Oh—I don't graduate till June."

"Next year, then. Lucky devils!" He intimated Irishly that her path would be strewn with men's broken hearts.

Cabell blushed and dimpled. She had an answer ready and Murphy's ready

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laugh rose constantly. She felt she was a success. She would be able to conduct a sort of *salon* next winter. Younger set, indeed!

"You're turning the child's head. Don't notice him, Cabell. He's Irish and can't help it. She's a little girl, Murph, and she'll be at school for the next three years." He crossed the room to the safe, whose thick outer doors stood wide open, and thrust a key into the thin inner one.

A totally unnecessary remark, when she was proving herself so irresistible! Her anger rose again, and she moved toward him impulsively. The safe, unlocked, disclosed a row of files below the cash box, each carefully labeled. The third from the right was plainly marked: "Right of Way, Public Landing."

Yes, there it was—and there it was likely to stay.

She watched her future parent put away the packet she had brought, relock the safe, take his hat from a mahogany stand and stride to the door.

"Come, Cabell! Got to talk to Judge Peters about the Cobb case, Murph. You had better get back to headquarters and see what's doing. Afraid Dudley will fall down on us. . . . Oh, the phone! . . . Hello! . . . Yes, coming. This minute. . . . Come on, quick, before someone else stops us." He hurried them out unceremoniously, one hand on Cabell's shoulder. To help out the picture of devotion Cabell couldn't help looking up at him with the fascinating smile. For two minutes at any rate she'd play the part of lovely pampered daughter to the governor.

They parted at the door of the Cole Block, Mr. Brewster directing that she run right home now and get her lessons. Insulting! If she could just pay him back!

She didn't know afterward how the idea occurred to her. It was suddenly there, full-grown, and she acted on it without waiting for second thought.

She hurried back to the offices they had just left, demanded the secretary to Mr. Brewster, put on the expression of innocence embarrassed—getting to be too well-known among the faculty at school—and said that daddy had sent her back for the papers about the right of way to something or other. They were in his safe, in the third pigeonhole. Could she please have them at once?

A dreadful fear that the safe couldn't be opened in Mr. Brewster's absence died at the alacrity with which the unsuspicious youth unlocked it and found the precious packet.

"Could you put it in a big envelope? And seal it? And hurry! Daddy's waiting."

He could and did. Cabell flashed him her prettiest smile and darted out again. She did not pause at the street door this time. She went at once to the post office to address the sealed envelope.

When she was sitting at the family table that evening the first misgiving smote her. Wouldn't the secretary immediately mention having given her the papers? She put down her fork.

"What is it, Cabell? Isn't your meat well done?"

"No—it's all right."

"Eat it, then. You really must stop stuffing yourself with those abominable sundaes. You and Stelle won't have a complexion between you when you're twenty."

"Gee, I forgot! Stelle told me to be sure and give you this, Cab!" Douglas extended a much-handled envelope. "She's got a new dress or hat or something to show you. . . . If you want me to I'll drive you over there in my car."

He made the offer with elaborate casualness, one eye on his mother.

His sister made no immediate reply. Slitting the grimy envelope had disclosed a second one, inscribed in a masculine hand. What did Lance want?

"You may go over for a little while, Cabell, if you and Stelle have lessons. Douglas will call for you. I shall be at the Metropolitan." Mr. Brewster was speaking there.

Cabell agreed listlessly. Everything depended on what Lance had to say.

What he had to say was not enlightening. He must see Cabell. Could she manage to get out to-morrow night for a ride? It was important. He'd meet her in the park by the fountain. Please come. He was her devoted pal. Oh, she couldn't be bothered with him! Maybe for what she'd done Mr. Brewster could send her to a reform school, and everybody would know it and she'd be disgraced forever! What had made her do such an idiotic thing? She began frantically to think of ways for undoing it.

"Doug," she said when they were seated side by side in the auto, "take me round by the post office." She'd demand the return of the envelope.

"Right. Watch her spin. Say, you know how many miles she can do?"

Cabell didn't, and she didn't listen when she was elaborately told. Her mind was fixed on repairing wrongs. Why had she deliberately gone on proving that her new parent was right about there being no good in her—after she'd admitted to herself that she was a sham? If she ever got this straightened out she'd tell the truth, and let other people's husbands alone, and study her own lessons and—and even wear the terrible girlish models mamma was always picking out!

Followed by Douglas' brotherly "Get a move on! Don't be lollygagging in there all night!" Cabell hurried into the almost deserted post office. Fear and hope lent wings to her feet.

When she came out she walked as if her knees were shaking. They were. Nobody in the post office knew anything about the envelope; nor could they offer suggestions for its return. Cabell gathered that once committed to the charge of Uncle Sam a piece of mail goes on to the bitter end. You can no more take it back than you can tempt the moving finger of Fate to erase what it has written.

"Hey, Cab! Come on, for Pete's sake! You're getting my engine hot."

She came, and sank into the vacant seat without even a fleeting thought of how she was like a crushed flower or a bird with broken wings. The thing was too real for that. She couldn't go to Stelle's. She wanted to go home. She didn't feel well.

She hadn't the heart to quarrel with Douglas about changing her mind or make any reply to his taunt about girls never knowing what they wanted anyway. She could hardly wait to get back to the Stratford to throw herself on her pink-and-white bed to cry. And then she couldn't cry. It was too dreadful for tears.

She got up and looked at herself in the mirror. To-morrow everybody in the world would look at her picture—the horrid one they'd used last Sunday that made her look about twelve! and say what a shame it was that a girl with such a nice mother was like that. She was a nice mother. She'd earned their living as far back as Cabell could remember cheerfully, capably and successfully. She never wanted anyone to be sorry for her, though she worked so hard. Sometimes at night too. That winter Doug broke his arm and had to be amused, and mamma came home with something gorgeously interesting every night. That year Cabell was so ill, and mamma had stayed up with her night after night, and gone to work day after day, because so much money was going for doctors and that nurse Cabell was so hateful to. They lived over on State Street then, in a little bit of a flat.

Now for the first time mamma was going to get something out of life. Wallace Brewster wanted to be governor and mamma was to be his lady. And Cabell had deliberately ruined his chances and disgraced the family!

In their funny way she supposed mamma and Mr. Brewster were in love. They never said anything about it—at least not to Cabell. They didn't behave as lovers did in books. Well, after the papers came out to-morrow no doubt all happiness was over forever for them all.

She heard Doug dart in in a tearing hurry, and knew it must be late. Doug had seen mamma coming. Cabell got into her nightdress wearily and put out her light. Then she raised the window, hardly noticing the bitter wind that had risen and blew upon her. Afar off the light in a clock tower shone like a gold star. They put gold stars into service flags when soldiers were dead. But nobody'd want to put any kind of star out for her.

Mr. Brewster did not come up with his fiancée, and Cabell's newborn resolution to tell him what she'd done and give him a chance to kill Clarkson and get the papers back died. She wouldn't have had the courage anyway.

After an apparently endless night the little room grayed into morning.

Cabell was up and dressed before six. She wrapped the despised new coat round her and unbarred the apartment door. The elevators weren't running yet, and she had to use the stairs. When she reached the entrance the janitor told her shortly that the newspapers hadn't come. So she walked up and down the drive, her teeth chattering with something besides the chill of the morning.

How much longer would she be obscure little Cabell Smith, whose only claim to distinction was that her mother was to marry the candidate for governor? How soon would she be pointed out as a traitor to her party's cause, a cheat, a thief and a sham?

A yell burst out down the avenue, the figure of a boy on a bicycle came into view. Presently Cabell and the janitor were disputing over the possession of the package of newspapers on the low step. Cabell took her winnings—the Courier—to the stairs inside.

The headlines chronicled international items, uninteresting to Cabell. There was a column or so devoted to Christie Woodward, but nothing about the right of way or Cabell Smith.

She couldn't understand it.

It was at breakfast, when her mother was commenting anxiously on the girl's heavy eyes and lack of appetite, that the explanation occurred to Cabell. The mail hadn't been delivered in time for this issue. She inquired as offhandedly as possible when the morning papers were printed.

"Gee, some of 'em are on sale at eleven o'clock the night before! Bet they'll hold the presses for what dad's got to say to-night though. They'll get an earful, too, I'll say!"

Reprieve. For how long? Would they give it to an afternoon paper? The Press was for Christie Woodward.

Cabell's Latin teacher sent her home, because she burst into tears when newsboys began shrieking their afternoon editions by the academy. She was advised to go to bed and sleep. Of course she didn't. She bought a Press from the first howling young merchant she met, and searched it, leaning against the iron fence of the school yard. Again not one word. Maybe they were saving it for a later edition.

She bought them as they came out, with the same result.

Doug was too full of the labor mass meeting and his own importance as escort extraordinary to "Governor" Brewster to pay attention to his sister. Mrs. Smith was putting in some extra hours at the office finishing up the transfer of the books. This was her last day; her last happy day, her daughter corrected—but to herself—when she received the message.

She couldn't stay there alone. Nobody could. She'd go mad.

She would go out for a walk. No use going over to Stelle's. Stelle didn't know about it.

Cabell's high heels clicked over the leaf-strewn pavements. It sounded like an army on parade. Was that her Latin teacher coming along the avenue? It was. Nobody could be expected to talk to a Latin teacher to-night.

She ran across the street and entered the winding pathway into the park. She came to an abrupt halt by the fountain. There was the low red car. There was Lance Christie, one foot on its step, the tip of his cigarette glowing in the dusk. She had forgotten all about him.

"Little pal!"

The flash of white teeth again. Only this time they reminded Cabell strangely of the smile of the wolf who tried to double Red Riding Hood's grandmother.

"Oh! I—I didn't know you were here. I mean, I forgot."

"I see you did. What a pretty little thing it is to-night, isn't it?"

"I—can't stay, Mr. Christie. I—I'm in a hurry." She turned to run back along the winding path.

"Coy, to-night? Get my note?" He kept right beside her.

It would never do to drag him out to the horrified gaze of the Latin teacher. Cabell paused under a bare young sycamore.

"Yes. I can't go. Please don't waste any more time on me."

"Waste time! The last thing I'd call it. You know you just want to tease me. You want me to coax you. Well, all right! Come now—I'm dying for your society. You pretty thing, you! Just one little spin. I've something good to tell you." With that odd look from his long eyes.

Cabell caught her breath. "No; I can't. I'm not ever coming again. You don't know me. I'm not nineteen, as I said. I'm seventeen. I've never had any love affairs, either—not all my life. And—and I never used a lip stick before last Saturday, and my mother'd die if she knew that. And I don't know what you're talking about half the time! And—that's all."

She would have run away in earnest this time, but he caught and held her.

"You dear — funny — pretty — little thing!"

"Please let me go."

"Don't you know all this only makes you sweeter than ever? Now I'm going to put you into my car and take you for a long ride."

"No! No, no, I don't want to."

"Oh, yes, you do. You don't know what you want."

"I do! I do! You let go of me this minute. I'll get daddy. I guess he'd settle you! Don't you dare carry me! Don't you dare! I know your wife. Yes, I do, and I'll go to her right now. She's nicer than you. She's too nice for you. . . . I don't care. Laugh! She's a great deal nicer than I am. I wish ——"

He installed her in the car, and she leaped out the other side and fairly tore along the wide drive. She could hear him start the car.

You couldn't kidnap a girl in a big city. Of course you couldn't. Even if it was all her fault for being a fool. Why hadn't she run the other way, to the haven of a scandalized Latin teacher? There was never going to be any end to this drive. Her feet had been going up and down for centuries. What a mercy she hadn't worn her tight-suit skirt! This childish dress had saved her life.

A man cut across the withering lawn—a tall thin man. She tried to call, and could only sob, but he came toward her swiftly. At the same moment the low red car dashed by, its owner bent over the wheel. The danger was gone.

The thin man lent her his handkerchief, with an Irish grin. It seemed natural for him to be Murphy. He had sense enough not to ask questions. She wept a little more at the thought of what she'd done to him too. He was all wrapped up in daddy's election. He'd be disappointed and everything.

He took her to the door of the elevator and stood there until Walker had wafted her out of sight. It was so nice of him.

She didn't expect to be able to sleep, but she was too exhausted to stay awake. The last thing she thought of was whether or not Murphy would come to the Capitol after —— Why, what was the matter with her? Daddy wasn't going to be elected. She'd ruined his chance!

The newspapers were already at the door when she awoke. She took them back to bed with her. They were full of Wallace Brewster's speech before the labor unions. Murphy's good-humored grin was in evidence in the flashlight picture. There seemed to be other people up for election to things too.

Down in one corner in a little black frame was an item to the effect that Mrs. Lance Christie was leaving for France to take charge of a French hospital for babies which she had founded.

But there was nothing about the right of way and the treachery of Cabell Smith.

Cabell was too ill to go to school. She lay on the mission couch, among the gay pillows, and was anxiously tended by her mother, whose presence at home on a week-day seemed unnatural. Cabell might have found it comforting had it not been for the weight on her conscience. The thought of how mamma was going to suffer in a few minutes, or hours, or days, prevented any joy. Douglas making an exuberant exit added the final thorn.

"Say, we got the best card in the deck to play Sunday. That'll make it just time for people not to forget before they vote Tuesday. Oh, baby! Won't Woodward howl?"

That was why Clarkson was saving the right of way—to use as a trump card at the end. Mr. Brewster's departure last night, to be gone until Sunday night, kept him from discovering the loss. Let's see: Until Sunday night was was fifty-something hours. She couldn't go on living like this.

But she did. Seizing each extra avidly as it came from the press, reading every page, flying to the phone at any ring, lying awake at night to go all over the long-drawn agony of the day.

The Sunday papers were a mass of election data, candidates' pictures, articles for and against everything and every man in

(Concluded on Page 85)

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World's Largest Builders of Wheels—Wire, Wood, Steel

HAYES *Wire Wheels*

(Concluded from Page 82)

the race—but nothing on the vital subject. They were saving it for Monday.

Mr. Brewster came in late Sunday looking utterly fagged out. He brought a doctor with him.

"We'd better have him look at Cabell. It's all nonsense for her to feel ill and have nothing done. Besides, there's some typhoid. Oh, I don't think it is, Shirley, but there's no use letting it go." He actually seemed worried about her and exasperated the physician, who couldn't discover anything wrong with his patient.

"Girls don't lie round and get whity-green for nothing. She cries at the least thing. I tell you you've got to fix her up, man. How's she going through the strain of the wedding—when she's wilted into a rag?"

After the useless doctor had taken his leave the candidate brought out a square white box and laid it in Cabell's lap.

"I hope it's what you want. I had everybody in the store selecting it. Your little friend—Stelle, isn't it?—gave me the idea. I talked with her on long distance after Shir—mother—told me you were ill."

Cabell began to cry again. It was what she had longed for—a wonderful, filmy, opalescent scarf, prettier than her dreams.

"There, don't cry. We'll change it if it's not right. . . . That'll do, Doug! Your sister's not well. . . . Now, now, now, little girl!"

Between her sobs Cabell said she liked it very much, she didn't want it changed—was his heart set on being governor? Because he wouldn't be elected, she'd done something awful and all the rest of their lives they'd never be able to live it down.

"Hysterical!" commented Mrs. Smith.

"Don't cry, Cabell. I'm as good a loser as the next man. If I'm not elected I don't expect it to blight my life; especially under the circumstances"—with a smile at the lady who was to share it. "I've been alone since I was ten. I think I'm going to win, but if I don't—I'll run for President next time and try that!"

He simply wouldn't understand that she'd committed a crime. She gave up trying to tell him.

After the last extra, Monday, Cabell, who had gone to town for it, leaned against the side of the Cole Block entrance and drew a deep breath. What were they going to do with those papers then, if they didn't intend to use them in the race?

Murphy's lanky figure turning in just then sent her scurrying after him. She caught his arm.

"After daddy's elected they can't take him out by showing up the right of way, can they?"

"Once his teeth are in the job the divil himself can't shake him loose. We'll show up the right of way ourselves before we're in office two days."

It was so nice of Murphy to answer questions without asking others. He had a beautiful grin—not all teeth like—like some people.

"If—if Doug—or me—got arrested—would it make any difference to his keeping on being governor?"

"Just add some advertising."

He wanted to take her home, but before she could accept the elevator descended and Douglas bounded out.

"Hey, Murph'! Dad's been howling for you for the last week. Dudley's gone back on us—can't speak to-night—mumps, I think. You'd better beat it upstairs and help with the swearing. . . . Cab! What you doing here?"

"Going home"—miserably.

"I'll run you out if you don't want to go anywhere else. I won't have time to dash all over town. Got to get back and lick Woodward. Boys, oh, boys, we're going to have some time here to-night! For Pete's sake hustle!"

Murphy had barely time to voice his Irish regrets at his ill luck. Doug hurried her away.

"I haven't got all night. Why don't you stay home when a fellow's rushed to death anyway? I won't have time to eat at the Strat. Takes Mason a month to bring the soup. Get a bite at a quick lunch. Gee, this time to-morrow night!"

She gathered that they were to await returns at the Cole Block, with all the important members of "our party," but she didn't thrill at the prospect. Even Mr. Brewster's invitation to Stelle next day to join them for Cabell's sake failed to interest Cabell. She didn't care what she wore!

It was like a party, Stelle said, bubbling with excitement. Douglas was in his element, rushing madly about with telegrams from various parts of the state, taking messages over the private wire, and hanging on the words of the wrought-up enthusiasts who continually dashed in and out. Mrs. Smith sat at the candidate's desk, flushed and smiling and confident. The wives and sisters of other important individuals were there too. Someone had brought in a great blackboard and every few minutes some late returns were posted. They conveyed nothing to Cabell, though everyone apparently knew when to groan and when to give vent to wild applause.

It was near midnight before Murphy came in. Pandemonium reigned outside. Cabell had slipped into an outer office and sat in the darkest corner. She was beyond caring what happened.

"I say, Miss Cabell, we're in! Camberley returns! Woodward's just swamped!"

He was shaking hands with her—both hands—and she was standing. Then she wasn't standing. They were executing a wild little jig of joy.

An outburst of enthusiasm from the rooms beyond indicated the receipt of the report there. Murphy managed an extra leap and a packet fell from his crammed pocket to the floor.

They scrambled for it.

The words "Right of Way—Public Landing," blazed from the manila of the envelope. Cabell screamed.

"What is it? Hurt yourself?"

"No. That. Where—where'd it come from?"

"Come from?"

"Yes. How did you get it? I stole it and sent it to Clarkson." She faced him desperately.

He chuckled at that. "That's how! Well, that's how!" he repeated. "I couldn't imagine when the postman gave it to me for Brewster, while B. was stumping Friday ——"

"Postman gave it to you?"

"Sure. I took his mail for two days—campaign stuff."

"But—the postman?"

"Oh!" His ready laugh rang out. Inspite of herself Cabell joined it. "It was returned for postage. You see, you forgot to stamp it."

Her heart was a winged thing, fluttering in her throat.

"Does—daddy know?"

"Brewster? No. I haven't had time to tell him. I was going to put a man on it tomorrow. But now ——" He laughed again.

"You won't tell him?"

"Of course not. You little desperado!"

How lovely of him to think it funny! What a beautiful party they were having! What a wonderful time! She would remember it all the rest of her life.

She kissed her mother and Stelle and the elected candidate fervently, and would have kissed Douglas too if he hadn't avoided her with a "Have a heart! What d'you think I am?"

The whistle on the Leeds Building began blowing deafeningly. The owner was a Brewster man. Everybody sang He's a Jolly Good Fellow without regard for tune or the fact that no one could be heard.

Cabell and Murphy watched the searchlight on the Times Building blazing due north—the signal announced for the election of Brewster. They were both supremely happy.

"Give me first dance at the inaugural ball," he begged. "Though I don't expect to be invited—worse luck!"

She dimpled and promised. She was herself again. She hoped the curl wasn't coming out of her hair and the powder off her nose. . . . He did have the darlingest grin! . . . Yes, she'd give him the first dance at the ball. If he wasn't there she'd sit it out alone and think of him.

She didn't voice her own shrewd suspicion that she wouldn't be there either.

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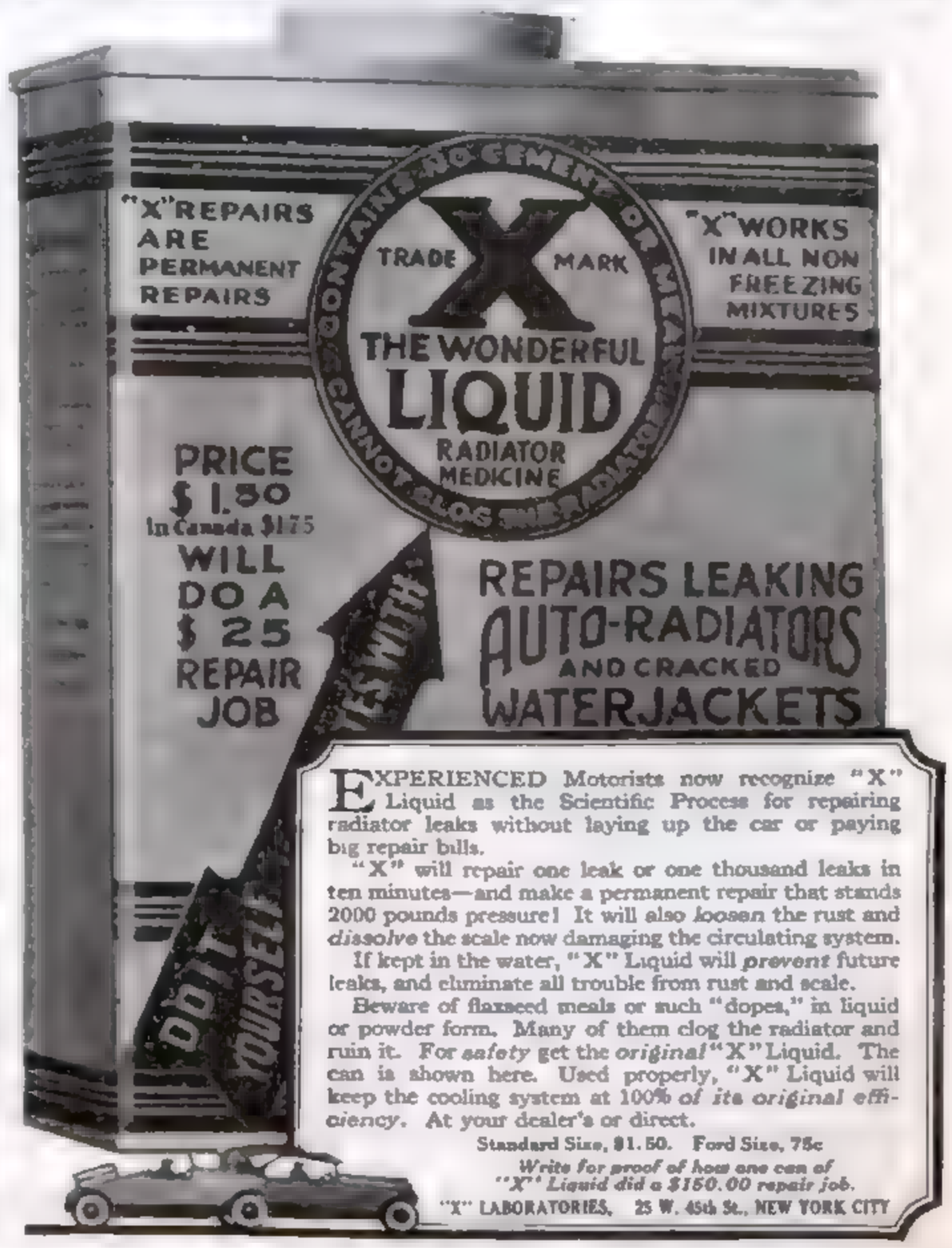
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THE GIRL ON THE HILLTOP

(Continued from Page 25)

"Sit down," she said.

She turned her head and flashed a kindly smile, which was sharply cut off as she resumed her intent, concentrated work. He saw that the chubby pink cheeks had gone. She had cheek bones now, and a skin as brown as his own. Her eyes glowed with health and vitality, but their expression puzzled him. He did not know that they no longer subtly sought his approval. Charity, like all the rest, was busy, and the days in which it had been her natural bent and her occupation to please men had long gone by.

Dorothy paused to sip a cup of tea; and now he could see her full face. It had not changed as had Charity's, for it had not been plump. She was very handsome, a striking brunette, a real brunette with vital crimson hinted at beneath the dark skin. He was surprised at the absence of marks of sorrow. He did not know that one of the sacred hereditary rules of Lingard life was to keep your sorrows for your own room if possible; if not, to your own home.

Roger had thought to find a clinging Charity, troubled by war, anxious about her home, subtly asking sympathy; a broken Dorothy, mourning her dead, crushed by her changed position, needing help; he was relieved.

He was intensely interested to find them so busy, so practical, for snatches of talk showed that they were occupied with estate matters.

Charity's snappy comment about this farm and that farmer made him want to laugh. Her soft attractiveness had certainly gone, but there was something magnificent about her efficiency, her mental and physical quickness, and the grace which her man's coarse dress could not entirely hide. He found laughable the contrast between her fine taffy-colored hair, like a kid's, and the rest of her. How they differed, these two cousins—the dark Dorothy shimmering in the spotless armor of the Knight Templar, the light-haired Charity saved from complete masculinity by the feminine face and the tousled baby hair. Charity's nose he was always getting their profiles against the window—was not perfect like Dorothy's, but he liked her face the better.

Charity wheeled on him with a sudden question. "What can I do for you?" she asked. She suggested a business man who spares five grudged minutes.

"They said Miss Turle might tell me where I could get a room," he answered submissively.

"We can hardly pack away our own." She eyed the metal letters on his shoulder which named his regiment. "Are your people about here?"

"I saw the place once and liked it," Roger said. "It looks good to a Canadian, I thought ——"

"Oh, Canadian? You haven't got an accent; and you are in the British Army." Her voice was a little softer, and she seemed more interested.

"If you," he answered, "had been nearly four years ——"

"Four years? You enlisted in 1914?"

"In August."

She came toward him. "Have you the Mons ribbon?"

He nodded.

Charity's arm shot out and her hand closed on his. The palm was hard and he felt callous lumps, but he clung to a grasp so firm and friendly.

"He could have one of the groom's rooms over the stables, Charity." Miss Lingard was also inspecting him with appreciation. "I am sure my cook could manage his meals."

Her next words were addressed to him. "We want to do everything we can for Colonials," she said with a smile. "It's nice that you come because you like it here."

"Perhaps we can do better than that, Miss Lingard," Charity said. "What is your name?"

"Sergeant Hill."

"Where are your chevrons?"

"My kit has been lost. I hope it will turn up at Castlechepe. My parade tunic is in it."

Charity Whipped It Open. She Started, Frowned, Glanced at the Clock, Then Reread the Note

"You should get it. You should wear your belt. You should carry the silly little switch cane. There are a lot of officers about here too many of them and as most of them have not been to the Front at all they are sticklers for parade dress on the roads." Charity laughed. "From what part of Canada?"

"Vancouver."

"Oh, out there. Have you traveled about? Did you ever go to California? Did you know a place called Moke-lum-ne Hill?"

He did not correct her mispronunciation. He had invented his name from his birthplace, and Mo-kel-um-ne Hill might suggest Kellie Hill to others than himself.

"I do not remember the place," he answered truthfully. He had been taken from there when a baby. He was a little annoyed by the sharp, precise interrogations, and surprised to find that they had got so far in their search for him.

"You forget the absurd distances over there, Charity," Dorothy intervened; "and, besides, the letter said that the whole family had left the place many years ago."

"I'm ridiculous of course. Still, you never know. On leave of course; fourteen days?"

"Three months."

"Three months? But that's sick leave." Charity's voice was soft again. "What's the matter?"

"You were a sergeant major," Roger answered quietly, determined to stop this orderly-room interrogation. "Now you are a doctor."

Surprised, Charity bent back sharply, frowning and looking into his eyes; then she laughed good-humoredly. "Sorry," she said.

But Dorothy still frowned. She spoke in French. "Have a care about these Canadians," she said. "They do not understand our life nor keep their place."

Roger promptly answered in French. "I will try to understand, mademoiselle," he said; "and I will try not to presume."

He regretted his quick retort. It was no satisfaction to make both cousins blush. Dorothy looked as she had looked when she had meant to whack his head with the racket. Her face became a dark damask rose. Charity's pink seemed to flood over the tan and recalled the girl of four years ago.

"I beg your pardon," Dorothy stammered. "I was a beastly snob." She was obviously mortified, genuinely penitent.

Roger liked her from that moment. He proved how thoroughly he forgave her by frankly describing his condition. He was one of the mustard-gassed men who must be lazy for a time lest outraged lungs invite tubercle. He did not say how hard it was to be patient, nor explain that a commission in the United States Army almost certainly awaited his discharge. He found the atmosphere electrically altered. His two cousins seemed now to embody his dreams of the trenches. He was so happy in their kindness, their frank sympathy, that he longed for more; he almost thought of telling them who he was.

"You are very welcome to my brother's room here for to-night," Charity said. "You will have the house to yourself, but I will see that you don't starve."

"Thank you very much, Miss Turle."

Dorothy signed the last letter. She flung down the pen and rose. A memorandum on the table caught her eye. She flushed. "June 11, 1894." She murmured the words, but Roger heard distinctly the date of his birth. What she was thinking of him was evidenced by what she did. A tortoise-shell snuff box inlaid with gold, in which she had brought a ration of granulated sugar for her tea, lay on the table. She snatched it up and slammed it angrily into her hand bag. She did the same with a glass-lined monk's inkpot which had contained a morsel of butter. Ladies were all rifling their drawing-room cabinets in these days and applied their antique rarities to strange uses. She calmed down in one of those swift repressions which Roger had already come to know. She held out her hand with a winning smile.

"If there is anything you need or we can do, Hill, you'll let us know, won't you?"

"I certainly will, Miss Lingard; and I'm very much obliged to you."

He watched her as she passed the window outside, spotless, charming.

He turned to surprise Charity in an intent study of him. Her smile rippled, widened, and ended in an infectious laugh. Recognition was in her eyes. She held out her two hands.

"I knew I had seen you before!" she cried. "It has only just dawned on me. If you fought in the trenches as you did in the park you are hung all over with medals and crosses." She held his hand as she scanned his face. "You have changed." She shrugged her shoulders. "So have all of us. What a mad day it was and how rotten silly—but still ——"

She laughed again, and so did Roger. She rained questions about his service and his record, but his replies were queries.

"You are like all the rest," she said; "you will not talk about yourself." She eyed him soberly. "It's jolly nice of you to come back to us for your leave," she said. "Was it because I plumped you straight into the middle of our silly little squabble? You seemed to like it. I have often thought of you, and wondered what became of you. Why didn't you write? We should have written and we should have sent you parcels. We should have loved it."

"I wish I had," he answered. "I lost a lot."

She punched a cushion and placed it in a Jacobean armchair which had corkscrew pillars in the back. He sat down, pleased but protesting.

"I'm no invalid," he said. "I'm only afraid of being one. You have had a lot of changes here. I've heard about the Lingards."

"Changes? Oh, I should think so!" She sat companionably near. "We are all too busy to think or brood or be sorry. There's something funny, something absolutely ridiculous in Miss Lingard's position and mine. It's the tie between us. She and I are in the same boat."

"Tell me," Roger pleaded as Charity stopped short. "You make this seem home to me."

"That's just what I want to do," Charity answered with an earnest sincerity. "And it's so odd. You saw us only once, fighting on opposite sides; and now you find us—well—friends, Miss Lingard and I. Yes—I'll tell you a bit of family history. Everybody knows, I suppose. Villages have no secrets. Except my brother; I haven't told him."

"Well in the same boat?"

"A Lingard married a Turle ages ago," Charity said, "and they went to the United States. My old grandfather died, and I found a deed that showed that this house really belongs to their heir over there. Now, so does St. Dyfrigs Park and all the Lingard estate here." She paused. The compression of her level brows relaxed. "It's a joke of Fate," she went on. "Our home is swallowed up in the estate after nearly a century, and the Turles are no longer landlords like the Lingards." Her laughter rang hollow. "Poor old Tom; he's in Bagdad, and I haven't worried him, but it will hit him hard. Not the value of course, just the sentiment. You can't understand, Mr. Hill, but it meant a lot to him, and to me."

"Oh, but I can understand," Roger said earnestly. "That's rough luck. I ——"

"We've had a letter," Charity interrupted; "or Miss Lingard had. The interloper has been traced. At least we know that he was born and is twenty-four years old."

"He'll never take the cottage," Roger asserted.

"He'll have to," was Charity's answer. "Tom accepts nothing from anybody. So even if the Yankee should turn out to be half decent it simply couldn't be done."

"False pride."

Charity shook her tousled head. "The Yankee gets the cottage and the rent since my grandfather died," she declared. "I know Tom."

"But if he turned out to be all right, and a friend—a real friend ——"

"We Turles don't accept favors. Miss Lingard is just the same," she added as she rose. "She vows she won't even accept the usual allowance. That's going too far of course. It's always done. But she's well, proud is a weak little word to describe her. She never gives in, but—oh, well, she has some bitter hours, I'm sure of that."

Roger bent his head, troubled.

"We force fun out of it," she went on. "After all, isn't it ridiculous?" She turned toward the door. "Yes, Miss Lingard and I are in the same boat. It's floating with the tide, waiting for a young man. We hate him of course. We shall pretend to be civil of course. We shall hand him our homes and—well, I won't say vanish, but we'll hunt up lodgings somewhere. Now come

(Continued on Page 91)

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B Easiest thing in the world to have your toast hot and crunchy brown, just when you want it. Make it at the table, two pieces at a time. The Hotpoint Toaster here shown has handy rack for passing.

C No need to recite the troubles of older methods of applying heat to the body. This Hotpoint Safety Flexible Heating Pad does away with all trouble—ready instantly, day or night—set it for the desired temperature—change it at will with one finger. Can also be used for wet pack. Approved by National Board of Fire Underwriters.

D Uniformly good coffee, ready in a hurry, amber clear and piping hot—that's the story of the Hotpoint Percolator. You use cold water—percolation begins in half a minute—coffee ready in about ten minutes. A clever automatic device prevents injury to the pot should you neglect to turn off the electricity.

E You'll be surprised to see what can be baked in the Hotpoint Ovenette and how good it is. Results are equal to the largest oven—bakes a pan of biscuit, a cake, or a chicken. Ovenette has no heater but must be used over an electric stove like F.

F Table cookery and light kitchen cooking become a pleasure when this Hotpoint Radiant stove is used. Ordinary cooking dishes are used, just as on other stoves, with the advantage that there is no fuel or dirt, no fumes and little heat in the room. Heat all ready instantly.
Ovenette (E) is used on it to advantage.

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G No other electric appliance has been used and approved by so many women as the Hotpoint Iron. It is standard throughout the world. Among its advantages—there is a thumb rest which rests the wrist—no lifting, just tip it up on attached stand—no holder necessary as the handle is always cool—and the point is always hot.

H Plunge this Hotpoint Immersion Heater into any small quantity of liquid and it begins to heat immediately. Invaluable for countless emergency uses—baby's milk, a midnight hot drink, shaving water. It is a straight smooth cylinder, nickel plated and self sterilizing. Two sizes.

I This Ironing Utility Set solves many of the traveler's problems. The ironing board folds up to make a creton covered box which contains the 3 pound iron, a stand on which to reverse iron and curling tong which is heated in the iron. Iron will do all ordinary work. An ideal gift.

J There are several types of Hotpoint Percolator Pots as well as Machines and Urns, all fitted with the Hotpoint percolating device and automatic switch. The Pot here shown is the one most widely sold. Six cup size, nickel finish.

K It is easy to live in a home that is always clean if you use this Hotpoint Cleaner to suck up the dust and dirt. You simply guide the Cleaner lightly over the rugs—a long cord gives a wide working radius. Attachments for cleaning portiers, clothing, inside of piano and the like.

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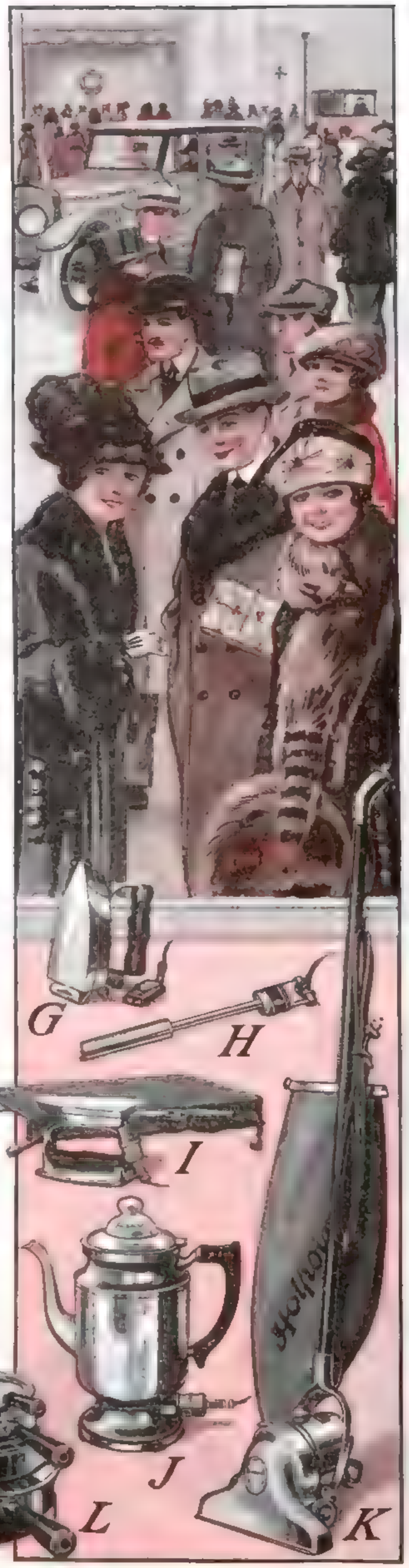

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461—"Hunters"

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721—Ladies

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7944

4843

7947

706

4446—"Limp-Kuff"

(Continued from Page 88)

into the farmhouse just above for supper when you like. Make yourself at home. Remember, this house is yours."

He frowned. Yes, the house was his; and likely to remain his. That was the trouble. He was dismayed by Charity's declaration of independence.

"Don't be so downhearted, Mr. Hill, just because a Yankee's coming to rob your friends," Charity gibed. "After all, there's a way out."

"What's that?" he asked, so eagerly that she was amused.

"If he's only half a good sort," she said, "he will marry Miss Lingard."

"She wouldn't ——"

"Of course she would! She'd strike me dead if I suggested it to her now, but—think, it solves everything, doesn't it?"

"For her perhaps; but how does it help you?"

Charity shrugged her shoulders. "He certainly cannot marry us both," she admitted.

"He might choose you," Roger suggested smiling.

Charity looked down at her soiled cowman's smock and put the tip of her red tongue between her lips.

"Remember, the house is yours," she repeated over her shoulder as she clattered away.

Roger, left alone, paced the room in perturbed reflection. It was going to be much harder than he had thought to straighten out this thing. The grandfather's clock struck six. He gave up planning and explored the house, which he had twice been too truthfully told was his. An hour later he went among the villagers, to whom he found his uniform an open passport. Food and pigs and officers' wives were their topics, and he was astonished to remember when he went into the farmyard at eight o'clock that a great war was being fought. Nobody had mentioned it.

Charity, clean, in a blue woolen dress and a big brown linen apron, pleased his eye, and her welcome gladdened his heart. She was very busy. A little girl of sixteen was her only helper in serving a supper to a dozen.

"I'm in this," Roger said, and he ladled mutton stew from a steaming pot.

"Heaps of rice," Charity murmured. "It's not rationed."

So he put morsels from the scrag end of a neck of mutton and mounds of rice in front of tired men just in from the fields.

The setting sun shone through the window and along the table, lighting up the faces of the strangest lot of laborers ever seen in an English village. A Lapp and a Lett, stranded seamen, sat side by side. They were not allowed to go to sea as they would not get national credentials, so together they had wandered to the farms. Two private soldiers, village boys, home on leave and volunteers in the fields, sat on either side of a blond Belgian refugee who had once sold cornice moldings and frames in a little shop near the belfry of Bruges. A sailor from Brittany, with a seaman's pass, walking from London to Swansea and earning supper and a bed on the way, talked in Breton to the schoolmaster, who answered in the kindred Welsh tongue. The schoolmaster was troubled by the sight of Roger. He beckoned and begged that he should not be quoted.

"I'm a clam," Roger said, speaking American inadvertently.

"And what is that?"

"A bivalve whose lips you cannot open with a jimmy."

Roger thought that the tablecloth was a sheet, but it was napery all right, only unstarched. For months no starch had got beyond the big towns.

"If things were only what they seem," Charity said, when at last Roger was eating. "You can't provide meals when everything is camouflaged. Pepper is ground husks and you could eat it by the spoonful. Jam is sirup or beet root with glucose. Butter is worked up with skim milk and—well, paraffin, I should say. Eggs come from China, they tell us, and they surely taste of Shanghai. This mutton was frozen and the bones look like mutton bones, but your palate doesn't say it. Got your ration book? I thought not. Go to the food controller at Castlechepe to-morrow. I'll come down after supper and make up a bed for you."

"It's done," Roger answered. "I put the blankets in the sun. You needn't come. What food am I entitled to?"

"Two ounces of butter a week, eight ounces of sugar, two of margarine, about twelve ounces of meat, two ounces of tea. Cheese you cannot buy in this neighborhood. Bacon and pork are unrationed, but they're so fat and hard cured you can't eat them. You can get fish once a fortnight. You can get extra as a soldier, but you've been pampered in hospital and won't eat what you can get. You'll end by filling up with dry bread, just like the rest of us."

"But surely—in the country—on a farm ——"

"We stick to the rules here," Charity said. "And don't think I am kicking for myself. I'm only explaining why I can't give you more. There are food hoggers about of course, and some of the farmers do themselves well. But most of us think that is contemptible."

The meal was over by nine o'clock, but it was still light. Charity scoffed at an invitation to a stroll. The Lapp would wash up, but she had plenty to do. Roger made his way to the park.

White-topped stumps dotted the grass as far as he could see and many big trunks lay flat. He knew that his estate had thus been marred by a government imperatively demanding timber, and cursed the Germans as he had not cursed them when going over the top. Their vandal hands stretched everywhere. They had overthrown his oaks and his elms and his beeches even here in this walled-in circle of peace. He encouraged his delightful sensation of ownership. He saw a fractured bole which had been cut to fall wrongly, and he pretended to resolve that he would find out about that. He saw a Hereford heifer with a very young calf at foot and he thought that she ought to be housed; he would see the cowman about that. Turf was encroaching on the road; he must have a word with the gardeners. There were deep ruts; the road must be fresh metaled. He had helped to macadamize more than one road in France and knew much about it, including the English word for the process.

He came at last to the house and stood and looked at it. Four years before—he thought of that—Charity had warned him that to stand and admire was to trespass with the eyes. That he might now freely gaze brought not exultation but humility. Level sun rays on mellow brick façade and vine-covered ells invested the manor house with a haunting beauty. He gazed, drawing long breaths, profoundly moved, profoundly impressed and oppressed by the thought that this wonder of solid beauty and medieval charm was his possessor. It did not belong to him. He belonged to it. He could not sell it. He could not give it away. Those two ells stretching toward him from the main building were arms drawing him, dragging him into a net of laws and customs and traditions that would bind him helplessly.

He did not fear responsibilities, but he had the American individualistic inheritance and training, and he was impatient of hampered and conditioned possessions. Over there if you owned something you owned it. You knew where you were. Because he could not give it to Dorothy he gazed at the sun-warm Elizabethan manor house with a pleasant melancholy resentment.

He started violently, conscious of a voice. A lady stood by his side. He looked into eyes that were so intently fixed as to arouse fear that he might have been talking aloud. He lifted his cap, against all military rules.

"Are you going to St. Dyfrigs," the lady asked, "and could you take a note?"

"With pleasure."

"Thank you. Come with me. You were lost. I called. I spoke three times."

"I am sorry."

Her face was a long oval, her heavy hair was iron gray, and her eyes were very large. She had a high distinction of manner and appearance and a throaty, kindly voice.

"Was it the beauty of the house?"

"I feel as if I had been found asleep," Roger said.

"Never mind," she said. "You were not on sentry duty." She glanced at him, smiling, curious.

"We don't have that in Canada." He pointed to the house.

He noted the expected quick change, slight though it was; the expression of the mother country's appreciation of the loyalty of her children, partly genuine, partly wise policy imposed from above and encouraged by newspapers.

"Would you care to see the inside?" she asked.

His response was so eager that the great lady was further pleased with him, and she showed it. She told him to come on Thursday at three.

"Ask for me," she said; "the commandant."

They were close to the front now. Several officers were sitting or lounging about in long comfortable chairs, some drinking after-dinner coffee, some smoking, some chatting and laughing. The commandant led Roger to a man sitting alone, writing in the fading light.

"I've found a messenger for you, colonel," she said.

Roger saluted, though the officer was dressed in white flannels.

"Duchess," the colonel exclaimed in protest, "I did not mean ——"

"I heard you ask. I saw this kind soldier passing. There you are."

"Thursday at three," she said to Roger as she passed on.

"Thank you, duchess."

She smiled. The officer glanced up from his writing. "You should say 'Your Grace,'" Colonel Bickley Ryker corrected.

"I will remember, sir," Roger answered, scanning his old antagonist with interest. Ryker had improved and he had progressed, Roger thought. He looked a keen officer and had the manner of one who thinks and acts quickly. His face was stern, but not repellent as of old, and the sulky look had gone. Roger was glad that Bickley Ryker had won a commission and such good promotion. He must have earned them well.

Roger slipped along and stepped just within the doorway. Thus he crossed the threshold of his house. He saw tall columns and a great stairway, and at its foot stood Dorothy, talking to the duchess.

"Cousin Dorothy belongs here right enough," was his thought. "Do I?" With her haughty head held high and the startling red cross on her breast she looked the Knight Templar at home.

He heard her laugh. It sounded jolly to him. He backed away, smiling.

"Do you know the Home Farm?"

"Yes, sir."

The colonel tore up his note and reflected. He was evidently not finding it easy.

"If they've gone to bed wake them up," he said.

Dorothy came out and nodded pleasantly to Roger. "It is you, then, sergeant," she said, smiling. "I thought so." She turned to the colonel. "Sergeant Hill," she informed him, "is to inspect the hospital." She laughed again and shot a glance of amused curiosity at a soldier who had caught the vagrant fancy of a duchess.

The colonel glanced up. "Parade dress," he commanded shortly.

"Yes, sir." Roger had thoroughly learned discipline, respected it, and was never sullen under it. Besides, he honored this man whom he had once thrashed, who must have a fine record, and who had been wounded.

"Are you sure you're quite fit, colonel?" Dorothy asked. "Ought you to go straight away?"

The colonel had finished the second edition of his note. He addressed the envelope.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Lingard? I was thinking of the farm. It is overstocked. I am sending a line about it. You asked ——"

"Can't you get a short leave?" she said. "You should have a few days in London."

"I'm on to my job," he answered. "I shall be with my regiment the day after to-morrow."

He thrust his hand into his pocket.

"Never mind the tip, sir," Roger said. "A little courtesy I'm glad to do for you."

The colonel frowned. Dorothy smiled.

"The sergeant," explained the latter, "is a Canadian."

"Even a Canadian," the colonel said as he handed over the letter, "likes a glass of beer or some cigarettes. No? All right, then. I'm much obliged to you."

Roger saluted, and again, defiant of regulations, lifted his cap to Dorothy.

"Don't keep the duchess waiting." She chuckled and Roger went away with that pleasant sound in his ear.

He walked fast, for farmhouse hours were early and it was ten o'clock now. He could just make out that the note was addressed to Charity. Why must a message about an overstocked farm be delivered that night? If the house was closed he resolved to leave the message under the door. If the note was about steers and grass it would keep. If the colonel had lied that was his lookout.

The front of the house was dark. He went through the farmyard. A flood of light poured out of the open kitchen door, but the room was empty. He rapped on the table and presently Charity came.

"A pint here, a quart there—it's maddening!" she cried blithely. "I was just making out the horrid milk accounts. They drive me mad. Now what's gone wrong? Can't you find sheets? Or is it a candle?"

"I went past the hospital," he said. "I was asked to bring this note."

She whipped it open. She started, frowned, glanced at the clock, then reread the note.

"Good night," said Roger. He heard her response as he was ten feet from the door. His word had only then reached her ear.

He sat by the sweet peas in the open window considering this incident. It was good to be thinking out schemes for forcing houses on girls. It was amusing and delightful and sentimental. It was a mighty fine way of resting after doing your part. But the romance paled when another man came into it. Why should he play Harun-al-Rashid and go about secretly among his people to find a way to present Bick Ryker's bride with half a house. Roger grinned and called himself an idiot. His two cousins were in their separate ways more than usually attractive. Dorothy was not engaged, he knew, or the whole confounded village would not be twittering about a marriage with the mysterious heir; but it was almost certain that in these quick, exciting times she was deeply interested in somebody. He resented the conviction. He argued away from it. He was jealous. And Charity? Well, a marriage with Bick Ryker would be fine; a topping couple, hustlers both. But, hang it, inside his skin Ryker was a sullen dog and a bit of a bully! Not good enough for bright, cheerful Charity by a long way. Roger became annoyed, angry. He was jealous.

Charity sped down the street. He could just hear in the utter silence the light patter of her quick feet. He could just see through the darkness that she was dressed in white, and he thought that she wore roses in her belt. He knew now that he had been waiting to see if she went by.

He slipped the window down as silently as such windows will close. He fastened the wooden shutters. He thrust home the great bolts of the front door. Thus he barred out temptation to watch for her return. He went to bed angry with Bick Ryker, annoyed with the man Dorothy was interested in, whoever he might be, and astonished again to remember that in France there was war.

CHARITY passed beneath the oak and through the gate into the park. She followed the wall to the left and presently she was face to face with Bickley Ryker.

"I knew you would come," he said.

"You ordered it, colonel." They looked at each other in the fitful moonlight.

"I asked it. You have hardly changed."

"You have, a lot. You look a colonel."

"Hard, you mean?"

"Yes, that—and more." She was studying his face with questioning eyes. "I expected the change." She moved forward and he walked by her side. "Everybody is proud of you," she said. "Everybody is glad that you have got well. You will come back next time a general. Only a bullet can stop you now."

"I am no more than major."

"With temporary rank as lieutenant colonel and actually in command of your regiment."

"You watch closely."

"You would know that I do," she answered. "We watch all who went from here."

They did not speak for a little while. Charity knew what he wanted. She waited for him to ask. She glanced about and stood still. He, too, looked round, and then into her eyes.

"You never answered my telegram," he said.

"No. Explanations were due."

"Couldn't you guess?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. I could guess what you did; your reasons too; but not which reason. That is what I want to know."

"You make it hard, Charity."

"Did you make it easy for me?" she retorted with a spirt of flame that died down instantly. "I kissed you here. We sat there on the stone. I put my arms about your neck and cried."

"You were excited, wrought up," he interrupted. His utterance was as cold as

(Continued on Page 95)

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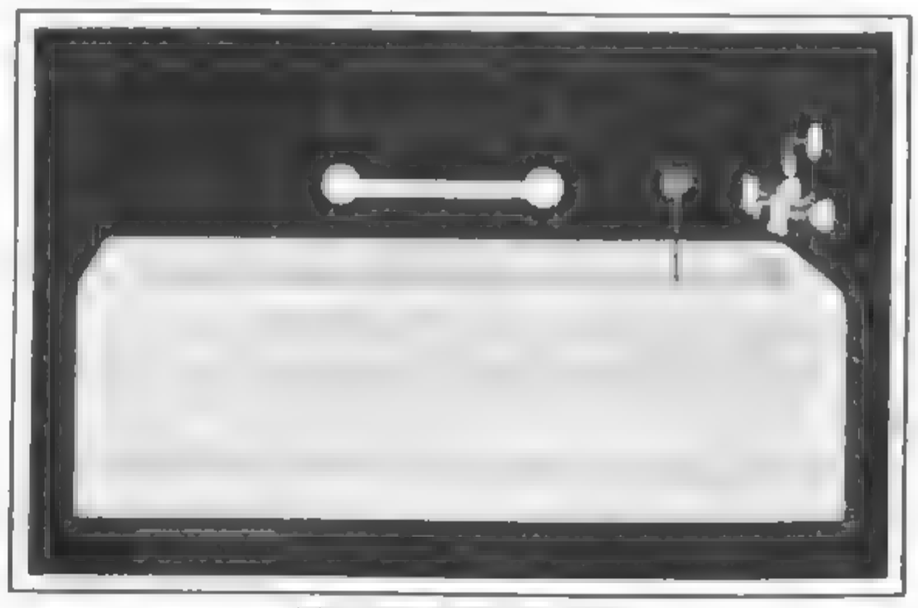

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(Continued from Page 91)

hers was calm. "War had been on just twenty-four hours. I was the first to go. I was in the reserves and had to, but you thought me a hero."

"That won't do, Colonel Ryker." A hint of contempt was conveyed in her utterance.

"Drop the colonel," he said impatiently.

"No. It stands for something."

She was facing him now, quite close, and she was peering into eyes that met hers unflinchingly. "I have kissed boys," she said; "but the only kiss I ever meant was the one I gave to you. I have never cried for any man but you. I was happy that night. I grew up. I was no hysterical girl mooning over you. You knew that. You know it now. Be straight."

"You were fond of me," he promptly said.

She nodded. "No more talk, then, about excitement and being wrought up and war hysterics. And you?"

"I was fond of you."

"Ah—now we can get on." She tried to speak with utter quiet, but she could not quite achieve that. "You wrote. I wrote. Egypt, Gallipoli, Basra, France. There was the censor. We never forgot him. But they were love letters—yours and mine. Do you say that they were not?"

"They were love letters," he agreed.

"Then your last letter. You asked me to marry you, didn't you?"

"I did."

"And if I had opened that letter, what would I have answered?"

"Oh, how can I say that, Charity?"

She put a hand on his arm. "Steady, Bickley," she said. "Remember, you are in training for a gentleman." She could see that he flushed a dull red at that, all over a face pallid from hospital, but his eyes still met hers squarely. "That's no slighting word," she explained. "It's the bare truth. It's the key to everything. I ask again."

"You would have said yes."

"Of course. I didn't need to say it. I had already said it in twenty ways in twenty letters." Her pleasant voice was a little lowered, a little roughened, but her self-control was again perfect. "Your telegram came two days before the letter. I guessed almost as soon as I read the wire. You had been offered a commission. I watched the papers. I saw it gazetted. How many hours after you knew about the commission did you send that telegram?"

"You make it hard for me, Charity."

She laughed. He started at its hardness. She did not ask him if he merited consideration. She simply explained that she had a reason for her questions.

"The same day," he admitted.

She drew a long, deep breath. "You were fond of me." She spoke in wonder, not as though addressing him, but as though her thought escaped her. "A career opened to you. You got your foot on the ladder. I might hinder your climbing. You wired to return your letter unopened, wired the same day. Here it is, unopened—after two years."

He took it in silence. He was astonished at her mental growth, her clear insight, her self-control. He had expected a scene, tears, reproaches. He had foreseen an awkward hour. He had been prepared to cajole, to wheedle, perhaps even to threaten. He had been ready to call himself a cad if that should prove necessary; to say that he was unworthy of her; to implore her forgiveness; to use all the weapons, in fact, that men use in the sex battle when they fight to free themselves from a regretted entanglement with a girl of inferior station in life. But Charity's dignity and clear vision had saved him from this. She had met him as man to man. She understood.

She was looking into his face as though unconscious that he could be aware of her far-away, wistful scrutiny. At last she spoke.

"You knew, didn't you," she asked, "that I should read that letter as clearly as though my eyes saw it?"

"I wasn't sure. I thought you might."

"You believed I would do—well, just about as I have done?"

"You throw a fierce light on things, Charity."

"I have not begun yet," she flashed. "But you have the letter. You could go now."

His answer was to seat himself on the stone on which they had sat four years before. She took her place beside him.

"Was it my birth?" she said.

He considered. "I never thought things out like you do," he answered at length. "I found myself suddenly in the running and—I just shook you off. And that's the God's truth."

"You were a private in the army once, an officer's servant," she said. "What were your people?"

"Like yours," he answered; "peasants."

"That will not matter to you—to a man." She thought for an instant. "Not so long as you learn the manners of the mess. That's what I meant when I said you looked a colonel. You've caught the manner. You've learned a lot besides your military duties, colonel."

"If I thought I had learned half as much as you ——"

"Wasn't it because I had been a barmaid?" she demanded in sharp interruption.

He had taken off his hat. She saw perspiration in beads on his forehead shining in the now fuller moonlight like grotesque little pearls.

"Everything," he answered. "I had my chance. I didn't foresee that it was coming. I didn't expect it. It came. It was the career—or you."

"Had I the education? Had I the manners? Should I make mistakes? Could I dress? Should I meet officers for whom I had mixed whisky-and-sodas? Would their wives be decent to me? You asked yourself those questions?"

"For God's sake, Charity! Why ——"

"Did you?"

"Yes."

"You would not have known, nor noticed, four years ago, so you may have been in doubt: Did you ask yourself if I had a provincial accent?"

He jumped to his feet, galled to the limit of endurance.

"There's nothing to keep you except common decency," Charity said.

He sat down again.

"I thank you for your honesty, Bickley," she went on. "I wanted to find out something. I had to know it. They write, they talk a lot about women's chances, new openings, and all that. Is it rot?"

He was startled, moved by her intensity, by the deep feeling with which she spoke.

"I wanted to know just why you threw me over," she cried. "If I knew exactly, I might alter it. If it is birth and the barmaid, can I live it down? I want to put my foot on the ladder too. I want to climb. Has the war changed women? Will the sort you have a chance to know now give a helping hand? They don't here. Can I climb, Bickley? You have."

A long silence, then: "I have a profession, Charity."

"That means that I cannot."

"Your ambitions are vague."

"I have them, since you killed love in me," she said with a fierce repression. "I'll tell you a secret, Bickley, a woman's secret. There's a class war, they say. They say that labor flames with hatred against capital. Well, there's a deeper hatred than that, more bitter, soundless, never ending. It is the hate of the woman worker for the lady loafer."

"God, but you are bitter!" he said under his breath, but she heard.

"You have made me so," she answered to that. "Ladies work at the hospital. They will, in wartime. Maggie Colling is a V. A. D. there too. They keep her at arm's length. They bar her in a thousand ways, ways a man would not see. Is it the same everywhere? Is it a lie that war has broken down class distinctions? Is it a lie that women are just one woman to another, just friendly, and kind—and equal? Yes, that's it—equal—in France, in London? Is it only here, in this corner, where we are so far away and shut out of everything, that girls like me tear out our hearts against invisible barbed wires? Are women different from men? You were a ranker. That's not remembered now. You are man to man with your brother officers. I'm doing here the work you left. I'm running the Home Farm because there was no one else to do it. I am doing more. I am practically running the estate. Miss Lingard does not understand, cannot learn, and does what I tell her. It's for my country. It's to produce wheat and meat and milk. I was a ranker just like you. I've done good work just like you. I'm a captain here, on this estate. But I'm barred from the officers' mess. Is it the same everywhere?"

A long silence, then he said slowly with a bitterness that equaled hers: "Women never change."

"I was afraid it was all rot," she uttered mournfully. She rose to her feet. "That settles it. When the war ends I am going to the States."

"The same—there." He stood by her side.

"I dare say. But I shall not be the same. I can leave some things behind." They walked slowly along the shadow of the wall. "I am sorry for my outburst, Bickley," she said in a friendly way. "Don't believe everything I said. You've been very decent. You haven't said you were sorry. You haven't said you were unworthy of me. You haven't asked me to forgive you. You've just let me work it off and you've been truthful."

"You forced it," he admitted. "I was ready to play the rotter." An instant's silence, then he added with a convincing sincerity: "I should never have sent the telegram if I had foreseen this night."

"I believe that," Charity quickly accepted. "I'm glad you said it. I've grown too, and you didn't think of that. May I give you one word of warning? It's to spare you."

He stopped with a jerk, his muscles taut.

"If you would rather not ——"

"Go on," he said. His voice was thick.

"You've been in that hospital a month. You came, broken, nervy. You could just hobble about. You were not in her ward, but you were where she was when you could be. Your eyes followed her always when they could. We hear everything in the village, remember. Nobody thought anything of it. You had worshiped her always. You had been her father's orderly, her slave. You asked me to come here to-night. You wanted that letter back. Why, after two years? I can think of only one reason. You are going to-morrow. But before you go you intend to propose to Dorothy Lingard."

She had put her hand on his arm. She could feel that he was trembling. He opened his mouth to speak, but he could utter no word. He had been literally rendered dumb by her extraordinary insight.

"Don't do it, Bickley," she pleaded. "She does not understand. She hardly realizes that her position is altered. She will forget that yours is changed. You will get the humiliation of your life."

He bent his head to her ear. "Too late." His voice was a broken whisper. "I told her to-night—just now. She stared, just stared, and she couldn't speak. When she could she said: 'You—a common soldier!' I caught her by the shoulders. I shook her. I shook her till her teeth chattered. I left her with her hair down and her head on the table, sobbing, sobbing. Perhaps she's there yet."

He turned and strode away.

Charity went home, breathing hard all the way.

VI

SOMETHING hit Roger on the head. He sat upright, to receive a stinging pebble on the cheek. He heard others tinkling on the window panes. He jumped from his bed and looked out. Charity, in a clean cowman's smock, laughed her troubles out in twenty words. Inside as many minutes he was at the farmhouse.

"Take their names and the quantity," Charity ordered.

The ninth cottage at which he ladled out milk was that of Mat Colling. Waiting for a jug he heard the voice of a girl in the kitchen: "And she was crying and crying. I heard her as I passed the door. And then Muriel Ward and I came home together and he passed us, just near the gate. He never seemed to see us, nor said good night nor anything, he was that upset, and we hurried, and then in front going up the street was Charity. And then ——"

But the little girl returned with the quart pitcher.

"Tell your mother," said Roger, "that she must send for the milk after this. We give it out between seven and eight every morning, and five and six every evening. Tell her there is no one to keep accounts any more. She must send the money."

He had said this at every house. He had grasped a situation. He would teach the village efficiency.

When he came to the house of Muriel Ward he heard part of an eager discussion amid the clatter of teacups. "—— found out he was snooping off to a secret meeting with Charity and taxed him, and he just left her crying and went ——"

"'Tis nonsense, Muriel! A Lingard taking up with a Ryker!"

"It is not, mother. He's a colonel now, and grand in his ways and there's two ribbons on his tunic. And what's she now; what's she?"

"'Tis so," came in the voice of Martin Ward. "A landless maid and him His Majesty's officer. 'Tis right."

Roger was at the hospital by nine o'clock, but Colonel Ryker had already gone. He went to the railway station at Castlechepe, but the colonel did not come until the train was approaching. Roger saluted, asked a word in private, and followed the colonel to a deserted end of the platform. He saw wearied eyes and a haggard face.

The colonel appeared to see only clothes, for his first words were: "I said 'Parade dress'"

The train had stopped. Roger wasted no second of precious time. "I am Roger Lingard," he said. "I have two cousins, orphans. One has no brother. The brother of Miss Turle is in Bagdad. Their affairs are my affairs. After hospital hours last night, village gossip says, you left one crying to go to meet the other."

The surprised and mortified Ryker could with difficulty maintain the dignity of an officer. "I am sorry," he said. "I am deeply sorry. I will write to the commandant. I am greatly to blame."

"Will you ask the duchess to protect Miss Turle as well as Miss Lingard?"

"I owe that to both," was the answer. "I owe nothing to you. You are here under false pretenses."

"For the best of reasons," Roger interrupted. "For the sake of my relatives, not my own. I'd rather you didn't tell, but you must do as you will about that. What are your relations to these two young ladies?"

"None with either," the colonel said as he moved toward the train. "I turned one down; the other turned me down."

He took his seat and looked through the open window. "I am deeply sorry," he repeated. "I will write to-night. I will not give you away." He put his head out of the window, gazing intently. "I've seen you before," he said.

"Four years ago," Roger called out as the train moved. "At the oak door in the park."

The colonel nodded and returned the soldier's salute with a punctilious courtesy.

Roger found his baggage, which included a trunk, procured a ration book from the food office and then went to the Boar's Head for lunch. The contrast with four years before was a shock. The cheerful bar parlor was closed. All the whisky in the country, he was told, had gone to make munitions. All the wines had been sold and there were no ships to bring more. Beer was so scarce that they rationed it at six o'clock every evening, and it was all gone by seven.

An elderly woman waited in the coffee room. She was the mother, she explained, of the girl who had been there in peace times. Her daughter was filling shells at Olaport. The mahogany sideboard was bare. So was the cupboard, it seemed, for all he could get was a slice of ham, so fat that he could not eat it.

The little town had lost all its quiet peace. Its narrow, rambling streets were overcrowded. Officers and soldiers were everywhere, for hundreds of enlisted men of the engineer corps were billeted in huts and working in the great suddenly improvised factory. Roger had to search long for some means of getting his trunk to St. Dyfrigs, for there was nothing to be hired. A kindly farmer finally gave him a lift.

He spent all the afternoon among such of the villagers—and these were only the very old and the mothers of young children—as were not in the fields. He explained his milk scheme a dozen times over, laughed away objections, gleaned information about village needs and hopes, and explained Dorothy's tears and Charity's moonlight walk with the precise knowledge of one who has invented a good working tale. His khaki opened all lips; his companionable, friendly manner opened all hearts; he was accepted without question as one of themselves. Never had landlord such a chance to know his tenants and to make them his friends. After the village, the farm and the farmers; he was eager for that.

He went to the dairy to serve out milk at the appointed hour. Charity, by agreement, was not there. She had laughed in the morning when he had told her of his

(Continued on Page 98)

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TYPE WD

Phantom drawing showing detail construction of the Brascolite. The reflector-canopy of Type WD is finished in Bronze, with bead design as illustrated.

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fixture in the world

(Continued from Page 95)

plan, and predicted utter failure. But half the people came, and half those who came brought the money. Empty-handed children, astonished, went away with empty pitchers. Mothers came, angry. They had not a penny in the house.

"I will lend it to you out of my own pocket till to-morrow afternoon," the milkman in khaki said. "It is not fair to Miss Turle to ask her to keep books. You must do your part."

Some came after hours. If they had young children, as a great favor he opened the dairy door. There was an awkward moment with a captain's wife. The soldier was courteous but unyielding. That news spread over the village and did nearly as much to insure the success of the revolutionary scheme as Roger's patience and tact. In this modest manner the Lord of the Manor of St. Dyfrigs began to organize his village.

He was glad to slip away before Charity came. He was so tired out that he did not want her to see him. He ate some dry bread and some canned beef which he had brought from Castlechepe, and tumbled into bed.

At eleven the next morning Charity led him across fields up the hillside. She had heard that the Tudds had empty rooms. If he could get in there he would be more comfortable than at the cottage, where there was no one to look after him. He watched her with sympathy and admiration. If she had been turned down by Bickley Ryker none could have guessed. She seemed to be in the highest spirits. She laughed when a small sheep with a long tail jumped a four-foot hawthorn hedge.

"I told Staines he couldn't keep Welsh sheep from Merioneth in any field," she said, "but he wouldn't listen."

"Patchy," she said of a wheat field. "It's old pasture. Staines couldn't believe he had no rights on his own farm in wartime and he held off plowing up till the magistrates fined him ten pounds. There'll be half a crop here—say fifteen bushels to the acre."

"Not even an American average," Roger said.

"Ours is thirty-two," Charity answered; "but they don't manure properly over there and the heart soon goes out of the land."

"They're beginning to," Roger answered.

A mixed flock of jackdaws and rooks, chattering and cawing, jumped as a unit into the air. Charity chuckled.

"Old Martin farms ninety acres," she said, "and he fought against tractor plows. They're new to us and we had a lot of trouble to get them used. 'I sticks to horses,' old Martin announced, 'so as the rooks'll follow the furrow and eat the wireworms. They're afeard of tractors.'" But Charity added: "His horses didn't stick to him. The army took them, and now he swears by tractors."

She pointed to grazing two-year-olds, crossbred Shorthorns and Herefords. "No linseed or cottonseed cake," she deplored. "We shan't be able to fatten them in the autumn."

"Chaps who have been in Egypt tell me," Roger said, "that they're burning cottonseed there in railroad engines and hotel kitchens."

"Rather funny," Charity exclaimed—"locomotives in Pharaoh's land eating the food of our cattle."

They passed a haystack. "Last year's," Charity explained. "Forty tons, I should think. Manners had to sell stock in the winter for want of keep. He dared not touch that rick. See the label, 'W. D.' That means War Department, and the owner can't touch a wisp."

She pointed to a neat, tiny path through a hole in a hedge. "Badger," she said. "His sett is in the next field but one. I've seen him twice. There are not many about."

She stopped and pointed. Roger saw a hundred yards off a rabbit apparently pursuing one of the weasel tribe in an always-narrowing circle. "It always looks like that," Charity said. "The rabbit is larger and seems to be chasing the stoat." They saw the stoat pounce.

A lapwing rose and wheeled beautifully, uttering mournful cries. Charity scanned the adjoining pasture. "There!" she cried. "There—in a line with that tree, the hen-bird, sidling, slipping away. A second brood, late. Mark her, and see sometime if you can find the nest or the young."

They came to a rough lane. "This will lead you to the farmyard," she explained. "I must go on. If her price for rooms is too high, never mind. There's a fund, you know, for convalescing soldiers."

He told her that he had some money.

She looked at him with kindly eyes. "I ought not to have asked you to deliver that milk," she said. "You look tired still."

"My scheme will work," he predicted confidently.

Charity admitted that she had a faint hope. "See if you can get some butter," she said. "It's against regulations, but there's a little consumptive girl in the village."

"Margie Jenkins," he interrupted. "She's waiting for a government vacancy in a sanatorium."

"You know everybody," she said, smiling. "The Tudds are very well off," she added, "but they work hard and they've lost nearly all their men. If nobody's at home, search the fields."

She went on her way with a gay wave of the hand. He watched her out of sight, relieved to think that Bickley Ryker had never cost her an hour's sleep.

He crossed the farmyard, astonished at the solid stone outbuildings and estimating that the estate—his estate—had put just about five thousand unnecessary dollars in them. He entered through the open scullery door, noted the absence of fire from the kitchen range, and correctly inferred that the family was in the fields. He crossed to the dairy, inspected shelves, lifted lids of crocks, examined the separator, peered into the churn, and finally opened the gauze door of the meat safe. Yes, at last; a quarter pound pat of butter; but it lay on a plate on a tray. This luncheon tray held a small silver pepper pot and a silver saltcellar, some delicate slices of cold lamb, a slice of cheese, a roll baked from pure white flour, some potato salad, a tomato, and vinegar in a cut-glass bottle. A small silver vase held one William Allan Richardson rose, and the tray was covered by a teacloth of fine linen embroidered so exquisitely that Roger noticed the border and touched it with his finger. He frowned angrily. Tudd was well off, and he had heard that Mrs. Tudd had had her own runabout until the authorities cut off gasoline. Why, then, should she do things like this for any of these luxurious boarders who were eating the neighborhood bare?

He eyed the butter malignantly: four ounces, two weeks' legal allowance for one person, all in a lump; villagers were doled out margarine by the grain, and spread it so thin that their children denied that it was there. He frowned at the slices of lamb. To kill lambs was illegal. He peered at the white roll, appetizing, unlawful. Where could fine flour have come from? The cheese was real Cheddar, made of unskimmed milk, he thought; even Caerphilly cheese, of skim milk, he had been told, had been rare for two months in that neighborhood. The tomato was a curiosity. Experts who grew luxuries under glass were fighting now or planting swedes and mangolds. All this was for some useless, ornamental woman. The old wheelwright, by his own computation, had eaten half a pound a day, for forty years, of fine old mellowed Cheddar, ripened on his own shelves. Yesterday he had supped on bread and onions; so he said, at all events.

As Roger went back through the kitchen he cast his eyes to the ceiling. Not a ham, not a side of bacon hung from the black oak beams. Farmers in this 1918 summer of food controllers and rationing were not, so to speak, wearing their hog products on their sleeves. He had been told of one farmer whose locked spare bedroom was like a provision store, and of another whose feathering house was no longer devoted to plucking geese and fowls.

He glanced at the oil stove in the scullery and saw that the oven was still lacking. As a loyal American he was glad that American manufactures were entering distant farmhouses, but regretted that submarines had got the ship that held the ovens. He had been told this in London; here was the proof. He sauntered across the farmyard and made his way round to the front. He was sure that the room had been taken, and that no Tudds were at home; but he was curious to see what manner of person so luxuriously violated a dozen food laws on one lunch tray.

A sudden din and clatter drew him at a run to the open front door, where he saw a frantic colt kicking the hatrack to pieces. He stretched out his leg, clasped the animal's head and wrestled. As the colt's hind heels were high in the air, of course he scored a fall. It toppled, so did he. His head banged a door open. He lay sprawled, panting, almost breathless, half his body in the room, the colt's head beneath him. The colt was helpless. So was he. If he moved, the colt might jump up and kick this room to ruin.

"What shall you do next?"

The startled Roger lifted his head. A girl was standing in the middle of the room—an unreal, unfamiliar kind of girl who provoked instant antagonism. He stared. She was very pretty. She was beautifully dressed. She was beautifully useless. In a farmhouse in this busy time, in a filmy white dress with ruffles and furbelows and silk stockings and high-heeled slippers—oh, but she was decorative, anyway. His stern brow relaxed.

"Well?" she demanded. She came and sat in a chair near him and in two senses looked down on him. Her manner was arrogant and lacked the unobtrusive condescension that most great ladies extended to soldiers. She was not a great lady. She was too young to be that; but she would be, one day. She had the beginnings of the grand manner.

"I beg your pardon," the young man stammered, flushing red. He looked in vain for a relenting gleam in the cold, blue-gray eyes. There was no smile in them. There was on the lips. It was supercilious.

"The mare," he faltered, "must be in the field. If you—if you—would step out of the window and drive her to the door——"

He paused.

"Well?"

"Well, I might push the colt's head out and shut this door, and he wouldn't kick this room to flinders by joining mother through the window."

The girl looked at him, then down at her helpless, high-heeled slippers. His eyes followed hers. The new dark bronze slippers shimmered insolently of luxury. The bronze silk stockings glistened with opulent idleness. They were an insult to this solid, oak-beamed farmhouse. They were a slight to the countryside, where almost every resident gentlewoman and every serving maid was working in a hospital or in the fields.

"I heard the clatter on the stone floor," the girl said. "I opened the door. That frightened the colt. I shut the door again. The hatrack was already in ruins. There was nothing else to break. If you had not come the colt would be in the field now."

He jumped up, fuming, hoping the colt would choose the window. It darted through the front door.

"How simple," the girl remarked dryly.

The colt passed the window kicking high its off hind leg, whose pastern was circled by an absurd frill of gauzy white. Roger hoped and believed that the frill had once been her hat, and he was glad.

It checked at the open gate, wheeled, and jumped exultantly into a bed of glowing French poppies. Roger rushed out and drove it off. He picked up the handful of bent wire and tulle and lace and placed it on the gatepost. Then he shut the gate, himself outside. It was the first time in his life that he had turned his back on a girl or snubbed one; the hat on the post was meant for a snub. He turned away.

"Please bring it," she called. Her voice was very pleasant. It included a softened, husky note which gave it character.

He looked up. She beckoned imperiously. She stood leaning indolently against the casement, luxurious, exquisite. His scowl vanished. He obeyed the summoning finger. Perhaps she would redeem or explain herself. If only she would be one per cent as good as she looked; he smiled as he handed her the shapeless trifle.

"The dustbin for that, I'm afraid," he said, but his manner showed that he was not afraid, but pleased. She glanced up, and the cool eyes nipped his smile.

She was absorbed in the hat; he, in her. She was pale, he saw; but he saw, too, that the healthy, creamy pallor was that of the prehistoric girl who used sunshades and protected her complexion. He noted her hands, delicately white.

He had heard and read that helpless hands had been admired in older days. Yet her fingers were strong, supple and dexterous; they deftly ripped and dissected. In the end he saw her wind about them a strip that even his ignorant eyes recognized as rare lace.

"I didn't know," he said, slightly apologetic.

"I did not expect you to," she answered, but the ungracious words were softened by a flickered smile. The smile was for lace untorn and not for him, but he was pleased all the same.

"Would you mind?" She swept him with less arrogant eyes, turned about, pointed to a chair, then stretched a lazy arm toward the lawn.

He picked up the indicated chair and carried it across the sloping lawn to the shade of the stately cedar of Lebanon, the glory of that farmhouse, the solitary king of that hilltop, visible and honored for miles about. He carried rugs, too, and cushions, and disposed them as she directed: the waterproof rug first, then the soft Shetland wool, then the fine linen one embroidered with an indecipherable monogram. The young man felt like a lackey, but every time he looked at her he was glad that he was there. Such is the power of beauty over young soldiers who for four years have dipped stew out of tin buckets, and yearned indescribably for lost refinements, elegancies of life, and girls.

She tripped across the lawn like a princess; but she and all her accessories were so unsuited to time and place that he thought of a princess in an open-air pageant. She seated herself on the embroidered rug and leaned lazily back among the heaped-up cushions against the great trunk of the cedar.

"There are cigarettes in the room," she said indifferently as she looked out over the far-distant waters.

"Anything else?" he asked in abrupt rebuke. He might just as well have been pleasant for all that she knew or cared. She only shook her head. An instant later his eyes roved the solid, stolid room. A gold mesh-purse, stuffed full, lay on an oak table. An alligator-skin bag gaped, disclosing gold-stoppered bottles. A pair of high soft leather French shoes lay on the farmhouse piano. A fawn-colored cloth jacket lined with crimson silk had been flung on the floor. A paper-covered book lay open, face down, on the sofa. He glanced at the title: *Lui et Elle*. There were masses of flowers, early pink ramblers, most of them; but a large crude vase held a bunch of exotic orchids. On the oak chimneypiece rested a hand-painted, beribboned box of Paris chocolate creams—a forgotten prohibited luxury; a silver-and-ivory manicure set; a monogrammed gold cigarette case and a gold matchbox.

All these things were new. The gold gleamed. The silver shone. The ivory was not yet even creamy. The alligator hide glistened like a fresh-burst chestnut. The surprised investigator looked in vain for signs of a man. A honeymoon could not justify but it could explain. He turned, eagerly curious, thoughtful, depressed. This prodigality carried a vague sinister suggestion.

As he stepped out of the window he saw on a side table a dish of strawberries, a jug of thick yellow cream and a bowl of sugar.

This was the final touch for him. A dairy, empty except for her lunch, and here was cream. To eat cream at all was against the law and defiant of common decency. Sugar too, a bowlful, two weeks' legal allowance at least; mothers in the village could not buy, beg or borrow enough for their babies. Strawberries, ahead of the local season, he knew. Whose labor had been wasted in ripening fruit and tomatoes under glass for a healthy, greedy girl? He scowled across at her as a farmer's wife might scowl at a cat discovered in the dairy.

She was gazing out over the beautiful valley, unconscious of his disapproving scrutiny. Beneath the wide stretching cool branches she looked a lovely idol, canopied by a Chinese pagoda. She had the detachment of an idol, its immobility, its insensibility. Sitting there so still, so cut off by a monstrous egotism from a world of suffering and renunciation, she froze the eagerly curious watcher. She had no wooden head, but she had a heart of stone; that was his thought as he crossed to her.

"For you," she said, waving a hand toward the chair; "and the cigarettes."

He accepted the astonishing invitation in silence, grasping the chance to satisfy his flaming curiosity. He was now the alert, watchful hypocrite, brimming with that perfect hypocrisy which can be achieved only by young people who have no real guile in them. She was just close enough so that stretched arms could bring finger

(Continued on Page 102)

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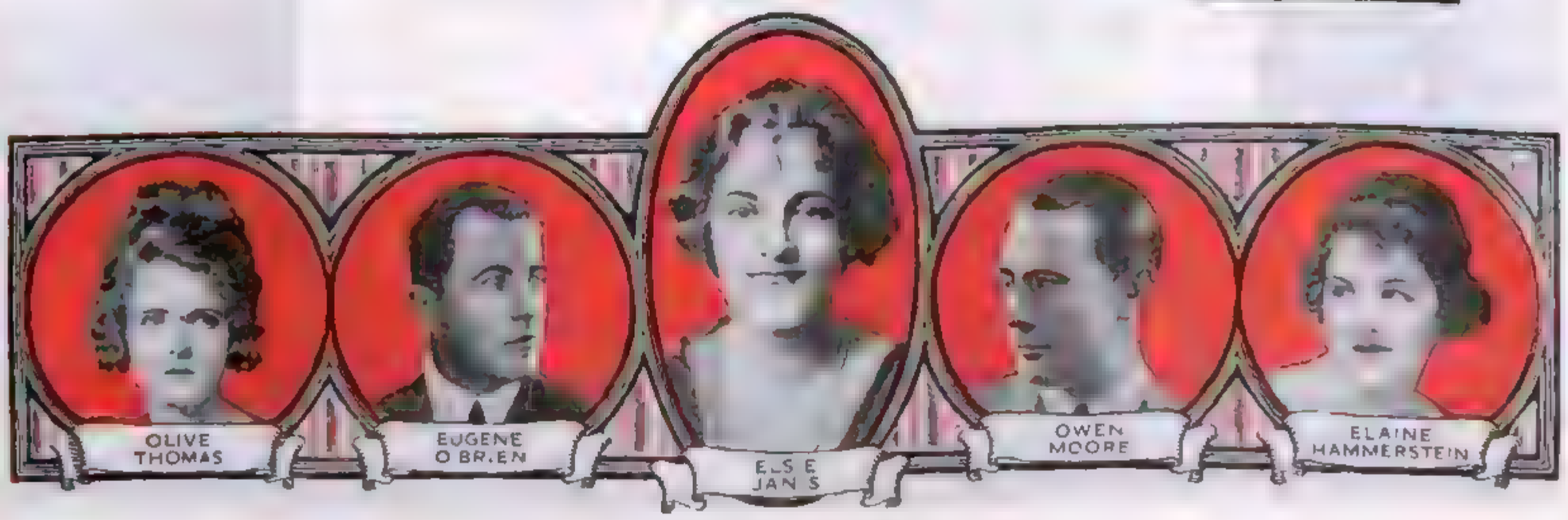

THINK of any ten persons you know. They're all different. That's individuality.

Think of any ten photoplays you have seen. A good many of them are just like the rest of them. Then think of any SELZNICK PICTURE you have seen. It was different. It had individuality.

Some pictures are made by mixing guesswork with hope—like a bride making a cake. SELZNICK PICTURES have achieved individuality through years of consistent effort to build up the ideal producing organization.

At the best theatre in your neighborhood you can see for yourself that SELZNICK PICTURES create happy hours.

Lewis J. Selznick

(Continued from Page 98)

tips to meet. She shook her head when he held out the resplendent cigarette case; she nestled in the cushions and stared up at cool depths of green.

He watched her through fragrant smoke. His cigarette was decorated by no meretricious blazonry of monogram or gilded crown, but its quality matched that of the gold case. He had not had such a smoke in months.

"I dreamed of a village where they went on just the same old way," she said. "They said it was three miles from a railway, that newspapers never came, that mails were always a day late, that old men basked against sunny walls. Oh, who is the patriarch with the beard of Abraham and the great hairy hands of Esau?"

He told of the old saddler and harness maker. She asked about the gypsy-eyed woman with the nose like a scimitar. A seaman's wife, he told her, from the north. She questioned about others. She had driven through the village yesterday, she told him, and had seen these quaint people. He was astonished by her keen observation, by the sharp vignettes which she cut in words. He asked questions in his turn, cunning, artless, looking at her from ingenuous, candid eyes. She did not seem to evade, though sometimes she ignored. He learned nothing—just nothing.

Two spots of light ran down the tree trunk and made two bright circles in her brown hair like two Australian sovereigns, which are ruddier than English coins. The soldier glanced down the hillside. Five hundred yards away the sun was making molten fire of a cottage window.

"I came to find Sleepy Hollow," she said. "Instead I find a horrid, bustling little town and a village bursting with people. Tell me how it came about."

She had become so much more human that he thought of a child begging fairy tales. She looked just like that to him now. He gave her part of what everybody knew, speaking guardedly about munitions, and she listened with growing interest. She asked about generals and colonels in command at Castlechepe, and the German prisoners and their camp, and how many soldiers there were, and what regiments and battalions were represented. With his jolly smile Roger dodged her queries. It was ridiculous to think her a spy, he thought, but he had learned to be cautious.

She looked over the circled park and spoke of the romantic story of the missing heir. What was the young lady like? Was she as lovely as Mrs. Tudd had said? And that striking girl who wore such a beautifully hand-smocked, weird old garment — was she as clever as she looked? She was in the story somehow, Mrs. Tudd had told her; how?

"How long have you been here?" Roger asked bluntly.

"Since yesterday."

"And where did you see Miss Turle?"

"We passed her in the village."

"You see everything," he said in an awed tone, "even to the stitches in a girl's clothes."

"They don't do such work nowadays," she answered indifferently. "Tell me about her, and the other one."

He sketched his two cousins, painting a picture that interested the girl.

"He should marry her," she said when he had finished

"Which one?" he asked.

"If Miss Lingard refuses him," she responded, "he is bound to propose to the other."

"You go further than anybody else," was the response.

She dropped that subject and asked him about that pretty girl whose chestnut was so well groomed and who had such a good seat, and he said with censure in his manner that this young lady was one of the swarm.

She lifted level brows in a question.

"Of locusts," he explained, eying her. "They came in the spring. They lighted everywhere, these officers' wives and daughters who ought to have stayed at home. They begged and pushed their way into every farmhouse and cottage. They have lapped up all the milk. They have bought all the bacon. Churns have stopped. Cheese has stopped. Do you see the point? In their own homes, from their own neighbors, the villagers cannot get their usual food. They would not mind if these people worked, but they only make work."

The girl got as red as any ripe cherry on the tree in the orchard beyond her. He could hear her quick breathing, could see her breast storming up and down. He leaned his head back and tried to blow rings of smoke up through layers of horizontal fan foliage. The rings were not round, because his lips twitched. He had never rebuked a girl before like that. He waited to be ordered away, but there was only silence. Well, anyway, he was something more to her now than a wooden soldier or a guidebook to the neighborhood. He had made her blush with shame; and, well, she deserved it.

He glanced down suddenly. He surprised vivid, eager eyes as curious as his own, saw the hitherto indolent figure alertly curved in interrogation as she thrust her head forward in questioning poise. Their glances held. She dissolved into another girl as he looked, a girl aloof, indifferent and lounging. The transformation was quick, but it was a glide.

It was no crude clapping on of a mask, but an apparent inward transition of feeling, shown outwardly by a corresponding change of face and of attitude.

Tiny arrows of light shot across his face and made him blink, then flashed on the tree trunk and on her dress.

"What did that?" she asked.

He pointed to the flaming window down the hillside.

"The sun playing tricks," he said. But he knew better.

Faint far-away notes from a bugle gave him an excuse for rising.

The girl set the soldiers' words to this call. She sang softly: "Come to the cookhouse door.

"You have been very interesting," she said. "Thank you. You have also been unexpectedly frank. I will forgive that."

She bent her head in dismissal.

Roger slipped round to the back, stole her butter and then went hunting for the man—or woman—who was spying on them through a pair of field glasses.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ANYONE CAN WRITE

(Continued from Page 21)

If she doesn't I'll have to try. But I've no flair with women, Bassy. Betty, tell Miss Middleton that the directors are adjusting that matter now, and will let her know about it. And Betty ——"

"Yes, Mr. Graftleigh?"

"Please close the transom from the other side."

"Yes, Mr. Graftleigh."

"Hope that will give the old hag a jar. Well, Bassy, we might as well get busy. I've got a new form letter to dope out. Your end of this game is a lead-pipe cinch. I have to do all the dirty work."

"Glad you think so."

Beveridge resumed his examination of manuscripts, and there was silence in the private office until Miss Reynolds reappeared. Her eyes gleamed with excitement not wholly unpleasurable. She left the door slightly ajar.

"Miss Middleton wants to know how soon you can let her know about the royalties," she said. "One of the clients has an appointment for twelve."

"Tell Miss Middleton she shall have the report within five minutes," said Graftleigh, speaking slowly and distinctly. "That is all, Miss Reynolds."

"Well, Bassy, wish me luck," he whispered a moment later. "I've got to make the plunge. That was an S O S call."

Squaring his shoulders he opened the door wide, strode into the outer office, and faced a tall gaunt gray-haired woman with beady black eyes, a Roman nose and a square chin.

"Pardon me just a moment, madam," he said with a low bow which did not soften the expression of withering scorn with which the visitor regarded him. "The directors have decided, Miss Middleton, that our favorable negotiations will not involve any change in the royalty rates originally offered. Now then, madam, won't you be seated?"

He smiled ingratiatingly at the purple plumes that surmounted Miss Goodell's turban, but that lady shook her head

"Your airs and graces are quite wasted on me, young man," she snapped. "I came here to find out why you have not complied with the terms of your contract, and I don't intend to leave until I do find out, and until my forty dollars is refunded."

"But my dear madam, there must be some mistake. Miss Middleton, have you investigated this lady's claim?"

"There's nothing about me for that young woman to investigate," broke in Miss Goodell; "and I don't propose to be insulted, Mr. Graftleigh, by a man of your character. You signed a solemn contract to furnish first-class music for my song and to put it on the market in consideration of an advance payment of forty dollars. I was fool enough to put up the money, which you have simply pocketed. But don't think you can escape the consequences of your crime."

"You are talking in riddles, madam. Any contract made by the Merriweather Music Company is adhered to in the smallest particular. Miss Middleton, have you the record of this case?"

"Yes, Mr. Graftleigh. Everything is quite in order, as I have already explained to the lady. We received the manuscript of her lyric, entitled I Always Knew My Boy Was Not a Coward, on November eighth, wrote a letter on November fifteenth, offering our special contract providing for music to be composed by Mr. Beveridge, and agreeing to refund the regular fee of forty dollars in case the song was not accepted for publication within thirty days after she had O. K'd. the music. We received a contract with her signature and a post-office order for forty dollars on November twenty-first, and forwarded to her on November twenty-fifth a duplicate contract signed by you as president of the company. On December third we sent her the manuscript of the melody and accompaniment for her lyric composed by Mr. Beveridge, and received a letter from her on December tenth, stating that she approved of the music as written, and authorizing us to submit the words and music to publishers in accordance with the terms of the contract. The Verdi Publishing Company notified us on December twenty-seventh that it would bring out the complete number at the earliest possible date, copyrighted in the name of Abby Goodell, and that Miss Goodell would receive a royalty of four cents on each copy sold. We sent a copy of the publisher's letter to Miss Goodell on that same date. On January twenty-fourth we were notified that the Verdi Publishing Company had published the song, and that thirty copies had been forwarded to the author.

"A letter was received from Miss Goodell on February twelfth, stating that she had received no royalties from the sale of her song, and inquiring how many copies had been sold. We replied on the same date, explaining that our connection with the matter ceased with the acceptance of the song for publication, and suggesting that she apply to the Verdi company for any further information desired."

"Quite correct," remarked Miss Goodell sarcastically. "The young woman has already recited it to me. Now perhaps, Mr. Graftleigh, you will be kind enough to listen to my record."

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure, madam, but I have only a few moments at my disposal."

"A few moments are all I need. After receiving your communication of February twelfth, I wrote three times to the Verdi Publishing Company and finally received a letter from them stating that they made reports to clients only once in six months and that mine was not due until September. What have you to say to that?"

"Officially, madam, I can say nothing as to your arrangements with the Verdi company. As, however, you are one of our clients and have asked for my advice, I don't mind telling you informally that so far as I know the terms offered you by the Verdi company are quite in accordance with the general custom of publishing houses. In fact, I believe some of them make settlements with authors only once a year."

"That may be true, but how do you account for the fact that though my song was published about seven weeks ago it has not been placed on sale anywhere in New York City or Philadelphia?"

"If such is the fact, madam, I could not account for it, as I have no knowledge of the Verdi company's methods of distribution. But are you quite sure you are correct in saying that the song is on sale nowhere in New York or Philadelphia?"

"Sure enough for all practical purposes. I have communicated with thirty-five music dealers and with eight department stores, and every one of them said they had never heard of the song and were sure it was not on any of their publishers' lists. Under the circumstances, Mr. Graftleigh, I must ask you to refund the forty dollars I paid you."

"I am very sorry, madam, that you feel you have not had efficient service from the Verdi company. Spring, you know, is the busiest season of the year with publishers, and then, too, distribution of new publications is seriously handicapped just at present by the freight situation and er - complications in the post-office department."

"Your apologies do not interest me, Mr. Graftleigh. Kindly return my forty dollars, and you may have my four cents royalty on the first thousand copies sold."

Graftleigh achieved a short laugh. "You are pleased to be humorous, madam. You are pleased to be humorous, madam. You do not, of course, think that the fee paid to the Merriweather Music Company is in any way contingent upon royalties you may or may not receive from the sale of your song?"

"You certainly agreed to market the song for me."

"We certainly did not." Graftleigh's manner became a trifle more aloof and he spoke more rapidly. "We agreed, in consideration of a payment of forty dollars, to have an original melody and piano accompaniment prepared for your lyric by Mr. Basil Beveridge and to submit the same for your approval within three weeks after the receipt of the fee. We agreed further to submit the completed number as approved by you to music publishers on a royalty basis, and we stipulated that you should not be required to pay any fee to the publishing company accepting the song, and that the song should be copyrighted in your name. Because of the unusual excellence of your song we added a special clause to your contract providing that in the event of our failing to secure a publisher's acceptance of the song on a royalty basis of at least three cents on each copy sold, within thirty days after our receipt of the approved manuscript of the music, your fee should be returned to you. According to our record, which you have admitted is correct, and which is otherwise confirmed by documents in our possession, all the terms of the contract signed by you as author and by me as president of the Merriweather Music Company have been complied with. In fact, we did much better than we promised in securing you a royalty rate of four cents—a most unusual concession and one we are not always able to obtain."

"But this is all on paper," objected Miss Goodell a little uncertainly. "What difference does it make what the royalty rate is if the songs are not sold?"

Graftleigh shrugged his shoulders. "That is a chance which publishers and authors always take, but in this case you are somewhat premature in assuming that your song will not sell. Frequently songs do not go well at all for several months and then suddenly become great hits."

"If my song were introduced into some popular musical comedy wouldn't its chances of selling be greater?"

"Very probably they would."

"Why don't you do it then?"

Graftleigh and Miss Middleton exchanged glances of shocked surprise.

"You have evidently drawn false conclusions from remarks you have overheard regarding the affairs of some of our other clients. I cannot, of course, discuss the matter with you, but I am willing to assure you that any arrangements of the sort you mention have been made by our clients themselves. Some songs are specially adapted to the personality of particular stars. I don't say that yours is not. I hope that it is."

(Continued on Page 104)

The New

KISSEL Custom-Built Six

4 Passenger Coupe

WITH all the deftness of the master designer and builder, there is an exquisite smartness of design and coloring—unexpected refinements and comforts of exclusive origin that reveal a startling individuality.

Mounted on the Kissel custom-built chassis, replete with those features that combine efficiency in performance with economy of operation, including the new Kissel custom-built motor.

Literature and specifications on request.

KISSEL MOTOR CAR CO.
HARTFORD, WIS., U. S. A.
Originators of the ALL-YEAR Car

An atmosphere of perfect harmony that exemplifies the exclusive distinction of the made-to-order jobs—characterizes this new Kissel.

KISSEL

(Continued from Page 102)

"I don't even get my money back until a thousand copies have been sold," said Miss Goodell after a moment's frowning reflection.

"No, but you have the satisfaction of literary achievement."

"Fudge! How many copies of my song have been printed?"

"I haven't the slightest idea, madam. Doubtless your publisher can tell you."

"Do you mean to say that you do business with these publishers right along, and don't know how many copies of a song they print?"

"My own affairs, madam, are sufficient to occupy my time. The size of editions of songs is a matter which concerns the publisher and the author."

"I am glad you admit it concerns me."

"I am willing to admit anything, madam, that does not involve me in matters which are entirely outside of my jurisdiction and beyond my control."

"This Verdi company is obviously dishonest," declared Miss Goodell, "and I shall hold you responsible for mixing me up with it. Return my forty dollars immediately and get my song back from them within three days or I will have you arrested."

"I will overlook your unwarrantable language, madam, as you are evidently laboring under strong excitement," said Graftleigh with an obvious effort to retain his detached manner; "and I must ask you to excuse me now, as I have an imperative engagement. Miss Middleton, do not hold any further conversation with this lady. If she wishes any additional information in regard to her contract with this company she must take the matter up with our corporation counsel, Mr. Victor Benson. Good morning, madam.

"Water, Bassy!" he moaned a moment later as he sank into the chair opposite Beveridge. "The curse has come upon us. She was too tough a nut for me to crack and I had to send her to Benson. Call him up quick, and ask him to meet me at Deene's for lunch. I'll have to put him wise. And you'd better grab the first train for Philly, Bassy, and coach your people so they won't make any break if the Housatonic poetess descends upon them suddenly. If Benson can't pacify her she's likely to make the Verdi her next stopping place. Well, ta-ta. Make Benson understand it's a must."

Late that afternoon Beveridge, sitting at the rented piano in the little room off the main office of the Verdi Publishing Company, painstakingly evolving original melodies with the aid of two volumes of college songs and a collection of choice selections for banjo and guitar, was interrupted by the entrance of Miss Genevieve Dale, manager of the advertising and circulation departments, and secretary to the president.

"I don't quite understand this telegram, Mr. Beveridge," she said. "It has just come, and it seems to be urgent."

Beveridge paled slightly as he took the yellow slip, but a glance at it reassured him.

VERDI PUBLISHING COMPANY,
Blank Building,
Philadelphia.

Rush Middleton fifty copies Goodell song. Distribute remainder immediately. All well. W. G.

"You remember what I told you about Miss Goodell, don't you, Miss Dale?"

"Oh, perfectly, Mr. Beveridge; and Tommy is packing the music now to take to the express office. But just what do you suppose Mr. Graftleigh means by 'distribute'?"

Beveridge pondered a moment. "How many copies have we left?" he asked.

"Twenty. We sent thirty to the author, you remember."

"Miss Dale, I shall have to ask you to go yourself to four music dealers and persuade them to put five copies each in conspicuous places on their shelves. Offer them any inducement. It is unusual, I know, but ——"

"I quite understand, Mr. Beveridge. I will attend to it at once."

A special-delivery letter came the next evening:

"March 12.

"*Dear Bassy:* Hope you got wire and that copies of song are on the way. As soon as they arrive, Middleton and Betty will hustle them round to some of the smaller dealers. Betty's red curls ought to put over a few if the kick is too strong on the lyric. Of course the music will pass. Called up Benson just now, and the old bird hasn't been to see him yet, but I gave him the whole tale of woe yesterday, and he says she hasn't a leg to stand on if we prove we've made an honest effort to sell the thing. She seems to be so hot on the trail, however, that perhaps you'd better have a hundred more copies struck off, and when she tackles you, hand her a good one about the first edition being exhausted and the second on the press. You might be able to work off the whole second hundred on her for the dealers in her own home hamlet. Show her a sale record of a dozen or so, and offer her half a dollar in royalties if she doesn't want to wait until September for a settlement.

"Three new contracts came in this morning with money orders. I inclose lyrics. It looks like a ten-strike for us, Bassy, if we don't make any slips. Yours truly is no highbrow, but he's surely all there with the form letters. Might be a good idea to start Betty and Miss Dale distributing some of the stuff we have on file. Comb it over anyway, and shoot on fifty copies of everything that's at all possible. Try to place the other twenty in Philadelphia. As I recall our publications no dealer is likely to accept them through the mails even on a 99 per cent commission basis, but the girls are good-looking enough to get away with some of them. Betty is strong on pathos too.

"That's about all, Bassy. Push your melodies along. Give them either zip or molasses. Don't be too classy, and don't worry. Will keep you advised. BILL."

Beveridge replied at once:

"*Dear Bill:* Your idea of trying to coax the dealers to take some of the least hopeless of our songs had already occurred to Miss Dale apropos of the Goodell incident, and she has been at work on the proposition all day. She succeeded in distributing half a dozen of them among five small shops on a fifty-fifty basis. One man even promised to push the sale of the Goodell gem with some sort of a sob story. As in each instance the arrangement was made as a personal favor to Miss Dale the outlook for actual business is not encouraging. Our position may be, as you say, slightly improved technically. Hope you have been able to do as well in Manhattan.

"I inclose ten melodies and lyrics which inspired them. Will send the remaining four to-morrow if I can dope them out. Am taking your advice about old favorites, and have impressed Moody and Sankey into the service. DICK."

In the correspondence between the Merriweather Music Company and the Verdi Publishing Company during the next three weeks there was no further mention of the lady from Housatonic nor was any other complaint on the part of a client recorded. Forty money orders had been received with no string attached but a lyric. Graftleigh was jubilant and Beveridge was so busy concocting melodies to fit the various types of meter submitted to him that he had scarcely time to eat or sleep. Immediately after reading his mail on the first Monday in April, however, Beveridge told Miss Dale that he was obliged to go to New York, and might not return until Wednesday.

"I trust there's nothing wrong," observed that astute young woman, noting his frown.

"Oh, no; just a matter of consultation. If you have copied that music I gave you the other day I'll take it with me. And, Miss Dale, be careful not to give any information whatever regarding our methods of business, except that we take no fees from authors and that we accept no lyrics for publication without musical accompaniment. See that Tommy doesn't talk at all."

As soon as he was on the train Beveridge took a bulky letter from his pocket, and his frown deepened as he read:

"April 5.

"Come as soon as you get this, Bassy, and gag Miss Dale and Tommy before you start. Things have looked a bit queer to me for the past ten days, but I didn't want to halt your muse, so keep mum.

"In the first place, our hearing nothing from old Abby has seemed a bit thick to me. She's not the sort to let go quite so easily, and I've had a hunch all along that she's got something up her sleeve. Benson laughs at the idea, but he hasn't seen her.

"Secondly, Middleton has been pestered to death by all sorts of freaks, male and female, old and young, wanting to know the full story of our lives, what we eat for breakfast and how much we pay the office boy. She has managed to keep most of them out of my way, but three or four of them have slipped past her, and I've had a tough time getting rid of them. What worries me most is that none of them seem to be actual clients. Some pretend to be inquiring on behalf of a friend and others are thinking about sending us lyrics later on. One or two look like correspondence-school detectives.

"But the one that really gets me is the Beautiful Girl.

"Bassy, she has been camping on our doorstep for a week. After three séances with Middy and two with me, she brought in that horror I sent you about pansies and broken hearts. Since then she's been here twice a day to find out whether we've received the music for it.

"I hope you've doped out something and that you'll bring it with you. She's crazy to see you. Says she's writing another about red roses and somebody's grave and wants to read it to you herself. I told her you'd be here Monday sure. In heaven's name, take the first train!

"S O S, BILL."

It would have been obvious to the most careless observer that the president of the Merriweather Music Company was troubled. There were dark circles under his eyes, his lips twitched nervously and he started violently at the sound of a telephone bell. Beveridge tried in vain to convince him that his state of mind was probably due to indigestion.

"You're dead right, Bassy," he said despondently. "We're a lot farther within the law than we were the last time you were over. Betty told me this morning that two or three little places on Sixth Avenue have actually sold some of our songs. In fact there is about sixty cents in royalties due to one client, and twenty-seven to another, and if I remember Miss Dale's last report correctly Philadelphia has fallen for seventeen copies of I Always Knew My Boy Was Not a Coward. Benson says that so far as the courts are concerned we're almost pillars of the publishing world. But all the same, Bassy, when I listen to that Russell girl talk about putting her younger sister through college and realize that she's dropped forty dollars of her good money in our till, and plans to separate herself from another forty dollars, I feel like the forty thieves rolled into one."

"Well, I'm ready to quit if you are."

"That's not quite so easy as it sounds, with about fifty songs in the process of publishing, and the money paid in. We can't go back on our contract, you know. Besides, it's a peach of a game if we can only keep personalities out of it. By the way, I dashed off a few lines myself the other day. It's not highbrow, of course, but it has a sort of swing. Listen, and see if you think you could fix up a tune for it:

Be a little kinder to me, honey,
My heart is all aflame with love of you.
Your golden curls have surely set me crazy,
I'm mad about your eyes of sapphire blue.

CHORUS

Don't run away and leave me all alone,
Don't ring off when I get you on the phone.
You know that I adore you.
Don't tell me that I bore you.
You can write your name on everything I own.

Honey, there's a limousine a-waiting,
Upholstered in a spiffy shade of gray,
That will make a swell background for your complexion,
Oh, hurry up and name the happy day.

"Well, what do you think of it?"

"I think this Miss Russell's first name must be Lillian. I'll do my best with a melody after I've seen her, but it wasn't sportsmanlike for you to run in a chorus. Makes twice as much work for me."

"But they go so much better with choruses. All of the hits have ——"

"Hits? Say, look here, Bill, you're not taking yourself seriously, are you? If you are, all I want to say is that as a poet you are a great writer of form letters. Don't weaken!"

The door opened to admit Miss Reynolds. "Miss Russell to see Mr. Beveridge," she announced stiffly.

"Speaking of angels," muttered Graftleigh sheepishly. "See here, Bassy, don't put any of your sarcasm on her. She's a perfect lady, even if her lyrics don't just appeal to you. Why in thunder didn't she go in the movies or the beautiful cloak-model profession? She'd ring the bell in either, but she can't write."

It was quite true that Miss Russell couldn't write. It was also true that the Evening Record cheerfully paid her a salary that enabled her to live comfortably and dress almost fashionably even at post-war prices. Nature in withholding a facile pen had been otherwise generous. In the first place, golden-brown hair, sapphire-blue eyes, pink cheeks, slightly retroussé nose and a confiding smile formed that miraculous blend which brings to the surface the protective instinct latent in every male.

In the second place, she was not cursed with the superfluous sense of humor which has been the handicap of so many promising careers. It did not seem to her in the least mirth-provoking that the president of the Bronx Theater Club should express for publication her views as to the proper punishment for the Kaiser, nor that a two-column cut of the pretty secretary of the Housekeepers' League should adorn the front page of the Record just above a statement of that lady's theories regarding the League of Nations.

In the third place, she possessed the sort of dramatic instinct which, plus the missing ability to juggle phrases, would have made her a second Laura Jean Libbey. This, combined with a heaven-sent naïveté in asking leading questions, not infrequently drew from interviewers most unexpected and valuable revelations.

In the fourth place, though she didn't have Anne Archer's peculiar knack of expanding a "Yes, I believe in capital punishment," or a "No, I am decidely opposed to it," into a column and a half of brilliant exposition which a leading clubwoman would read with complacency under appropriate headlines as the product of her own brain, she seldom took notes, and had never during her six months' connection with the Record been accused of misquoting anyone.

The city editor called her Minnie, but his manner in so doing, though he was well under thirty-five, was distinctly fatherly. It may be added that his feelings toward her were of the same character. The sporting editor had once taken her to dinner with his wife and daughters, and had chosen the main dining room of a quiet and exclusive hotel, much to the disgust of his family, who preferred the Broadway cabarets.

During her first month Miss Archer, in response to a request from the city editor to show the kid the ropes, invited her to accompany her on many of her own assignments.

"But I really can't do it any more, Mr. Edwards," she said at length. "At the Bolshevist Ball at Dempster Hall the other night they cut out three thrilling dances I went specially to see, just because I was idiot enough to introduce her to the chairman of the floor committee; and yesterday morning the most advanced feminist at that conference of radicals cast one glance at Minnie at the press table and proceeded to make a speech that would have been mild for a Y. W. C. A. secretary. Let some of the men play nursery governess for a while."

The dramatic editor dubbed Miss Russell "Edwards' Folly," and the name clung until one afternoon in March, when she rushed into the city room with hat awry, disheveled hair, red eyes and tear-stained cheeks, and went straight to the desk without waiting for the star reporter to finish his report on the big assignment of the day.

"She admitted she did it, Mr. Edwards!" gasped Minnie tremulously. "She told me all about it! It was her first offense and she did it for her child."

The city editor waved away the star reporter. "Do you mean she confessed?" he demanded.

The girl nodded. "She was driven to it," she began. "Don't you think you could ——"

"Ask Miss Archer to come here," interrupted the city editor, turning to an office boy, "and see if Mr. Sims is in the art department. Now then, Minnie, go on. If you really have the goods on Ethel Ardine we may get out an extra. Anyway I'll put it up to Mr. Greaves."

Ethel Ardine was a spectacular young woman of mysterious antecedents, vaguely suspected of being a German spy and definitely accused of blackmailing a prominent millionaire. The jury had disagreed on her

(Continued on Page 107)

To Owners of AC-Equipped Cars

Is your engine running as smoothly or as powerfully as you have the right to expect?

If not, ask yourself whether you have played fair with the manufacturer of the car you drive.

Do you always insist that your dealer give you AC Spark Plugs when you ask for them—or do you permit him to sell you something "just as good"?

The manufacturer of your car chose AC Spark Plugs as standard equipment because he found AC Spark Plugs best suited to the needs of his product.

If your car is listed below you will know that its maker has selected AC Spark Plugs as standard equipment.

The manufacturer knows how important the proper spark plug is in the successful functioning of his engine. Profit by his experience; follow his judgment; always demand and get AC Spark Plugs.

No matter what car you drive you can secure an AC Spark Plug that has been specially designed for it. For there are various types of AC Spark Plugs designed for every make and style of engine.

Champion Ignition Company, FLINT, *Michigan*

The Standard Spark Plug of the World

These manufacturers use AC Spark Plugs for factory equipment

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Ace Trucks	Briggs & Stratton Motor Wheel (Formerly Smith)	Conestoga Trucks	Fontmobile	Hupmobile	Marmon	Netco Trucks	Pierce Arrow	Scripps Booth	Tiffen Trucks
Acme Trucks	Brockway Trucks	Continental Motors	F-W-D Trucks	Hurlburt Trucks	Master Trucks	Noble Trucks	Pilot	Scripps Motors	Titan Trucks
Advance-Rumely Tractors	Buffalo Motors	Crane-Simplex	Genco Light	Independent Trucks	Maxim Fire Trucks	Oakland	Pioneer Tractors	Seagrave Fire Trucks	Tower Trucks
Ahrens Fox Fire Trucks	Buick	Daniels	Glide	Jordan	Maytag	Old Reliable Trucks	Premier	Seneca	Trego Motors
American-La France	Bullock Creeping-Grip Tractors	Davis	G B S Motors	Jumbo Trucks	McLaughlin Canada	Oldsmobile	Ranger Trucks	Signal Trucks	Universal Trucks
Anderson	Cadillac	DeSance Trucks	G M C Trucks	Kalamazoo Trucks	Menominee Trucks	Oneida Trucks	Red Wing Thorobred Motors	Singer	United Trucks
Apex Trucks	J I Case T. M. Co.	Delco Light	Gramm-Bernstein Trucks	Kent Concrete Mixers	Meteor	Owens Light & Power Plants	Reo	Standard S	Van Blerck Motors
Apperson	Chalmers	Dependo Trucks (Canada)	Gray Dort	Keystone Trucks	Midland Trucks	Packard	Re Vere	Standard Trucks	Vesper Motors
Appleton Tractors	Chandler	Diamond T Trucks	Hackett	Kissel Kar	Midwest Engines	Paige	Roker Trucks	Stearns Knight	Vim Trucks
Atco Trucks	Chevrolet	Dichl Trucks	Hahn Trucks	Kleiber Trucks	Minneapolis Motors	Pan	Roberts Motors	Stearns Tractors	Wallace Tractors
Auburn	Chicago Trucks	Dodge Brothers	Hall Trucks	Klemm Trucks	Mitchell	Pan-American	Robinson Fire Trucks	Sterling Engines	Ward La France Trucks
Avery Tractors	Clark Tractors	Dort	Harley Trucks	Knox Tractors	Moline Knight	Parker Trucks	Rock Falls	Sterling Trucks	Westcott
Bates Steel Mule Tractors	Cleveland	Duesenberg Motors	Hatfield	Kochler Trucks	Moreland Trucks	Paterson	Rowe Trucks	Stewart Trucks	White
Beck-Hawkeye Trucks	Cole	Eagle Tractors	Haynes	K-Z Trucks	Napoleon Trucks	Patriot Trucks	Rutenber Motors	Strauhel Engines	Whitney Tractors
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Best Trucks	Commerce Trucks	Essex	Hispano-Suiza	Lafley-Light	National	Perfect Power Sprayers	Sandow Trucks	Super Trucks	Wolverine Tractors
		Fairmont Railway Motors	Holt Tractors	Liberty	Nelson		Sanford Trucks	Swartz Lighting Plants	
			Howell Tractors	Locomobile	Nelson Tractors				
				Macer Trucks					

U S Pat No 1,135,727, April 13 1915 U S Pat No 1,216,130 Feb 13, 1917 Other Patents Pending

Cleans As It Polishes
O-Cedar Polish
Varnishes Friend
O-Cedar Polish
THE bright, sparkling lights of Christmas are reflected and intensified in furniture and woodwork cleaned, polished and brightened and beautified as only O-Cedar Polish can do it. And most people think O-Cedar Polish makes a cheer-bringing gift.
AND the floors—how they sparkle and glisten when cleaned and polished with the
O-Cedar Polish Mop
When an O-Cedar Polish Mop goes into a home, all the hard work of dusting, cleaning and polishing the floors goes out.
What could make a more acceptable gift?
$1.00, $1.25 and $1.50 Sizes
O-Cedar Polish Mop
Channell Chemical Co., Chicago - Toronto - London
Stoltz

(Continued from Page 104)

first trial and the second was now in progress. The defendant had hitherto preserved a stony silence despite the efforts of several third-degree experts of the police department and the entire metropolitan squad of feature writers to make her talk.

"She explained the whole thing to me, Mr. Edwards," continued Minnie. "She said I reminded her of her little sister who died and she felt I could understand; and I did. I never felt so sorry for anyone in all ——"

The city editor patted her shoulder. "Tell it to Miss Archer," he said, "and don't leave out a word of the confession. Front-page spread, Miss Archer. The Ardine woman has confessed to Minnie. Let it run from two and a half to three columns. Use Minnie's stuff in full for the lead, play up mother love as a motive for crime and work in some psychological dope founded on your own impressions of the woman during the trial. Don't be too editorial. We'll have to run it as a news story unsigned."

The story was admitted to be the best of the year, and the star reporter himself told Minnie she was an honor to the staff. Since then she had induced a professional gunman to reveal the whereabouts of a kidnaped child, had won the confidence of a débutante about to elope with a pseudo-Italian count in time for the Record to expose the impostor and restore the romantic maiden to her irate parents, and had obtained an exclusive ten-word interview with a captain of industry who had never before permitted himself to be quoted.

The Evening Record as visualized by Minnie was an organ published solely for the public good, its particular objects being the education of the masses and the bringing to justice of all malefactors. The proper methods to be pursued in the attainment of these noble ideals were, so far as the city staff was concerned, any means suggested by the esoteric wisdom of Mr. Edwards.

Cheerfully at her chief's bidding would she have essayed the entrance of an inhospitable house through a skylight or a coal hole. Gladly, had he asked it, would she have donned a blond wig and a vampire make-up in order to mingle freely with male and female gangsters in their subterranean lairs and discover their nefarious plots. Somewhat to her disappointment no such sacrifice was demanded of her. Miss Archer, to whom she timidly confided willingness to do anything for the paper, smiled cynically and told her that if she had formed her ideas of newspaper work from the films she'd better revise them.

"The Record will never require you to do anything unbecoming a gentlewoman," concluded the feature writer, "and if you really desire to succeed, Miss Russell, why don't you learn to write a simple news story?"

"Don't let that worry you," said the star reporter soothingly when he heard about it. "Archer's a bit catty at times. You've landed some of the biggest scoops of the season. Anyone can write. It just takes a little time to get the swing—that's all."

"Really?" said Minnie reverently.

Given the foregoing facts it is not to be wondered at that when Miss Abby Goodell found her way to the Record office about a fortnight after her interview with Graftleigh and made known her grievance, the city editor, upon deciding that the Merriweather Music Company would bear investigation, sent for Minnie.

"Won't I need a disguise if I pretend to be a client?" she asked hopefully after listening to his instructions.

"I think not," replied Edwards gravely. "You won't even have to change your name, but you will need some properties in the way of spring poems. I'll supply those."

To one who had moved Ethel Ardine to tears and made Lightning Jerry Flynn remember that he once knew a girl with that sort o' blue eyes, Graftleigh was a simple proposition. Four days after Miss Goodell's visit to the Record office Edwards was in possession of copies of every one of the Merriweather Music Company's form letters and of two contracts—one signed by Graftleigh as president, and by Minnie as author of a lyric entitled Pansies are for Thoughts; the other featuring Jimmy, the head office boy, as author of what Graftleigh described as the delightfully humorous verses, Don't Wiggle Your Eyes That Way. Two days later he had on file a sheaf of notes in Minnie's round childish handwriting, which gave him a fairly accurate conception of the man described by Miss Goodell as a despoiler of widows and orphans.

As for Beveridge, simultaneously with his first glimpse of Minnie in a box-coated blue serge suit and sailor hat which cooperated in subtracting five years from her apparent age, came a regret that he had not had time to get a haircut before leaving Philadelphia. After two minutes' conversation he beheld Graftleigh and himself as confidence men of the lowest type, and Minnie as the innocent victim of their greed for tainted gold. When she rose to go he heard himself begging her to take tea with him that afternoon in some quiet place where they could go over her lyrics together and consult about the accompaniments.

"And honestly, Mr. Edwards," said Minnie the next morning, "I'm sure Mr. Beveridge is perfectly all right. You've no idea how hard he worked revising that first song of mine that begins, 'Pansies purple and golden lay at her throat so fair,' and he's going to show me the music to-morrow. And he advised me not to do anything about getting the second song published until we saw how the other one went. So you see he can't be mixed up in any scheme to get money on false pretenses, Mr. Edwards, and he's so wrapped up in his art!"

"I see," said the city editor. "Did you find out just what his connection is with the Verdi company, and the exact relation of the Verdi to the Merriweather? Try to clear up those two points this evening. I suppose it's all right for you to dine with him. Better insist on one of the big East Side hotels, though, and be sure to get rid of him early. Send the minutes of the meeting to my house by messenger before eleven if you can. Armstrong is going over to Philadelphia in the morning."

It is, of course, ridiculous to suppose that all the details in regard to the suitable adaptation of a melody and accompaniment to a lyric could be settled at one conference—or two—or three. As a matter of fact it was ten days after Beveridge's first dinner with Minnie at the Beaumont, before the final draft of words and music was pronounced satisfactory by the collaborators.

"If you're quite sure he has left town," said Edwards with a quizzical glance at the girl's flushed cheeks, "you may drop the publishing business for a day or two and start that series of interviews with society women on how they feel about taking up the old life now that the war is over. Get real heart-to-heart talks, with plenty of personality, and Miss Archer will help you to whip it into shape. Try Miss Van Huyden first."

Graftleigh had viewed his partner's marked interest in the new client with growing disfavor and had upon one occasion earnestly but ineffectually voiced his opinion on the subject:

"I don't deny, Bassy, that she's a very beautiful girl. I saw her first, you know. But that only makes her the more dangerous. I don't mind telling you, now that I'm cured, that I had her in mind when I wrote that little lyric of mine. But it's always a mistake to mix sentiment with business. That's why I picked Middy. Faithful, efficient, but not alluring—those are my specifications for female help. As for female clients, Bassy, the less one sees of them the better. Limit your communications to dictation and a rubber-stamp signature. Take it from me, it's the only safe way."

"There's considerable safety also in minding one's own business," retorted Beveridge without looking up from the ruled paper on which he was setting down notes, rests and bars.

Graftleigh sighed and shrugged his shoulders. "I've a hunch there's trouble ahead, but what's coming comes," he muttered fatalistically.

He was accordingly distressed and perturbed but not greatly astonished when Beveridge, the morning after his delayed departure for Philadelphia, reappeared in the president's office of the Merriweather Music Company and after carefully closing the transom announced grimly: "I was served last night with papers in a suit to recover damages for one thousand dollars for not properly carrying out the terms of the Verdi contract with Rachel Arkwright."

"Any particulars?"

"Here's the document," said Beveridge, tossing a folded paper on the table.

Graftleigh examined it hastily. "Yes, I see. Charges misrepresentation, failure to advertise, failure to put on the market, failure to print a reasonable number of copies. Who the devil is Rachel Arkwright?"

"To the best of my knowledge she is the author of some verses entitled Under the Elm by the Brook, which I set to music sometime in November and which the Verdi company published on February second. She lives in Bethlehem."

"Was hers by any chance one of the gems Miss Dale induced some amiable dealers to put on their selling lists?"

"It was not."

"Just our all-fired rotten luck to back the wrong ones! But dry your tears, Bassy. I'll tell Benson to have his Philadelphia man write to her—Hollis, I think his name is—and if she's really peevish you can formally resign all claims to her song and send her the copies you have in the cellar. I'll call up now and see if Benson can eat with us."

"Sorry, but I have an engagement. I'll see you before I go back. Anything you and Benson decide will suit me."

"Still batty over that Russell girl, eh? Something tells me she's no mascot for the Merriweather. Well, don't let her hold you up later than three. I have a date myself. And see here, Bassy, don't make any plans to stop in town overnight. You've got to get home and keep an eye on things."

Beveridge lunched with Minnie at the Brevoort and arranged to run over to New York again on Sunday to show her the proofs of her song. Having been assured by Graftleigh, after the latter's interview with Benson, that the adjustment of the Arkwright matter would be mere child's play he returned to Philadelphia in an optimistic mood. Three days later, however, he dictated a letter that caused the usually placid Miss Dale to frown continuously as she typed it:

"*Dear Bill:* I didn't get to town Sunday as I planned. Went to Bethlehem instead, and I might better have stayed away. Hollis could do nothing with Miss Arkwright. She insisted on pushing the suit, even after he had offered her $100 in addition to absolute ownership of the song. I went to hunt her up at his suggestion. He had some crazy idea that perhaps she didn't like lawyers, and might listen to reason from me. He was wrong. My arguments seemed to have about as much effect on her as a round of cartridges would have on the Rock of Gibraltar.

"I didn't offer her any more money, because Hollis advised against it, though I would willingly have paid another $100 out of my own pocket to get rid of her. She's a lanky drab-colored little thing, about thirty. Says she's a telephone operator. She boards in a little frame house on one of the poorer streets of the town, and doesn't look as if she had $10 to her name. Her lawyer, George Mason, lives in Philadelphia, and has a box of an office on Chestnut Street. Hollis says he's just a kid.

"What do you make of it all? Could you or Benson do anything with this Mason if you came over? Hollis says there's a nigger in the woodpile.

"Yours, R. B."

"Middy," exclaimed Graftleigh, rushing into the outer office less than five minutes after his personal mail had been placed on his desk, "look up the next train to Philadelphia; and, Betty, get Benson on the phone. I'm in a hurry."

Miss Middleton rose and faced her employer. "Don't go to Philadelphia, Mr. Graftleigh," she said.

Graftleigh stared at the girl incredulously. She was paler than usual and her voice trembled slightly, but her eyes met his unflinchingly. "Don't you know," she went on, "that this whole suit's a frame-up? Wouldn't a poor little country hello girl jump at the chance of getting a hundred dollars for a song if she wasn't being paid not to?"

"Where'd you get all that dope and what are you driving at?" demanded Graftleigh angrily. "You seem to know a hell of a lot about my private affairs."

Miss Middleton flushed. "I beg your pardon," she said stiffly. "I considered it my duty to give you some information I had obtained, and I intended to go to your office as soon as I had finished sorting the mail. I see now that I shouldn't have interfered."

"There, there, Middy, don't get huffy," said Graftleigh conciliatingly. "I'm a bit on edge this morning. What is it you've heard?"

Miss Middleton hesitated. "It probably won't do much good to tell you now, except that it may keep you away from Philadelphia. That Rachel Arkwright is merely a blind. The Record is paying all the expenses of her suit and giving her money besides, and has promised to print the song she wrote and her photograph. If you enter the state of Pennsylvania you will be subpœnaed as a witness, and they will get the Merriweather too. Miss Goodell set the Record on your trail, and she would have brought suit herself if she hadn't lived in another state. I don't know how they found Rachel Arkwright, but her song is the only one we have published as yet for a Pennsylvania client, though we have a contract with someone in Scranton. The Record is going to feature the trial and send over one of its best men and Anne Archer, so that even if Miss Arkwright loses the suit the two companies will be put out of business. My sister had the whole story from a friend of hers in Raleigh's. Didn't you know that Raleigh was counsel for the Record? He's the trickiest lawyer in town, and he has charge of the case. Mason is working under his direction."

"That all?" asked Graftleigh as she paused.

"About all."

"What's the rest?"

"I've told you the main facts."

"What's the rest?" reiterated Graftleigh.

"The Russell woman is a Record reporter," replied Miss Middleton in a tone that she strove to make indifferent.

"The Russell woman?" echoed Graftleigh uncomprehendingly. Then he swallowed hard and cleared his throat.

"Thank you, Miss Middleton," he said. "You have been very—er—efficient. Will you kindly call Mr. Beveridge at the Philadelphia office and tell him I am ill? Ask him to come over as soon as possible. Betty, ask Mr. Benson to meet me at Deene's at twelve. I can't see anyone this morning."

"Little rat!" he muttered as he closed the door of his private office; "and it's up to me to put poor Bassy wise."

Just at that time the city editor of the Record was having his first bad quarter of an hour with the usually docile Minnie.

"See here, Minnie," he said, "you're making a bugbear of a very simple matter. I've explained that Mr. Raleigh will see you are subjected to no unpleasantness whatever. All you have to do is to tell the jury just what you've told me, and remember not to reply to any question of the opposing counsel until our man has had a chance to register an objection if he wishes to. You can choose your own hotel and take a girl friend over with you. I'll O. K. any reasonable expense account for the two, and I'll tell our Philadelphia correspondent to look you up. It will be a nice little change for you."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Edwards," replied the girl with the baffling obstinacy of the superficially meek, "but I cannot be a witness. I know those lawyers are trying to hurt Mr. Beveridge in some way and I know he wouldn't do anything wrong for the world."

"If he is innocent the truth won't hurt him. All I've asked you to do is to tell the truth."

Minnie shook her head. "I've never been to a trial myself, but I've heard that Mr. Raleigh can make witnesses say anything he wants them to and can make black look like white."

"That's just what you're trying to do, Minnie—make black look like white. This fellow Beveridge is one of the principals in a scheme to defraud innocent persons of their money. Some poor girls actually go in debt to get the forty dollars to send to this fake music company, just as Rachel Arkwright did; and they have as much chance of getting it back as I have of owning the Record."

"If their lyrics become successes they will get their money back all right. It isn't Mr. Beveridge's fault if they are not good."

"Rubbish!" snapped Edwards. "I'm amazed at you, Minnie. Why, on a four-cent royalty basis they'd have to sell a thousand copies of one of those songs to cover the author's fee, and it takes a pretty fair song with some pushing to go as well as that. Now this Verdi company publishes any old thing it's paid for and limits its editions to a hundred copies, part of which it sends to the author, and buries the rest." (Concluded on Page 111)

The force behind the symbol

BELIEF in the future of the truck as an efficient, economical mode of transportation has long been dominant in the Firestone program.

To instill this belief in the public mind and broaden it in industrial and commercial circles, Firestone inaugurated the "Ship by Truck" movement and contributed the above symbol.

The idea expressed in this emblem, "Ship by Truck," has met with quick acceptance. It symbolizes the vision and business faith of all motor truck interests.

It is a direct notice to all shippers that the truck industry has taken its right place as a big element in transportation.

Guided along sound business lines and placed on a substantial, practical footing, motor truck express lines are now established and operating successfully as allies of the railroads.

Without the motor truck today, the delivery systems of our big cities would break down completely. And in the modern industrial field the motor truck is as essential to production as the plant machinery itself.

"Ship by Truck" is the slogan that has common significance for all these interests and for the public at large. The force behind the symbol is an awakening appreciation in all quarters of the truck's value in solving the nation's problems of distribution.

The Firestone Ship by Truck Bureaus, with headquarters at Akron, are in operation in the principal cities, to serve all interests as a clearing house of information and promotion.

Firestone

Engineering and America's Truck Tonnage

Providing the right truck tire and rim equipment for every road and load has been a Firestone responsibility since the first truck was built.

Good roads have been slow to come—but trucking has gone forward regardless.

Firestone, keeping pace with the trucking industry, has solved problem after problem, until trucks are hauling a large proportion of America's tonnage and are strong allies of the railroads in inter-city traffic.

Firestone engineers designed the first truck tire, and from that day to this the history of truck tire progress is Firestone history.

As the truck builders advanced they found Firestone ready, not only with the right tire but the right rim.

Firestone introduced the channel type of tire, the removable type, the cup cushion type, the giant type, the grooved tread type. Firestone was first to build a complete line of truck tires—a type suited to every road, load and condition of service.

Firestone was first to establish adequate truck tire service dealers everywhere; over 700 now serving every trucking center in America.

Firestone was first with the demountable rim, that made giant cords practical and efficient. And Firestone is the only manufacturer that makes the tire and the rim complete.

Firestone engineers were ready, too, for the problem of quick changes for the giant pneumatic tire.

Here they went beyond the tire and rim and designed a feature of wheel construction for truck makers, also a spare tire carrier device that makes one man able to change tires easily regardless of weight.

These examples of Firestone Engineering are vital factors in the success of the "Ship by Truck" movement.

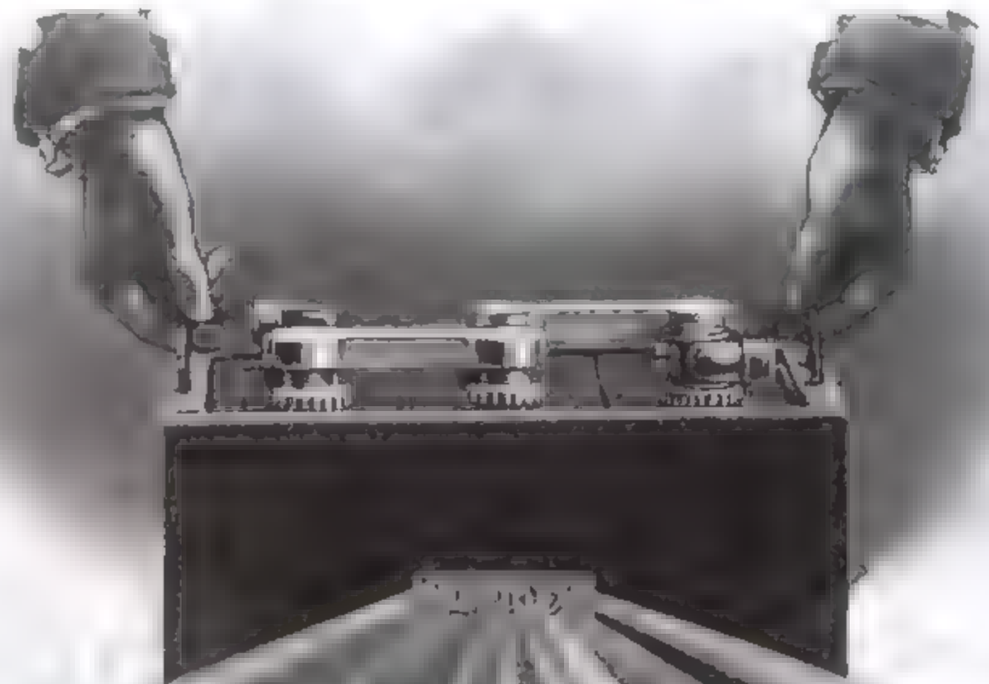
And Firestone Ship by Truck Bureaus in large trucking centers are giving daily aid to truck operators of all classes and to shippers.

Today over half the truck tonnage of America is carried on Firestone Tires.

This is the reward of sound engineering; tires, tubes and rims of commercial perfection; service that is intelligent, adequate and on the spot.

There is a Firestone Tire for every load, road and condition of service.

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.



"Exide"

This Name is Your Surest Guarantee of All Round Year Round Starting Battery Rightness

You wouldn't buy a house just because it had a strong front door—you wouldn't buy an automobile just because it had extra-heavy wheels.

What you want is inch by inch, detail by detail, *Quality*.

And that is exactly what you *get* in the "Exide" Starting and Lighting Battery.

No one part of it has been developed at the expense of any other part. Its handles are just as right as its separators, its straps and connectors just as well made as its plates.

It is a complete starting and lighting battery, as technically and practically correct as thirty-one years' experience in the manufacture of storage batteries for all purposes can make it.

"Exide" *Service is nation wide and as thorough in principle and practice as the* "Exide" *Battery. It meets the needs of any make of starting and lighting battery. The address of the station nearest you will be sent on request.*

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.

The largest manufacturer of storage batteries in the world

1888 PHILADELPHIA, PA. 1919

New York, Minneapolis, Boston, Cleveland, Chicago, Atlanta, Washington, Kansas City, Denver, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, Detroit, St. Louis, Rochester

Special Canadian Representative, Chas. E. Goad Engineering Co., Toronto and Montreal

"Exide", "Hycap-Exide", "Ironclad-Exide", "Thin-Exide", "Chloride Accumulator", "Tudor Accumulator"

Batteries are made by this Company for every storage battery purpose

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.

(Concluded from Page 107)

"But the Verdi company doesn't accept any money from authors," persisted Minnie.

"I stand corrected, Miss Counsel for the Defense. The Merriweather company performs that agreeable little task. But that's a mere detail, as you know. The point is, do you still refuse to assist the Record in exposing these swindlers?"

Minnie's eyes filled with tears. "I would do anything for the Record except betray a friend."

Edwards sighed. "That would make an excellent caption in Episode Nine of The Adventures of a Girl Reporter, Minnie; and your pose isn't bad either. We'll have to make it a close-up though. I can't give you any more time this morning. Take a day off and think things over. Remember the Record is helping Miss Arkwright solely for the good of the community. Come in and see me late this afternoon—about half past five."

"Telephone, Miss Russell. Long distance," murmured Jimmy, intercepting her hasty progress toward the door. "Don't mind him," he added sympathetically. "He's just got a grouch on."

Poor Minnie's distress was increased rather than diminished when she recognized Beveridge's voice on the wire. She felt that seeing him would only add to the complexities of a situation already hopelessly beyond her control. Her decision that it was best to end all was not proof, however, against his announcement that he had some wonderful news for her.

"Daw & Flanger have accepted my opera, The Maid of To-morrow. They've had it about six months. I'm to see them this afternoon. Can't you meet me at Eugene's for luncheon at two o'clock? I've something else to tell you too. Mr. Graftleigh's ill, and I have to see him first or I'd ask you to make it earlier."

"I'm afraid ——" began Minnie tremulously. But she was not permitted to finish.

"Afraid of what? Don't say you can't come, Minnie. You must come. I'll expect you at two sharp. Good-by."

Even if one has been pushed by circumstances into a position where it is impossible to determine which of two divergent paths would be labeled duty by an ethical expert, and if, therefore, one is inevitably doomed to be misunderstood by at least one of the very persons for whom she is willing to make the most heroic sacrifices, there is no special virtue in spending an April afternoon cooped up in a boarding-house bedroom. Besides, it really wasn't fair to Di—er—Mr. Beveridge, to repay all his kindness by refusing him an interview which he so earnestly desired and from which one might glean facts that would establish his innocence even in the skeptical eyes of the city editor.

Minnie accordingly spent twice the usual time arranging her hair, donned her most elaborate blouse, purchased a bunch of sweet peas to brighten her dark-blue coat and arrived at Eugene's five minutes before two. Beveridge was sitting at her favorite table. He rose and bowed formally.

"Well, I've lost my bet," he said sarcastically. "Mr. Graftleigh was sure you would come. In fact he staked $10 on it. He is a better judge of women than I am. Won't you be seated?"

The pink in Minnie's cheeks deepened to crimson. "I don't understand," she faltered.

Beveridge laughed cynically. "Isn't that ingénue rôle becoming a trifle wearisome?" he inquired. "At any rate, suppose you drop it for a while. I've ordered grapefruit and broiled chicken, and I may as well clear the atmosphere by telling you that I've just seen Mr. Graftleigh, and that I know all the details of the frame-up from start to finish. I came here only because I hope you will satisfy my curiosity on one or two points. Does the Record pay you real money for converting yourself into a combination of ferret and vampire or was it simply that I appealed to your sense of humor?"

There is a certain amount of mournful satisfaction to be derived from being called a vampire by a handsome young man. But the phrase "sense of humor" was uttered in a tone that would have indicated to the most casual listener the speaker's absolute contempt for the quality in question. It was obvious that Beveridge was deliberately insulting a poor girl who was facing the loss of her job because she was unwilling to testify against him. Martyrdom in such a cause was not only painful but inglorious. Having explained her point of view in half a dozen passionate and unpunctuated sentences Minnie swept haughtily through the restaurant and out onto the avenue, leaving her accuser a prey to various conflicting emotions, each of which in turn assumed temporary ascendancy over the others.

The ultimate control went to a red and righteous rage against the unscrupulous city editor who had perverted the flower-like charms of a sweet and innocent child to the despicable uses of the worthless sheet which enslaved him. Suppose he could put both the Verdi company and the Merriweather out of business, and their presidents in jail! Were his power multiplied a thousandfold it should not stand in the way of his hearing a gentleman's opinion of his conduct!

Beveridge accordingly took the most speedy route to the Record office. "I'll get to him if I have to fight his whole staff first," he muttered dramatically as a mild-looking old man in livery disappeared down a long corridor with his card.

Edwards, however, was more than willing to see the defendant in the Arkwright suit.

"Come to cry '*Kamerad*,'" he chuckled. "I suppose Minnie put him on, but I don't believe the kid meant to, at that."

The interview that followed abounded in mutual disillusionments.

To Beveridge's amazement Edwards did not look like a combination of sleuth and brigand, did not chew a cigar, bellow at reporters or strew the floor with pages of rejected copy. The top of his desk was almost bare, his manner impersonal, his smile distinctly boyish. The young men seated at typewriters might from their appearance have been a haphazard collection of college seniors, bank clerks and traveling salesmen, glorified by the splendid presence of a young duke. The last mentioned chanced to be the youngest cub, who received a salary of twenty dollars a week and belonged to three of the most exclusive clubs in town.

Anne Archer was out, so the newspaper atmosphere was furnished entirely by Jimmy, who had the mouth of a cherub, the eyes of a sage, the pallor of a cigarette fiend, and the accent, tousled hair and grimy hands of a street urchin.

One glance at Beveridge compelled Edwards to admit to himself that the president of the Verdi company was neither a typical confidence man nor a pseudo-Greenwich Villager. Of his supposed desire to conciliate the representative of the all-powerful Record there was not the slightest evidence.

"Talks like someone who's had his name spelled wrong," he reflected before he grasped the full significance of the situation.

Then he scowled. It was to be expected, of course, that sentimental complications would rise sometime in connection with an assignment of Minnie's, but it was peculiarly unfortunate that they should be involved in this case.

"It is our policy to expose fraud and to protect its victims whenever we find it possible," he said curtly as Beveridge paused for breath at the end of a scathing arraignment of the methods of yellow journalism. "As for Miss Russell's connection with our investigations, there has never been a moment when she was not under our direct protection."

"Protection!" thundered Beveridge. "Do you call it protection to turn a sweet innocent girl into a spy? To compel her to betray the confidence of her friends? To induce her to trifle with the most sacred ——"

Edwards held up his hand. "If you care to talk for publication," he said quietly, "I will assign a reporter to take the interview. We might be able to use it. If this is merely bluster, however, you are wasting my time and your own. I have no objection to telling you that Miss Arkwright has consulted us regarding her claims against the Verdi Publishing Company, and that we have advised her to push the case."

"I'm all kinds of a fool," snapped Beveridge, "but I have sense enough to know that Miss Arkwright is merely another one of your tools. I don't know what your game is and I don't care. You're out to crush me and you're likely to succeed. I haven't the money to fight you. Do your worst and be ——"

The sentence was never finished, because what he intended to say simply isn't said in the presence of a lady, and at this particular moment Minnie appeared upon the scene. She wore an expression of righteous indignation and carried a small traveling bag. Advancing haughtily to the city desk she placed a letter upon it and without a glance at either of the two men hurried to her own desk and began stuffing books and papers into the bag.

Edwards glanced at the contents of the letter, and the lines about his mouth relaxed. "Wait just a moment, Mr. Beveridge," he said. "It may be possible to make some adjustment of this matter. Suppose you telephone to Mr. Graftleigh and ask him to come over."

"I should like to see that letter first," replied Beveridge grimly.

"Well, I can't show you the letter, but I gather Miss Russell thinks she has discovered some new evidence which might place your conduct in a less unfavorable light. Miss Russell is, I fear, considerably distressed."

Beveridge flushed. "I am obliged to leave at once," he said, "to keep an important appointment uptown, but I will communicate with Mr. Graftleigh, and if he consents to come here I will come with him."

Edwards nodded. "Better make the appointment for five o'clock, and perhaps you will be good enough to tell Miss Russell on your way out that I would like to see her at half past five."

"Minnie," stammered Beveridge, "I know I'm a cad and a brute, but there's something I must say to you. I will wait for you downstairs. You will come, won't you? Don't bother about the desk."

"Very well," assented Minnie with cold dignity.

"Perhaps I'm what the highbrows call a moral imbecile," said Graftleigh some two hours later, "but I must confess I don't get your point of view, Mr. Edwards. You talk as if the Merriweather Music Company and the Verdi were some sort of menace to society. Now I think we're public benefactors. Don't we inspire hundreds of people to develop literary talent they never dreamed they possessed? Don't we give them the satisfaction of seeing their poems published with a fine musical setting? Don't they get through us the chance to make fame and money if their stuff is any good?"

Edwards raised his eyebrows. "I thought we had been over the ground pretty thoroughly, Mr. Graftleigh, but if it isn't clear to you yet that your game is up I will repeat that it can be proved you didn't even make a bluff at putting any of your publications on sale until a little over a month ago, when one of your clients threatened you with arrest, and that no attempt has ever been made to distribute them through the regular channels."

"But," protested Graftleigh, "you didn't give us time. We're a new firm, and naturally the big authors didn't send us even their pot boilers the minute we hung out our sign. We were going to do all the usual stunts of advertising and so forth as soon as we got hold of a song that would justify ——"

"Not good enough, Mr. Graftleigh. If those songs possessed any merit you have been obviously dishonest in not advertising them and placing them on the market. If they are worthless, as undoubtedly ninety-nine per cent of them are, you have been equally dishonest in inducing the authors to pay forty dollars each for their publication. As for the musical settings, they probably would furnish some interesting side lights in court.

"But I don't care to split hairs over moral issues. The matter stands this way: If you will return to clients whose verses you are now holding pending publication their manuscripts and whatever fees they have paid in, and make over to the authors of the songs you have published the full rights to words and music, and wind up the affairs of the two companies as speedily as possible under the supervision of a public accountant, I will advise Miss Arkwright to settle her claims against you for one hundred dollars plus the return of her fee and rights to the words and music of her song. If these terms are satisfactory you might as well go right over to Raleigh's offices and sign the necessary papers. It goes against my conscience to make things so easy for you, for schemers like you should be exposed for the protection of the public. I'm stretching a point, however, for the sake of Mr. Beveridge, who, I understand, hopes soon to arrive on Broadway. It would be a pity to have a promising musical career ruined by one false step. I must warn you, though, that should either of you ever again be involved in a scheme of a similar nature the Record will show no mercy."

"I appreciate your consideration," said Beveridge stiffly.

Graftleigh rose. "Well, sir, I surrender. I'm licked. Don't imagine the lawsuit worries me. No jury would give Rachel Arkwright two dollars damages, but I shrink from the thought of what your sob artists would do to the Merriweather. Come, Bassy, let's go over and sign."

"Perhaps it's just as well," he said confidentially as the partners crossed City Hall Park arm in arm. "We were getting so darn successful that other busybodies would be bound to consider it their duty to investigate our methods, and you wouldn't have time for your end of the business anyway. As for me—I can live comfortably for a while on the job you've landed for me in the Daw & Flanger Press Bureau."

"Is she really going to be married?" asked Miss Archer the next morning when the city editor told her to go on with the series of interviews with prominent society women previously assigned to Minnie.

Edwards nodded. "Fairly decent chap—just sold an opera to Daw & Flanger. But I'm sorry to lose her."

Miss Archer smiled cryptically. "It may be all for the best, though," she said thoughtfully. "She seemed a nice enough girl, but she can't write."

"Write!" echoed the star reporter scornfully. "Anyone can write. But Minnie—why, Minnie was almost a journalist."

Reproduced from actual photographs taken at Edison Recording Studios, New York

The blindfolded jury hears Hempel sing "Io non sono piu l'Annetta," while she stands beside the New Edison.

THE BLINDFOLD TEST is the most severe of all musical tests; shutting off a person's sight greatly increases his acuteness of hearing. Yet even the blindfold test has been successfully met by the New Edison.

Frieda Hempel, prima donna soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York, appeared before five of Thomas A. Edison's musical experts to perform the test. She stood beside the New Edison. The blindfolds were adjusted over the eyes of the five men. As shown in the first photograph, Hempel then started to sing. The selection was "Io non sono piu l'Annetta" from the opera "Crispino e la Comare." Suddenly Hempel stopped singing, but the song continued. The New Edison had taken up the song and was singing alone. The five experts, even though their hearing faculties were at highest concentration, were completely unaware that Hempel had ceased and that they were listening only to the New Edison's RE-CREATION of her voice.

Two million people have heard similar tone-tests, publicly given by forty different artists. Five hundred representative newspapers have publicly recorded the fact that no one has been able to distinguish the artist's living art from its RE-CREATION by the New Edison. The proof of this is founded upon scientific fact; it is piled mountain-high. The New Edison brings you all the living artist can bring, excepting his physical presence.

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The NEW "The Phonograph

Thirty seconds later! Hempel has ceased. The blindfolded jury is not aware that the New Edison is singing "Io non sono piu l'Annetta" alone.

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FRIEDA HEMPEL is called "Hempel of the Voice Supreme." You might think this is because of her technique—so flawless, so superb! Or because of her notes, pure as the chiming of silver bells.

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EDISON

with a Soul"

RIDE 'IM, COWBOY!

(Continued from Page 15)

lariats and prods from the chute leading to the corral. Near by a cow-puncher, his hat slanted over one eye, careened awkwardly beneath the weight of a saddle half as big as himself. The operation of saddling up an outlaw in the bucking-horse contest for the championship of the world was on, and Cal watched it eagerly.

"That's ole Tar Baby," he confided as he rubbed a sleeve of that rainbow shirt across his lips. "He ain't ever been rid."

In fact, Tar Baby looked it. Legs wide spread, ears back, lips pulled back from the heavy teeth, Tar Baby gave excellent evidence that he never had been ridden and didn't intend to be. Clustered about him a trio of cowboys swirled their lariats lazily, waiting the inevitable break. It came while Tar Baby caved in the chest of a wrangler, broke two ribs for another and started straight for the ten thousand or so persons packed in the grand stand. The ropes wheezed through the air, cow ponies sat on their haunches and Tar Baby came back to the gunny sack and the saddle again.

With ropes taut they held him, bridled him with a rope snub, put the saddle on his quivering back and cinched it tight. A man in white chaps climbed into the saddle, while the wranglers hung more doggedly than ever to Tar Baby's ears and the gunny sack which still obscured the beast's sight. Cal McMillan, of the kaleidoscopic shirt, cocked his head.

"That's Lee Cunnin'ham! Good boy! Beat me out in the finals last month at Boss Creek, but I'm for him! Swing-g-g-g to 'im, Lee!"

A scampering of horses, wranglers and chaps with cowboys in them. A tawny figure that stood shaking as Lee Cunningham's hat descended sharply on his flank. Then a pitch, a twisting leap and the fight was on. Cal's spurs flashed in the sun.

"Ride 'im, cowboy! Ride 'im!" he roared. "Hook him—that's the boy—hang-g-g to 'im, cowboy! Oh, Gawd!"

Already he was running across the wide field. One great reeling toss and Tar Baby had fallen backward with Cunningham beneath.

Out came the ambulance. The rider was unconscious. Tar Baby, lariated again, was on his feet and fighting his best against the approach of the wranglers. Into the crowd shot Cal McMillan.

"Gimme that hoss!" he shouted. "Gimme that hoss!"

A judge, his forty-five hanging loosely from his hand, clattered up.

"You ain't in this contest!"

"I know I ain't! But that hoss throwed Lee Cunnin'ham!"

"What of it?"

Cal scratched his head. "Well, nothin'—if you put it that way. But I'd shore like to ride him!"

"Shucks! Take him then!"

Cal McMillan grinned like a kid playing hooky. Ten seconds later he was bouncing on Tar Baby's back, while the outlaw bucked and tore about the great inclosure, slammed his way into a crowd of horsemen who could not escape in time, sunfished, reared, bucked, pitched, leaped, jumped, broke through the heavy-planked fence, ran a hundred yards, then stopped, coughing and sweating, subdued at last. Cal, one leg painfully injured in the smash-up at the fence, dropped to the ground, grinned, waved his arms toward the grand stand and ran, limping, for the hospital tent. Cunningham had just regained consciousness and Cal beamed down at him.

"I rid him, Lee!"

"Good medicine!" Cunningham raised far enough from the cot to jab forth a hand. "That's shore good shootin'!"

An hour later both of them—revived, refreshed and bandaged, both foolishly happy and grinning—were entered in another contest. I've seen a hundred Cals and a hundred Cunninghams since then; they're all the same, playing the parts of apostles to something they don't know is dead. Which brings up the tale of Milt Hinkle.

I saw him first in Bovina, Texas, in 1916, a crumpled thing of broken glories and dust-strewn colors as they lugged him off the field to a hospital. Three months later—it was Cheyenne again—a howling, squawking maniac hobbled round the entrants' stand on crutches, roaring his approval of each event and momentarily attempting to stand without his supports. In vain. It was Milt Hinkle, and in a calm moment he confided that he just couldn't stay away.

"They wouldn't let me outen the hospital—I got my hip busted, you know"—all this in a whisper. "But I fixed 'em. They had me on the second floor, so I tied two blankets together and throwed my crutches out the window. I couldn't hardly stay away—not with that bad luck at Bovina hangin' over me. I'm entered in the bulldoggin'!"

"The what?"

"The bulldoggin'!"

Milt said it as innocently as though he were about to play pinochle for the championship of the Bronx. Slowly he straightened his crippled leg and attempted to stand without his crutches, but in vain. Then he grinned.

"I'll use these hosses until I climb into the saddle. Then I won't hurt none."

Far away a shot sounded—the call to the bulldoggers. Milt hobbled away, still grinning.

A man with a broken hip, escaped from a hospital, he was going to this: From a wooden chute a long-horned steer is shunted by yelping, screeching cow-punchers. Pursuing him on one side is the bulldogger, while on the other is a second cowboy racing his pony to the limit of its speed, his lariat in readiness to check the frightened, maddened beast in case it decides to veer off the track into the grand stand. Faster and faster the pace becomes, until at last—the maximum reached—the attendant cowboy shies his pony to one side and the bulldogger leaps from his saddle, soars four or five feet through the air, grasps the steer by its horns, and by his catapulting speed and weight endeavors to throw the animal to the ground with such force that it cannot rise. What becomes of the bulldogger doesn't seem to enter much into the calculations. Sometimes the steer gets up while the bulldogger doesn't.

And it was into this sort of thing that Milt Hinkle, with an unknitted hip, was hobbling on his new yellow crutches.

The man with the megaphone did not esteem the act of sufficient interest to announce anything more than the simple fact.

"Nex' bulldogger, Milt Hinkle, of Bovina, Texas!"

Out from the chute came the steer and just behind it Milt Hinkle, one foot hanging loose from the stirrup. The dive, and Hinkle caught fair. The beast, with 180 pounds suddenly crashing upon his horns and neck, stumbled, then turned a complete somersault, taking the crippled cowpuncher with him. A dazed, dusty second in which the steer struggled to its knees, sought to shake loose the arms that were hooked about his horns, staggered to its feet bawling and dragged itself along a few yards before sinking finally to the ground. The red flag dropped—the signal to the timers. Milt—dusty, grimy, clothing torn and face skinned—waved a hand weakly in the announcement that his work was over. A couple of lank cow-punchers pulled him out from beneath the neck of the steer and lugged him off the track grumbling over the fact that he had missed the world's record by a full sixth of a minute.

Milt was nothing if not enthusiastic. With a broken hip as a mascot he had counted seriously upon beating a record of six seconds—and the time starts the instant the steer leaves the chute to continue until the beast is helpless on the ground. Walter Padgett, who set that record, by the way, was unconscious when they picked him up.

That same afternoon, investigating a noisy wrangle between two starters on horseback, who were gesticulating heatedly toward someone on the ground, I found the object of it all to be Milt Hinkle. He wanted to ride in the wild-horse race and was plumb disgusted because the starters were afraid he might hurt his hip again!

And what does the crowd think of all this? What did Nero think when he took his parquet seat in the Coliseum? The world has changed very little since then. A gasp, here and there a scream as a horse goes through a fence or throws its rider, a rising mass of thousands of persons that they may seek a better view—then they settle to await the next thrill.

Yet it is not hard-heartedness or cruelty. It's simply the working of a

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A "Breakaway" by an Outlaw. Above—One of the Reasons for Ambulance Runs. The Horse Has Thrown Its Rider and Is Trying to Kick Him to Death. But He Won't

The Finish of Roping and Hog-Tying a Wild Steer

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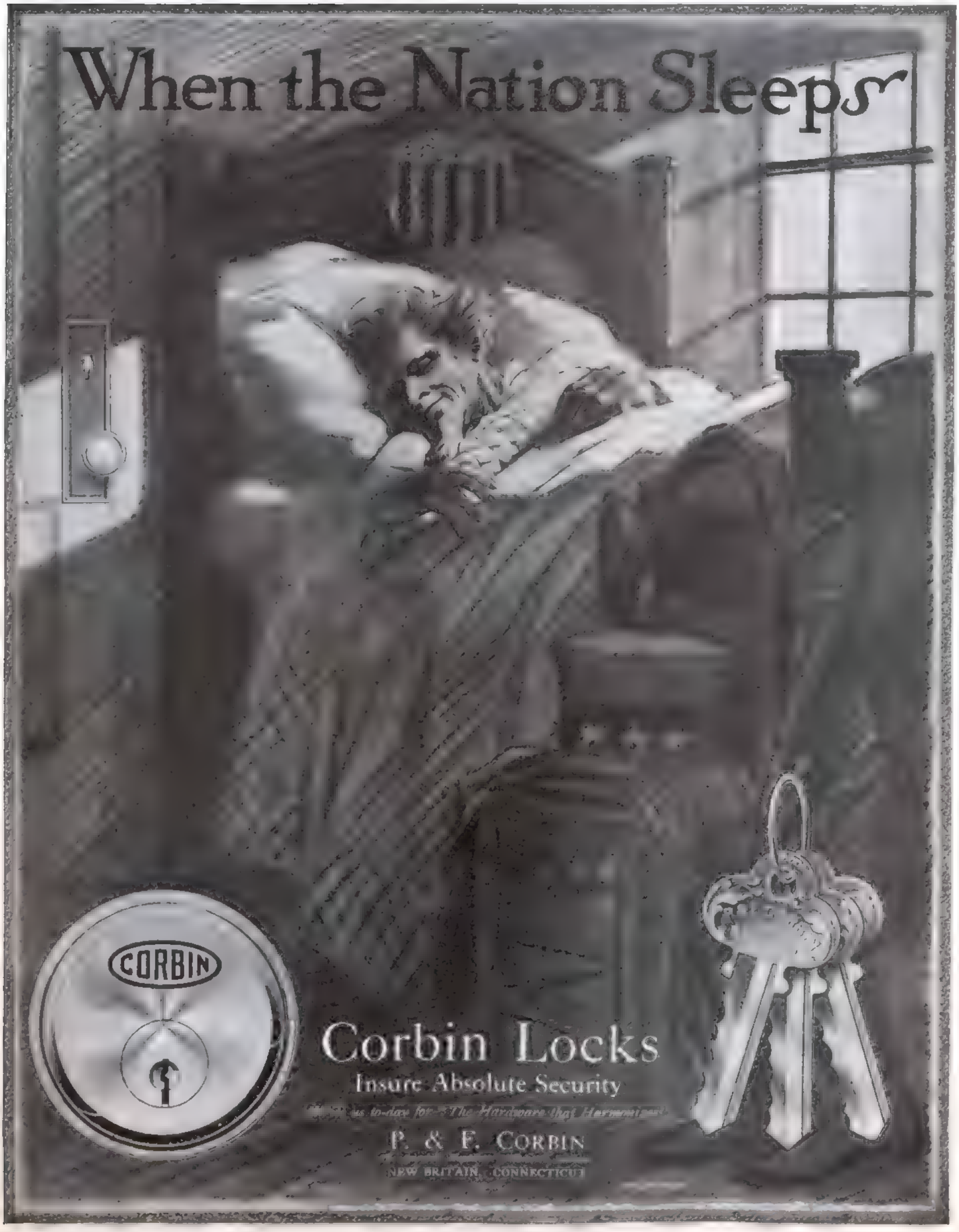
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(Continued from Page 114)

strange freak of psychology which seems to take place the instant the first horse plunges into the arena and the first wild yelp of "Scra-a-a-tch him!" comes from the throat of an excited cowboy. After that a woman who would faint at the sight of a bleeding finger can watch the trampling of a wrangler by an outlaw horse, scream a few times with the rest of the excited mass, then thrilling sublimely look at the program for the name of the next rider.

Perhaps, too, the knowledge that these suicidal maniacs out in the arena appear to take such an extreme delight in getting scarred up may have some effect on the action of the sympathies. One feels far worse when a cowgirl fails to win a race through some trivial drawback which costs the precious second of victory than when her saddle cinch loosens, dumping her off on an eyebrow. Someway, there is the settled certainty that after the doctor has sewed up the laceration she'll be back in the contest ready to ride the worst sunfisher in the corral or make her date to dance for the championship of the state at the open-air pavilion in town that night. And the best of it all is that the certainty usually wins.

There is never a rodeo without its accidents. The usual average is two a day, or twelve to the week—accidents which include everything from a fall off an untamed burro, or Rocky Mountain canary, to the piling up of from six to eight horses in a hippodrome race. As a rodeo fiend I've seen some three hundred smash-ups. I've never seen a man killed or so seriously injured that he didn't bob up grinning at some other wild-west festival before the season was over. Maybe they're too hard-boiled to be killable. Certain it is that they daily go through experiences that would send the ordinary man to a padded cell—and think nothing of it.

One large town—as large towns go in the West—has been holding a Frontier Days Celebration for twenty-nine years. Inasmuch as many of the world's championships are fought out at this particular place, the casualty rate runs at least twenty to the season. That makes a total of three hundred and eighty accidents, ranging all the way from broken bones to concussions and wholesale lacerations. There has never been a death or a permanent injury.

Therefore any crowd can be excused for its seeming lack of the realization of horror when a maddened buffalo, for instance, being ridden without saddle or bridle, dumps its would-be conqueror and butts him all over the lot. The crowd knows that while a stretcher may carry him away a horse will bring him back.

It is a condition which lures and a condition which has grown throughout the West until it is as much of an institution as a national holiday or a Spanish fiesta. This year the little town of Rocky Ford, Colorado, held its annual watermelon day. Of course there was the usual stampede, with this result: The census gives the population of Rocky Ford as slightly more than five thousand and that of the entire state of Colorado as about a million. During the celebration there were seventy thousand visitors to the little town—about one-fourteenth of the population of the whole state! Pendleton, Oregon, holds annually its Stampede, one of the big wild-west shows of the Northwest, and has been known to have more than ten thousand persons watching the events. The population of Pendleton is less than five thousand. Cheyenne, Wyoming, is very glad to have twelve thousand citizens. Its Frontier Days Celebration rarely fails to bring more than three times that number from the surrounding country. Consider also Calgary, Thermopolis, Boise and the hundred or so other towns in the West that annually revert to type and bring back the days when Indians and savages meant something else besides trade-marks for motorcycles and firearms.

Bridling and Saddling a Wild Horse for the Wild-Horse Race

The program? One printing would do for the whole maddened season; the riding of wild burros, a cow-pony race, an Indian race—to say nothing of the inevitable war dances—a squaw race, a Roman standing race, a pony express, or relay race, for men—and one for women—steer roping contests, a wild-horse race, bulldogging, trick-and-fancy riding, wild-steer riding, and the bucking-horse contests. I have never seen a stampede or a rodeo without someone being injured in every event except the Indian war dances—the most harmless thing of the lot. Nor have I ever seen anyone who showed even the semblance of a streak of yellow. On the other hand ——

It was in 1918 that Prairie Rose Henderson, bedecked as all cowgirls are bedecked during the days of the contests, decided to win the championship in the women's relay race at Cheyenne. The start was made, the horses thundered round the track and back to the grand stand, where other mounts awaited the contestants. Prairie Rose was on the ground before her horse had been stopped, and uncinching the saddle ran toward her second mount. The animal shied as the cowgirl slammed the saddle on his back. Precious seconds were passing. She couldn't wait to assure herself that the single jerk she had made at the cinch had secured it. A leap and she was on the horse heading it toward the rail. Then ——

The saddle slipped and Prairie Rose with it. Her spurs caught in the stirrup as she sought to leap clear. The horse plunged on, dragging the cowgirl for what seemed to be miles. Then the spur loosed and the girl lay on the track unconscious while the rest of the field galloped over her.

The ambulance clanged forward and carried Prairie Rose away. Not long afterward, when the time came for the women's bucking-horse contest, a figure strangely familiar to the grand stand roamed round the great arena awaiting her mount. The announcer raised his megaphone.

"Prairie Rose is th' nex' rider, on Tango!"

In the intervening time no one had taken the trouble to announce whether Prairie Rose ever again could look at a powder puff. But here she was, back on the field, mounted on a high-pommeled saddle and yelling for the wranglers to pull the blind from the horse's eyes. What is more, she rode Tango, and that night I saw her in a cafe in an evening gown doing a bit of a tango herself.

So it goes. In a similar race a few days later Mamie Stroud's second mount knocked down the cowboy who sought to hold it, smashed against the fence, caught Miss Stroud's right calf and knee between its body and the heavy railing. Muscles and tendons were torn, but Mamie Stroud finished that race. In 1913 in another similar race three women, the Astle sisters and one other, were unconscious on the track at the same time, while two cow-punchers, trampled by maddened relay horses, were injured and gasping not far away. But the next day they were all back again. Is it any wonder, therefore, that in the sheer admiration of superhuman grit one-fourteenth of a whole state should descend upon a town of five thousand?

There's a story for every event. Last summer Walter Stirling, small, almost tow-headed, not too heavy in the shoulders and certainly not a superman in appearance, was dragged from beneath the kicking, struggling forms of six horses where they had piled up on him in a hippodrome race. Someone shoved a bottle of ammonia under his nose and he blinkingly came to consciousness, to stare about him and ask, "What's the next event?"

"Steer ropin', Walter," said the purveyor of ammonia. Stirling limped off the track, squawking for his lariats.

And steer roping, when a championship is in the offing, means more than it sounds. The roper pursues a long-horned steer, lariats it by the horns, then swerves his horse in such a fashion that the rope circles the plunging animal's hind legs, throwing it to the ground. The roper then leaps from his horse, runs fifty feet or so back to the steer, jumps on it before it can rise, binding the hind legs together, then bringing the rope forward and tying it round the forelegs. And when Stirling's turn came the piece of hash meat that had been a man before those six hippodrome horses sat on him wobbled out into the arena, roped his steer, dumped it to the ground, staggered from his horse and hog-tied it—all in thirty-one and a half seconds. The world's record is not much faster.

Here again is an explanation of why there's not a casualty list in the grand stand as well as in the field. Things happen too swiftly to be understood in their full purport until they're all over and the grinning, bandaged maniac is back in the game again.

Ordinarily a minute doesn't mean very much, especially if interest is

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Just Before They Rang Up the Ambulance

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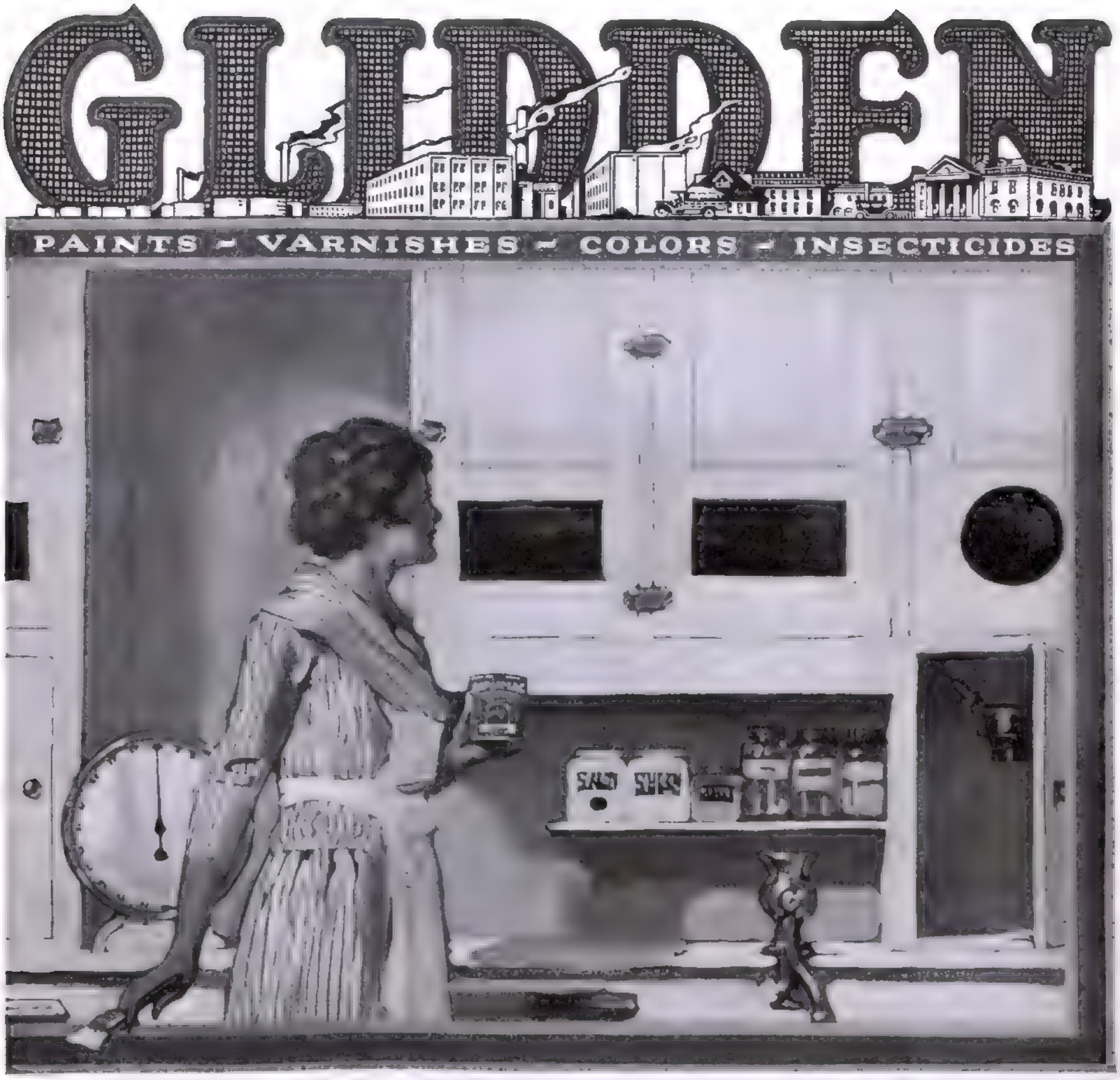

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making the second hand move faster. Consider then ——

Roy Kivett, of Little Horse Creek, Wyoming, swung his rope at a Wyoming rodeo last summer, watched it travel outward and settle over the horns of a steer. Quickly he veered and scratched his horse into greater speed. The rope caught the hind legs of the steer, threw the beast high into the air, then crashing downward. Kivett leaped from his saddle, the tie rope in his hand. But the horse fluked.

It failed to keep a strain on the lariat, thereby allowing the steer to rise. Kivett raced back to his mount, got on its back, once more plunged the beast to the ground and for the second time leaped from his saddle to hog-tie that longhorn. But bad luck still was with him. The tie rope caught in his spur, making a loop over the pommel of the saddle. The horse, frightened, reared, then began to plunge, while Kivett hung to that tie rope by one foot, and the prostrate steer was dragged fully fifty feet at the end of the lariat. Thus blocked, the horse began to wheel with such swiftness that Kivett was lifted and whirled at the end of the tie rope like a piece of lead on a string. Again and again the horse circled, until watchers grew dizzy from the sight of the spinning man, his arms and legs sprawling, his head bumping against the sun-baked ground with every revolution. At last the horse stopped short and began to kick. Three times he missed Kivett's head only by inches. Then a hoof struck that tie rope and knocked it loose.

Kivett was free. But did he complain of dizziness, spots before the eyes and a general run-down feeling? He did not! Weaving, he gained his feet, grabbed the tie rope, staggered toward the steer and hog-tied it before he sank from exhaustion. And the official time of the whole proceeding was one minute and fifteen seconds!

Harry Walters, in a nice pink shirt, was the other member of the pile-up in the hippodrome race. A horse rolled on one knee and otherwise carved Walters in a fashion usually guaranteed to produce at least two weeks in a hospital. Walters took more time to recover than Kivett. He did hardly anything until the next day. Then with his horse traveling at a gallop he stood on its neck, crawled under its belly, picked silver dollars out of the dust, rode backward, forward and "Andy-over"—this accomplished by vaulting from the ground on one side of the speeding horse to the same ground on the other side—jumped straight out of the saddle, hit the ground behind, grasped the horse's tail and leaped over his back into the saddle again, thereby winning the trick-and-fancy-riding championship of the world. Perhaps the secret after all lies in the fact that you can't kill 'em.

That must be it. At a little one-horse rodeo last year I saw a fifty-four-year-old cow-puncher fight for the chance to ride an outlaw. He broke the record by staying on the horse's back eleven long seconds, then he broke his collar bone in the descent. The next day he was riding again—and not pulling leather either. At the same show a cow-puncher, scarred and battered, his face a mass of bandages and one arm in a sling, waited his chance at a tough bronco. I naturally became sympathetic.

"Get thrown somewhere?"

"Nope." There was a look of sadness in his eyes. "Hit's jest plumb tough luck. I fell offen a cliff last week up by Tufted Buttes. But I reckon it won't stop me from ridin' in this shebang."

It didn't—that is, for a half minute or so. Then he broke the other arm.

How they do it or why they do it is a bit beyond the conception of one who figures his life according to the standards of paved streets and accident insurance. Try to figure it out and you lose your perspective.

The natural conception, for instance, of personified trouble is a wild horse. Yet one of the ordinary events of every Western stampede is a wild-horse race.

Hedged about by cow-punchers and with from one to five lariats on each animal, a herd of from fifteen to thirty horses that never have felt the touch of a saddle are brought into the track at once. Because of the fact that a thin wooden railing forms the only protection and operating under the excuse that it's the last event, anyway, the lower half of the grand stand suddenly decides to go home. But not the cow-punchers, the wranglers and rastlers. With some of the horses lying flat on the track, with others standing on their hind legs and pawing whatever comes close to them, the shouting, laughing Suicide Club manages to put blinds over the bloodshot eyes and snub ropes over the nostrils. Then at a signal saddles are placed on the quivering beasts, cow-punchers boost comrades on the horses' backs and the race is on.

Some of the outlaws merely stand still and buck. The rest run and buck. Some stay on the track. Most of them go through the fence—grand-stand side preferred. Out of it all there are a few that can be urged to make the distance, bucking and pitching, round the half-mile track, while at the starting point all hands clear away the casualties to make room for the winner. It is one of the best means ever invented to ruin the human constitution—yet it's an everyday event.

And while all this is going on there's a bit of cynicism in the fact that there are from one to ten humane agents at work to prevent any cruelty to the animals. No one has ever yet thought about protecting the humans.

And no one ever will so long as the West takes its annual week off to revert to type. There are men and women in the West who do nothing through the long winter months but train for the events of the summer. On every big ranch each idle hour is spent at roping or riding or bulldogging so that every muscle may be ready for the strain of frontier or rodeo days. It is to the West what the yacht race is to Sir Thomas Lipton, the annual football fight with Harvard is to Yale, the world's series to the baseball fan.

Out near Cheyenne is a great ranch where the owner eyes every applicant for work as a horse shark would look upon a doubtful trade. He is a maker of champions, is this ranch owner. The name of Charlie Irwin is known throughout the West like a well-advertised patent medicine. No man can work for him who can't wrangle a horse, rope a steer or ride an outlaw. Nor does Charlie play any favorites, for when the measles of memory break out through the West the names of Charlie Irwin's four daughters are on every program!

SYNDICALISM STRIKES

(Continued from Page 11)

since the Armistice, where wages were much higher than the average in other industries of the nation, you would have sensed that feeling of "nothing can happen" which clung to us up to the final moment of the walkout of five thousand men. Many cannot tell you after all these idle weeks why they walked out, except that somebody promised them they would be freed from the masters and somehow become owners of the mills

If you had stood with us that morning you could not have pictured that which was to come within the hour, when a babel of languages from those very lands we had saved would sound threateningly through these streets. You could not have realized that Americans were to cower within the shelter of doorways, with the same cold fear on their hearts that has clutched at the souls of the women and children of the Hun-ridden towns of Belgium and Italy and France and Serbia. It could not be; no, impossible, you would have said, here in this great free land that is American that has boasted of its protection for all peoples. Yet I say to you that it was and it is—a fear that came with the muttering mob of eight thousand or more surging through the streets with menacing gutturals that told of the blood of class hatred burning in their veins, of the roused prejudices and inherited grievances of a score of European countries. Yes, American citizens slunk into doorways or fled unheroically to their homes, to await what might come. That fear, quiescent as I write, with troopers at hand, still rests upon every home in this once carefree, contented community that is in the heart of America. It should not be, of course. But again let me say that it is there. It is not cowardice; it is common sense; the acceptance of conditions as they have come to be.

Lessons of Hatred

Eight thousand menacing marchers. Toilers from the mills; yes, eight thousand of a score of nationalities, who in recent months and years have been blessed for the first time with freedom, high wages and opportunity to become citizens and home owners in a land that has known no class or caste. Eight thousand hate-inspired hearts and souls, the tongues of them loosened and their hands ready to be raised against whom? "The masters"—their employers—their neighbors and their friends. Coats bulging here and there with deadly weapons. Their judgment and their viewpoint warped back to the same plane on which they had stood when famine and misery and oppression crushed their souls and spirits in those European countries from which they came.

Their reason? Nonreason sat upon it all. Blind desire to seize that which belongs to others. Yes, all of that was there, for it had been preached to them in their own tongues. In their own languages it had been spread broadcast that they might read. In a few brief months, despite their prosperity, their high wages, conditions in the mills and in their homes that were a paradise compared to those from which they had fled at home—despite all this, in these few brief months they have been taught that all who are not workers beside them in the mills are their enemies. They have been taught to believe that this is a land of oppression, taught to forget that the men with whom they have toiled have given their time, their money and their thought to making them more secure and more contented. Eight thousand of them swung in that sinuous column down that happy street of early morning, and those same voices that had bandied true Yankee jests spoke in hushed tones of awe, of caution, of fear itself.

That all this was being repeated from American town to American town through the length and breadth of one of the greatest industrial valleys of the nation, on that same morning, is something of which I need not speak. There are others who know, as we to-day know, that all of this and more is true. Potential riot and disorder, disregard of law and the tenets of civilization, have marched past our front door. Our eyes are opened. You who have not seen cannot yet know why and how they are opened to a broad vision of the truth. The serpent of syndicalism has struck. Its fangs are buried deep in this one portion of our industrial life, the steel-producing region of the United States.

Across the face of the steel town bellies the banner of trailing smoke. It is the master purpose of this Monongahela Valley to produce steel. Always steel, more steel, more than the neighboring steel town. Brawn and the skill of brawn alone enter into the production of steel, the kind of muscular effort that in a matter of weeks can be converted into skilled labor. Your roller and your furnace charger are for the purposes of their jobs just so much concentrated energy. Little of the skill and knowledge that attach to many other crafts of labor artistry enter into their work. Given the strength and medium brains, the worker in steel becomes speedily an earner of comparatively high wages.

For that reason it has been possible to assimilate the alien worker in the steel industry more rapidly than in almost any other class of work. He comes, a hardened product, from the mines or the fields of Europe. His sole education has been the doctrine of work, muscular effort, with less call for mental effort than is found in countries other than his own. Thus under the banner of smoke pluming the steel industry of this valley we have gathered from many nations what abroad constitutes unskilled wage earners, and to them has been paid and is being paid to-day more money than skilled American laborers are drawing from a hundred other industries.

Aliens Who Vote

Pay for the laborer in the Donessen mills ranges from $4.62 for ten hours to $8.50 and $10.35, dependent on the department in which he is employed. For wire drawers the scale ranges from $6 to $12 a day, with the pay roll showing the greater proportion of the men earning an average of $10 daily. Mechanics in all departments range in pay from $6 to $10. Rod mill and open-hearth rollers—comprising a class of labor that is practically unskilled and produced after a few months of tutoring—are being paid from $12 to $26. In some exceptional instances the pay ranges higher, and in some rare instances lower. The rod-mill workers are on duty for twelve hours, working every other half hour, a total of six hours actually rolling iron and six hours resting. In the blast furnace the wages range from $6 to $8. The general average of all wages paid, exclusive of officials in the plants but including the clerks in the offices of the Donessen mills, is $7.18. The total pay roll for 4000 employees has for six months averaged $800,000 a month.

Quickly, therefore, the workmen find themselves the possessors of means. The first few hundred dollars are to them a fortune compared to those few dollars of passage money which were eked out sometimes from months and years of toil in their home countries.

At once, the average man would say, they should grasp American opportunity and along with it American principles and ideals. In this town of Donessen there are more than fifteen main groups of foreigners. As one citizen puts it these groups represent "just little bits of Europe set down in an American town," each independent of the others, each clinging to its native prejudices, customs and attitude toward government and what from childhood they have been taught to regard as the governing classes.

The Croatians remain Croatians. They have their Croatian Beneficial Association, an organization that speaks Croatian, subscribes for Croatian newspapers, disseminates Croatian pamphlets and which in all things that it is and does is still Croatian.

Over here you have a Polish organization. This has extended itself even to returned service men of the United States Army. A Polish Legion of these men has been formed by leaders in the Polish colony. To these men are given books in the Polish language, papers in the Polish language. They address each other in Polish. Friendly enough, unless stirred by revolutionary agitators, still everything underlying their life in the community is "just a little bit of Poland."

Through all the various nationalities goes this clannish spirit, severing each group definitely from Americans and things American. For the foreigners as a whole night schools have been established in Donessen. The attendance among all the thousands of workers has been so meager as scarcely to justify the money expended. The native language of each particular group is taught in the home. Thus the children learn first the language of their alien parents, and though born in this American town it is only after long attendance at American public schools that the ideas of Europe written across their childhood begin to be eradicated—almost never quite removed.

Americanization for these? Yes, there have been scores of different movements, but nothing that more than touched the surface of the problem. Unless enforced their Americanization apparently is unattainable. Neither is it only the alien of a few brief months or years who is thus caught and held in the swing of the colonization idea. Witness the case of Andrew, a Croatian.

Andrew was reading his Croatian paper the other afternoon. He is a likable chap and speaks English fairly well.

"How is it, Andy," I asked, "that you do not read of the papers which are American?"

"Me no understan'. Me never learn read an' write Enlis'."

"How long have you been in this country, Andy?"

"Me come, yes, thirty-two years it is," said Andy.

"Are you naturalized?"

"Me? No, me never had time. Me get paper to vote."

From an inside pocket Andrew produced a tax receipt! Undoubtedly Andrew had been a voter. Yes, that is done. Hundreds of non-Americans have voted from time to time. Outside of knowing that in some way they get a few dollars as watchers

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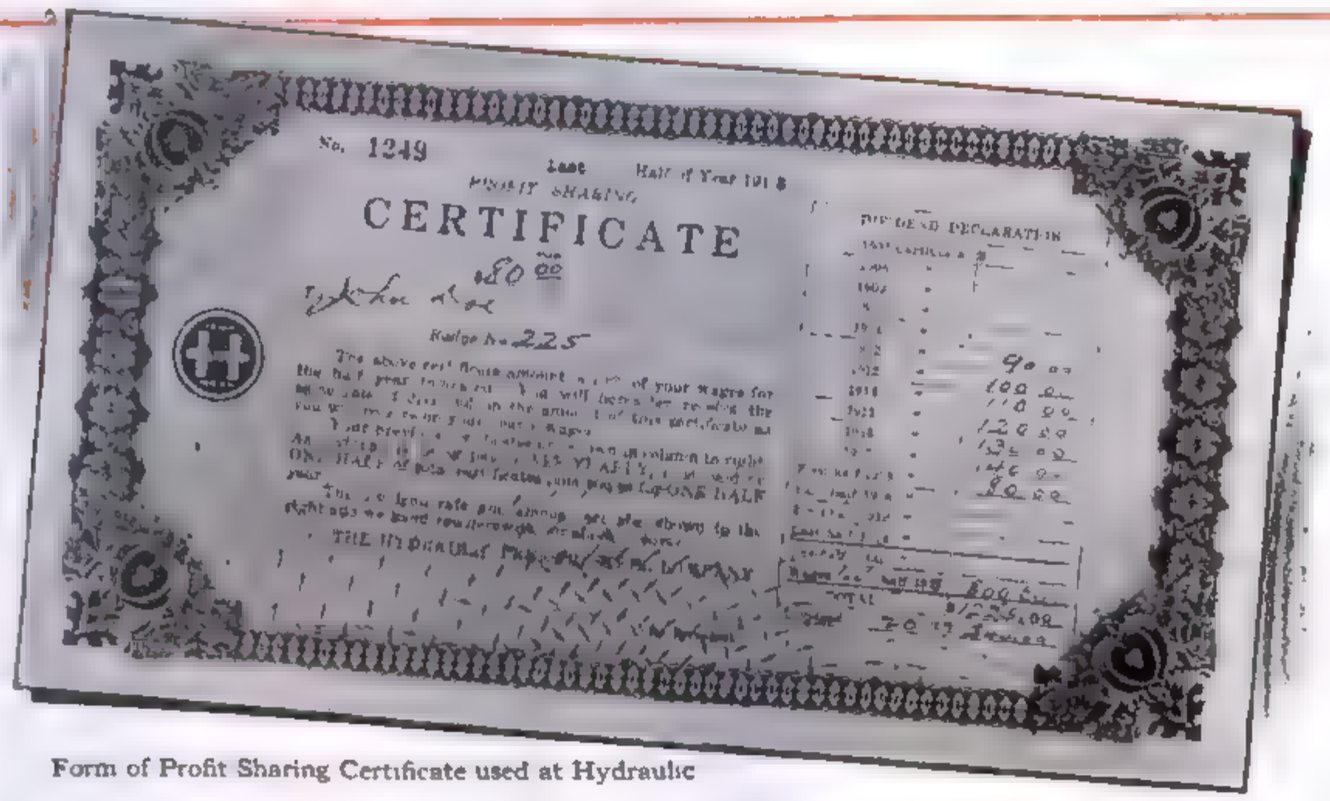
Sharing Profits with our Men



Form of Profit Sharing Certificate used at Hydraulic

THE air is full of talk about profit-sharing.

Can Labor justly expect it as a concession by Capital? On what basis can it be declared, assuming it is just? Should it include all employees regardless of occupation?

As for Hydraulic, we believe profit-sharing to be as inevitable for truly successful business as profit-making.

But we condemn the word "concession" as applied to the owners of business, because we know from experience that dividing a rightful share of profits among the men is not only just, but the most profitable disposition we can make of the money so distributed. Profitable use of money is no concession.

The crux of the matter is no longer (in our belief) a question with most men of whether profits should be shared—the majority agree with the principle. The crux of the matter is—should a line be drawn or should all participate—and if there is to be a line, where shall it be drawn?

Employers are popularly supposed to determine such a line, but such reasoning is wrong. It is the *men* who determine it—the employer merely perceives it. By his very ambitions, and the successive steps possible for carrying out his ambitions, the worker himself, even if unconsciously, determines the line where profit-sharing should be attained.

Here are two men:

One has been a toiler all his life and always will be. He lacks ambition, self-control, initiative and the quality of brains that would make him anything but a toiler. He has mighty muscles and in the job that belongs to him by natural fitness he devotes that muscle whole-heartedly to producing volume of product. He's a good worker. He deserves good pay. As he works harder and harder with that one thing he has to contribute, his brawn, he deserves extra pay for extra effort. He deserves the advantages of mutual benefit associations which protect him and his family. He deserves the advantages given by the co-operative store and welfare work.

Here is another man alongside the first:

He, too, is a good worker—and so to him, also, there should be coming those advantages of association with the company which we have outlined. He, too, devotes himself earnestly, like the first man, to the production of volume. He, too, should have extra pay for extra effort in increasing that volume.

But in Man No. 2 we have, in addition to all possessed by Man No. 1, ambition, self-control (which means ability to control others), initiative and the quality of brain that sees that more volume may mean loss as well as profit. He sees that volume can only mean profit when production is on a profitable basis. He has initiative enough to try to make production profitable, and brains enough to realize that only as he justifies it, through creating profits, should he hope to participate in profit-division.

Would this man of muscle *plus* ambition, self-control, initiative and brains be content to see his worthy, but less equipped, fellow worker rewarded on exactly the same basis as himself? Assuredly not. Of what reward to him are his qualities and self-denial if he cannot, through them, rise to higher heights in the field of business, than those who contribute less than he?

THUS Labor itself, by its performance and by the varying capacity of the individual, determines a line across which it may win its way. And Labor, whenever this truth is clearly seen, is, we believe, quick to recognize that just profit-sharing means dividing a sum of money into worth-while amounts among those who have created it, not into smaller amounts among those who have had no part in its creation.

* * *

There is today a No Man's Land between the outposts of Capital and the outposts of Labor. *But it is a very narrow strip of land.*

This No Man's Land, instead of a path to closer association, is a barrier, covered with the barbed wire of misunderstanding. Its hand grenades are ultimatums—its barrage is the strike—its mines are decisions based upon passion and necessity for self-protection. Attacks, too often, are over-aggressive and, in turn, invite other attacks which go them one better. In this struggle and counter-struggle reasonable claims are forgotten. Extreme claims take their place. Bad leadership sometimes gets its opportunity.

For nearly a year Hydraulic has published a series of articles on the subject of Industrial Relationship. Naturally, these articles have been read by men in every walk of life. To us at Hydraulic have come their reactions.

Here is the result: Out of the hundreds who have written to us from among bankers, workers, investors, executives and so-called radical leaders of thought in labor circles, those who have disagreed with the principles expressed number—*just two.*

Little wonder, then, that we affirm with all the earnestness which this close contact with public thought gives us, that Industrial No Man's Land is but a narrow strip of dividing territory.

WE speak for Labor and Capital alike when we say: Shall we, then, fight fire with fire, or with the waters of mutual consideration? Shall we fight passion with passion, or with calm reasoning? Shall we fight greed with more greed, or with an unselfishness which only wants its just dues? We are close together in our convictions—shall we widen the gap, when the interests of all demand that this No Man's Land shall be abolished forever?

Nobody wants trouble, but everyone wants justice. Men who really help produce profits should share in those profits. At Hydraulic profit-sharing goes right down the line through Owners, Executives, Managers, Department Heads, Superintendents, Foremen, to Unit Bosses, and there the line is drawn. Every opportunity is given for advancement across the profit-sharing line.

* * *

We have said that this division of profits pays. It pays because there is incentive. There is incentive because there is hope. A thousand aspirations are coupled to the company's aspiration. There is a concert of interests. There is a spirit that laughs at trouble, and would disown a trouble-maker as a crew would disown the man who would scuttle the ship.

This is the twelfth of a series of articles in this publication. Reprints of former articles will be sent on request.

THE HYDRAULIC PRESSED STEEL COMPANY *of Cleveland*

HYDRAULIC
PRESSED STEEL COMPANY

Reputation

That *Certain-teed* is established in public opinion as the family name of high-character products is the inevitable result of determined development of quality and satisfaction.

Only universal acceptance of *Certain-teed* merit makes possible the far-reaching proportion of its business.

This magnitude of *Certain-teed* facilities gives to you—year after year—*Certain-teed* Products of exceeding quality at moderate prices.

Certain-teed Products Corporation
Offices and Warehouses in Principal Cities

Certain-teed Products are sold by dealers everywhere

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at the polls, and that in some way this lets them into the voting booth, they know little of the ballot system. Hundreds are like Andrew. He explained that he could get all his home news from the Croatian paper, and added that he had a little daughter at home who is learning to read English and that sometimes she reads to him from the American newspaper.

Yet Andrew is only one type. There is a large group, represented among all the nationalities here, of which much capital has been made by agitators as the "workers who exist in miserable shacks." Certainly there is no dispute about that. They do live in miserable shacks—filthy, insanitary, crowded quarters, wherever they may find space to shelter their families and all the boarders they can induce to share their miserable shacks with them. If you lived directly above a group of foreigners who exist in just that way you would get what I mean.

Forced into this by wage slavery? No. Another principle altogether is involved. In the banks of Donessen are thousands of dollars accumulated by the workers in the miserable shacks. Living amid squalor, hundreds are the possessors of thousands of dollars. Why? Well, they have one object in view—that time when they can return to their native land and live the remainder of their lives in comparative opulence. And this ambition is passed on to their children.

Since the strike had its advent, one month ago at time of writing, scores of these aliens from the most undesirable homes have cashed in on their intentions and their savings. One foreign agent in Donessen can show the sheaf of passports, the bundle of receipts for thousands of good American dollars converted into foreign money. They are of the group now going home; that has intended to go home from the moment their feet touched these shores; that has lived apart from Americans and American ideals and ideas, for the reason that their hearts have remained a part of Europe.

Cases are common of the worker, the unskilled laborer, living amid the filth of his miserable shack, who has exchanged a worn bankbook for five thousand dollars to ten thousand dollars after a few years under the smoke plume of the steel industry. Americans earning less than half the average wage of the foreigner in the steel mills of Donessen are maintaining comfortable homes and rearing their families with every needed advantage. Various forms of Americanization effort have reached out to include the groups of aliens. Each has been repelled or ignored. Little Italy lives within itself, Little Italy to the end, its population decreased from time to time by those who are going back or increased by those who have been induced to come over and share in the freedom and prosperity of America—later themselves to go back.

The Helplessness of the Law

Among these for whom America is a temporary residence has come the agitator of the Finnish reds, the Russian unionists, the I. W. W., the syndicalist, the superanarchist. Is it a strike of labor? Yes, and as such, as an effort at union organization, it is greeted for the most part with neutrality on the part of the American citizen not directly involved.

Yet—the American in Donessen has had cause to think. A few weeks ago the Donessen authorities arrested and jailed fourteen Russians in one house. Literature denouncing the United States Government, calling for "the workers to arise and establish a soviet," was taken on the persons of these Russians.

In the midst of the strike thousands of pamphlets advocating "the dictatorship of the workers, the overthrow of the American Government and the abolishment of all law" were plastered throughout Donessen and other towns of the Monongahela Valley. These came from members of the "Communist Party" in Donessen. Seizure of the industries and ownership of the steel mills when "this revolution" shall have ended are leading strings that have inspired the alien heart to violence and to "arising against the master class."

Agitators come and go. Aliens with hundreds of dollars in savings, with many Liberty Bonds, are being taught to threaten and intimidate Americans who have refused to have further relations with the so-called strike after its revolutionary ideas had boiled to the surface. In Donessen and in every steel town of the valley is expressed the opinion among Americans that only drastic measures—summary action on the part of Congress, real power in the hands of the Department of Justice will end the menace of syndicalism inoculating the souls of the foreign-born and foreign-living residents.

As for the intentions of the agitators, there is this example: Every gun store in the valley was invaded prior to the calling of the strike. Hundreds of weapons were bought before the authorities could stop the sale of firearms to any person not an officer of the law. Thereupon a gun store in Monongahela City was broken open and fifty guns taken. The state police have taken scores of revolvers from the homes of aliens, new shiny weapons all.

These are not the conditions of Donessen alone. Working like unholy leaven throughout the mass of more than 150,000 alien workers in the steel towns of Charleroi, Monessen, Donora, Clairton, Duquesne, Homestead, Braddock, Carnegie, Johnstown, New Castle and others, the one-time much-exploited melting pot has been heated to overflow with the brew of radicalism and anti-American propaganda. There is nothing furtive about it. It is boldly, glaringly, defiantly against all government. As one witness told the senate committee, it is "syndicalist anarchy."

Clergymen have sought to counsel the foreigners against wild theories and blood-spilling teachings, trying to instruct them that these are against all the tenets of the church. One clergyman in Donessen was threatened with the destruction of his home. Leaders among the aliens in the church demanded of the bishop that this clergyman be removed.

Another clergyman of Donessen in a public sermon said this:

"I am not here to defend or condemn either employers or the workingmen, but as your spiritual adviser to call your attention to the right or wrong of your acts. I have watched the movement, read the public sentiment, read the investigation by the senate committee and have thus come to my present convictions.

"If you have taken part in bringing about this strike you must have been either in the right or wrong. There is not any neutral ground. To be in the right you must have a just cause and serious grievances to be corrected.

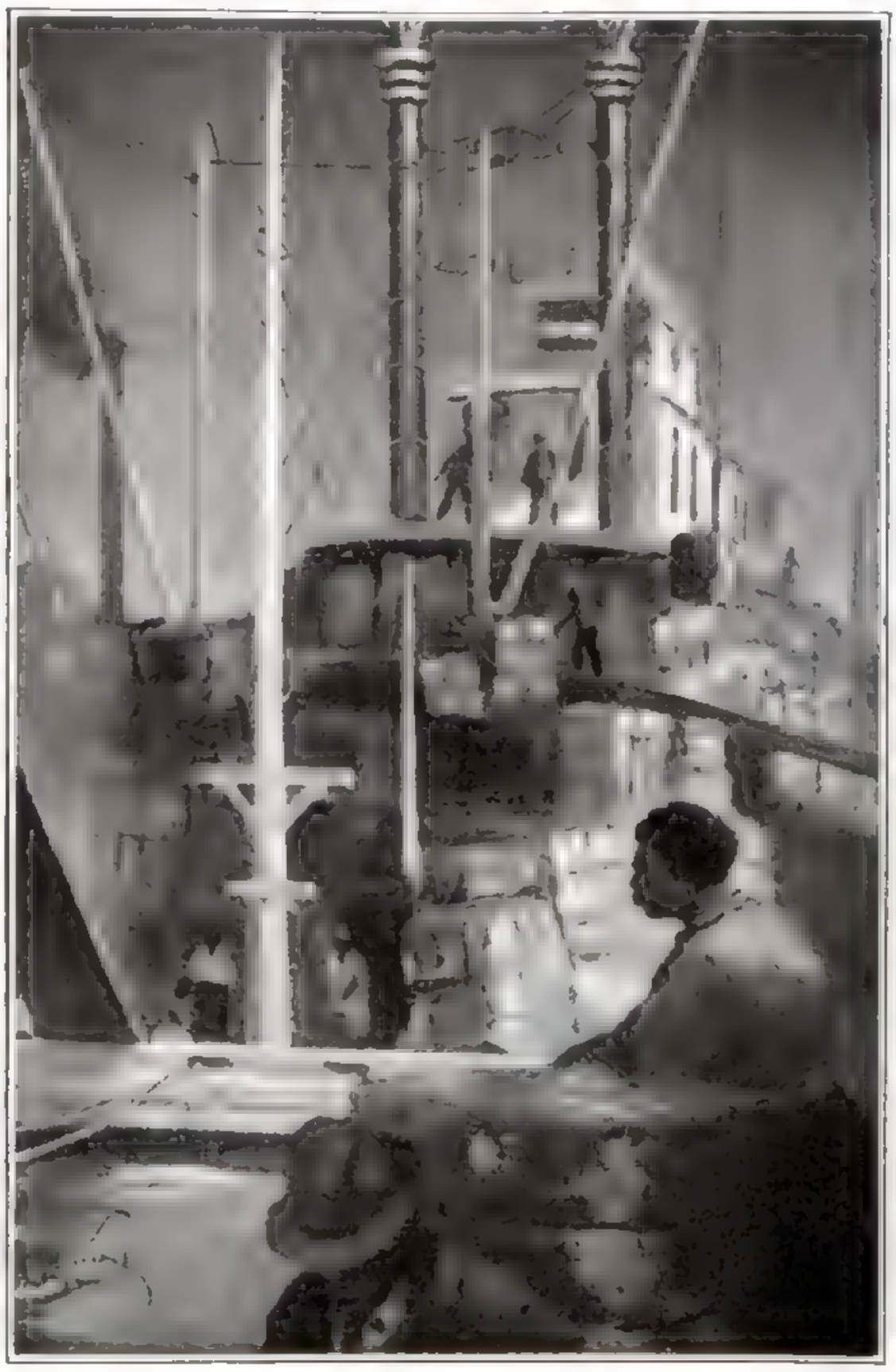
"Now in all the investigation thus far by the senate committee no evidence has been forthcoming to show either just cause or serious grievances.

"It has been shown that your wages are just, even higher than is paid in any other industry in the world; that the great majority of the men are perfectly satisfied with their wages, their treatment and the hours they work. Hence I am led to conclude that you are in the wrong. Only a small percentage work long hours. Many men are paid on the eight-hour basis, with time and a half for overtime.

"The eight-hour day would be given if the corporation had sufficient men to do so. Why pay time and a half for overtime work if it could be done for straight time? Why, for instance, pay six dollars for the same work that could be done for four dollars? Does this not prove that the eight-hour day would be given if only they had the men?

"The country and the world at large need the production, and that is why you are working more than eight hours. And the men themselves admit they are being paid for it, and want to earn the money. Where, therefore, is any just grievance?"

Andrew is of Croatian origin. The home of Andrew, as he has described it to me, was on a Croatian hillside. He had there his wife and two children. Below in the valley lived the master to whom he was a subservient peasant. His home, his daily life, his family—all were enslaved to the will of the master who lived in the greater house far below the rutted hillside. The daily fare of Andrew's family was black bread and beans. On Sunday there was a bit of soup bone and great feasting on that thick soup of beans, with the ever-present black bread.



Andrew told me this as he stood one evening in an American meat market and purchased a dollar's worth of juicy steak. "Oh, yes," said Andrew, "there is meat every day here in America." There is a plot of garden at Andrew's home, and there is a savings account, besides the five Liberty Bonds.

I cannot tell it in the broken language in which Andrew told it to me shortly before the strike. But he said in effect:

"My boy, he is going to be a great engineer some day. He is going to take up mechanics and I am sending him away to that school where they teach him more. Yes, I earn plenty money now. Sometimes it is that I have four hundred, maybe five hundred dollars in the month."

Pride beamed on the face of Andrew. He spoke in happy accents of his little girl, of the splendid grades she is making in the town school, and how she would never know of the miseries amid which she was born on that Croatian hillside. He told me of his little girl's mastery of the piano, and of her advancement in her drawing lessons. Yes, Andrew has in his home everything that speaks for comfort and even of luxury. For Andrew was a skilled roller in the mills, though he came here with nothing but his two hands four years ago. There was all of contentment about Andrew before the strike.

And it was before the strike, too, that I had reason to ponder upon the satisfied opulence of John. The home of John was in Poland. In Poland he had the dribblings from the table of the master over the land on which he and scores of others like him were permitted to live and toil. He had no country he told me one evening recently, as we sat in the bleachers at the town baseball grounds, where many of his fellow countrymen are players in a home-town league. In his own way he told me how his country had been bandied about between Prussianism and Russianism, how its people had had no voice in their own affairs since his earliest remembrance, and how it took three years of effort to save money enough to come to America.

John laughed as he said: "Yes, this two weeks' pay I save me as much as what it took that two, three years—and see him, my beautiful pipe."

You would have to know John's weakness for fancy pipes to appreciate this. The deftly turned meerschaum bowl and real amber stem he proudly held out to me.

"Why, that's a great pipe, John. Where you get him?" I asked.

"Oh, me buy him down at the city yesterday," said John. "Him cost me fifty dollars."

John's Fifty-Dollar Pipe

And John held the bowl tenderly as he stuffed it with the cheapest and rankest tobacco to be found this side of the cabbage country. I relate this merely as one of many incidents that might be brought out to show how even in the face of the high cost of living the skilled mill workers have been sufficiently, even prodigally, supplied with money through the highest wages ever known in this country.

It was men like John who bought twenty-two mechanical piano players in one day in Donessen; men whose wives buy ninety-dollar suits.

Over there John was the virtual slave of the landowner. His people had no voice whatever in the footballing of their country about between the greater nations. At home in Poland he knew not whether the peasant hut of his parents would be there when he returned from the long hours of toil in the fields.

Eventually there came an evening when it was not, and John does not know just what happened to his parents. But that is another story, John's own story, as there are many such stories among these men in the mills of the Monongahela Valley.

So this is John, of Donessen, this happy, contented, prosperous mill town of yesterday. John told me how when the Spanish influenza spread its ravages across the valley his mill boss and the superintendent

(Concluded on Page 127)

Manufacturers Offered

A Deep Water Port and Railway Centre

NOTE

As its name implies, the Du Pont Chemical Company is not a real estate concern. We have a limited number of Hopewell factories, factory sites and other equipment—our peace surplus—which we offer for immediate sale *direct* to manufacturers at attractive terms. In these announcements we are employing the most powerful and the quickest means for disposing of them—of acquainting the public with the opportunities Hopewell offers. It will be a matter of first come, first served. Quick action is advisable. Write or wire today for data.

In offering DIRECT to manufacturers its peace surplus of factories, factory sites and equipment in the Petersburg-Hopewell Industrial District of Virginia, the Du Pont Chemical Company also is offering a manufacturing location of great strategic value for the shipment of products to domestic and foreign markets.

This District, at the junction of the Appomattox and James Rivers—in reality a part of Chesapeake Bay—has steamer connections with trans-Atlantic, South American and coastwise ports. Products may be loaded on ships at the Hopewell wharf or transported in barges to vessels at Norfolk or Newport News. Vast quantities of war munitions were shipped overseas from Hopewell, and thousands of troops from Camp Lee, in this District, were transported to France.

The District is served by the Norfolk and Western, the Atlantic Coast Line and the Seaboard Air Line, three great trunk-line roads which, with their connections, give Hopewell manufacturers rail access to all important market centres, North, East, South and West.

The District has many other advantages of commanding importance besides transportation. These recommend it as a solution of the problems confronting the manufacturer who, because of adverse conditions affecting his business, desires a change of plant location; the manufacturer seeking a site for a branch factory, or the prospective manufacturer looking for a place to begin business.

Among these advantages are factories and railway sidings already built, factory sites affording ample room for expansion, an adequate labor supply and freedom from labor troubles, splendid housing facilities, low-priced and abundant power, water and fuel; nearness to sources of many raw materials used in basic industries, low living costs to workers and a climate most favorable to industrial activity and health. (See opposite page for specific data.)

These factors enter vitally into the problems of increasing production, keeping down factory costs and raising the margin of profits.

Labor and Housing

Labor unrest and labor shortage are the two most serious conditions now affecting industry. Both tend to lower production and boost costs. Hopewell is free from these problems. Its supply of labor, skilled and unskilled, male and female, is sufficient for present and future needs. Living and working conditions are too favorable to breed discontent and strikes.

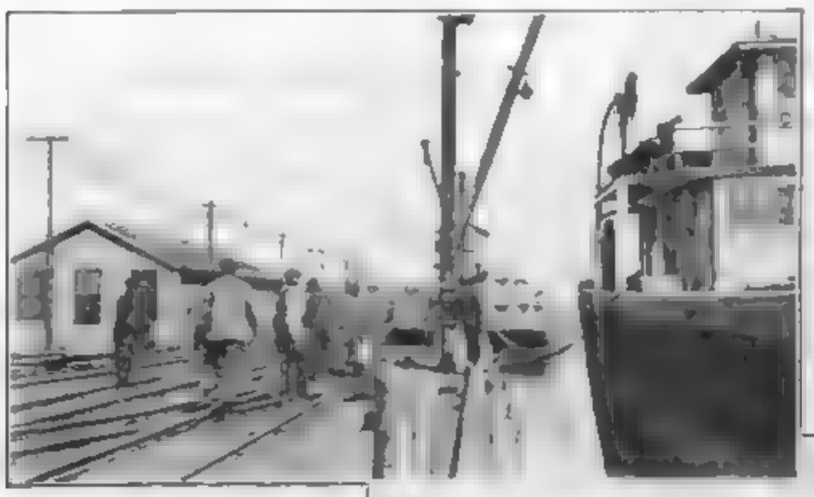
The Du Pont Company obtained 30,000 workers at Hopewell, and maintained an operative force of 20,000 while the war lasted. Most of these workers were recruited from the surrounding territory of Virginia, Maryland and the Carolinas. So-called "war wages" were not necessary, because of low living costs. While workers received less in wages than at most war industrial centres, their actual savings were higher. Compared with prices in other cities, the Hopewell worker's fifty cents buys a dollar's worth of goods.

The housing problem is so closely allied with the problem of labor that a manufacturer these days must interest himself in what sort of homes are available for his workers. The scarcity of houses and consequent high rents lower the efficiency of labor as well as limit its supply.

No employee can do his or her best work if constantly worried over where to move or where the next month's rent is to come from. Likewise the mental effect of unpleasant home surroundings lessens the efficiency of workers. Happy and contented labor makes for efficient labor.

Hopewell has no "housing problem." To accommodate its vast army of workers at Hopewell, the Du Pont Company built hundreds of cottages, bungalows and dormitories. These pretty homes, with lawns and gardens bordering on well-paved streets, are equipped with electricity and all modern conveniences.

For executives there are a large number of attractive houses on the bluffs, overlooking the James River. The rents for these are comparatively as low as the workers' houses.



A Scene on a Hopewell Deep Water Wharf

Photograph on lower left—A few of Hopewell's attractive homes overlooking the James River. Similar houses, cottages and bungalows for 12,000 workers are available.

Photograph below—A Hopewell pier extending into the James River. It is large enough for a number of ships to load and unload at the same time.

Manufacturers Offered

A New Gateway to World Markets

Where Hopewell Is

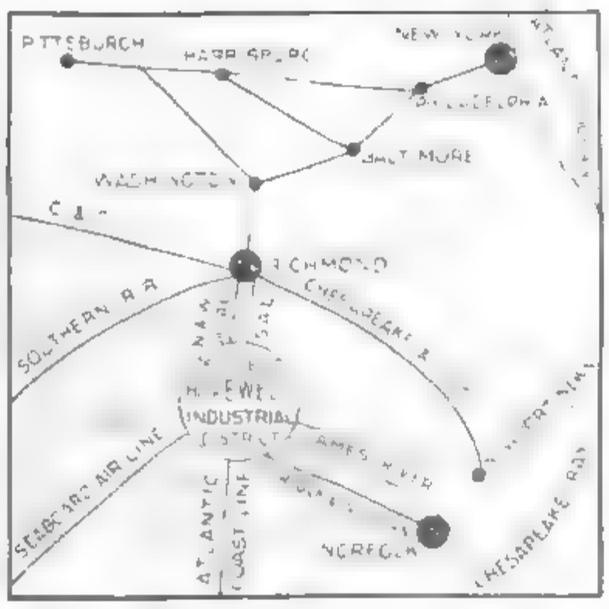
The District is in the Chesapeake Bay area, lying 23 miles south of Richmond, the capital of Virginia, and about 80 miles west of Norfolk. The approximate first-class mail time between the District and ten large cities follows:

Washington, D. C., 4 hours 30 minutes; Philadelphia, 7 hours 40 minutes; New York, 9 hours 40 minutes; Pittsburgh, 14 hours; Savannah, 13 hours 22 minutes; Atlanta, 16 hours 37 minutes Boston, 16 hours 22 minutes; Cleveland, 17 hours 35 minutes; Chicago and St. Louis, 25 hours.

What Hopewell Is

Hopewell, during the war, contained the largest gun cotton plant in America and a population of 40,000 In addition to its manufacturing plants, it has churches, schools, clubs, hotels, theatres, stores, a commissary operating on a cost-plus basis, storage houses, Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., electric lights, trolleys, sewerage, fire and police protection, and in fact everything that constitutes a modern city

Hopewell's climatic and health conditions are among the best. It never is ice, snow or flood bound, being free from extremes of weather that interfere with business. The two rivers afford splendid opportunity for fishing and boating, and game is plentiful in the woodlands. Garden and farm products are supplied from the surrounding districts at low cost, and groceries, etc., are sold at the commissary below regular market prices. In brief Hopewell is an ideal place to live and rear a family.



Natural Resources

To manufacturers in certain lines, Hopewell offers preferred opportunity in its nearness to supplies of raw material. Within a radius of fifty miles are produced annually 555,000,000 feet of timber available for lumber or for pulp and paper making; 25,000,000 pounds of tobacco, 3,000,000 bushels of corn, 2,000,000 bushels of peanuts and other crops valued at over $5,000,000. Cotton not only is grown in considerable quantity near Hopewell, but the railroads reaching up from the South afford excellent facilities for getting the product from the great cotton belt.

There are also important deposits nearby of brick, tile and pottery clays; shell marls suitable for cement; mica, soapstone, moulding sand, mineral paint and Virginia limestone.

What Hopewell Has

Three modern power plants with a total capacity of 60,000 horsepower—enough to supply steam and electric power, light, heat and air pressure in any desired quantity. Electric power is sold to manufacturers as low as 1½ cents a kilowatt hour.

Filtration plant with a daily capacity of 50,000,000 gallons—enough to supply a city of 500,000. Filtered water costs as low as 5 cents per 1000 gallons and unfiltered water 2½ cents.

Houses, cottages, bungalows and dormitories sufficient to accommodate 12,000 additional workers Rents average between $11 and $15 a month. Attractive homes for executives overlooking the James River at low rentals.

Available factories having floor areas of from 100,000 to 150,000 square feet; 1200 acres suited for factory sites with railroad sidings already built; 20 miles of broad gage and 23 miles of narrow gage.

Average summer temperature 75°; average winter temperature 41°; mean for entire year 58°; annual rainfall 46 inches; snow rarely remains on the ground more than a few hours.

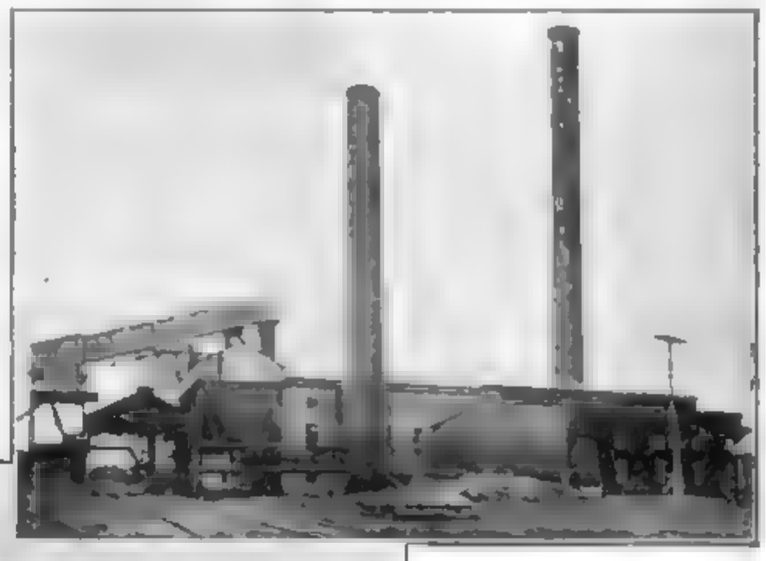
Best fire protection in the world. This means low insurance.

Consult Our Experts—Free

Our experts—Technical, Industrial, Traffic—will gladly study your specific requirements, and investigate your problems of raw materials, manufacturing processes and transportation. They will give you an unbiased report as to the adaptability of Hopewell (plant sites, present available equipment, raw materials, etc.) to your special needs. This service is free. It may lead to the solution of your problems. Get in touch with us promptly, for, as stated in the "Note" on the opposite page, we intend disposing of our surplus quickly.

Du Pont Chemical Company
Incorporated
Wilmington, Delaware

Petersburg Chamber of Commerce, Petersburg, Va.



One of the three gigantic power plants at Hopewell having a total h. p. capacity of 60,000

Photograph on lower right—One of Hopewell's family hotels. →

Photograph below—An attractive and commodious club house at Hopewell. ↓

FOR POWER SURETY

There are automobile dealers in New York who add a Bosch Magneto to every car they sell. They know the sales asset that Bosch Equipment gives them. Their customers are glad to pay the added cost because they know that Bosch Magneto Ignition means absolute Ignition satisfaction.

The Automobile you buy can be Bosch Equipped if you insist on it.

AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORPORATION

Main Office and Works—Springfield, Mass. Branches—New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco 300 Service Stations in 300 Cities

AMERICA'S SUPREME IGNITION SYSTEM

MOTOR TRUCKS TRACTORS · AIRPLANES MOTOR CARS MOTOR BOATS · MOTOR CYCLES GAS ENGINES

(Concluded from Page 123)

came to his home, and how they had his family removed to the bigger city hospital and saw that they had good food and medical attention; though at that time John himself had been ill and had not worked for many weeks, and the money was low in the family purse.

At home in Poland John was one of the many little sheep on the hillsides, to be slaughtered or driven to toil as it pleased those of a class greater than he. In Donessen John is a citizen of the great land, a man of affairs, the equal of the burgess of the town, the mill boss, the superintendent, yes—John has begun to feel—the equal of the president himself. When he talked to me he had nothing of complaint to utter. He told me he was being paid the highest wages he had ever received, a wage of $21.80 daily, for John has learned to direct those great muscles of his with skilled efficiency. Yes, John's wage income has risen to above $5000 a year, and the high cost of living has not worried him nearly so much as it has thousands of salaried men with white collars at office desks. But that aside.

A Heritage of Suspicion

I point you this town of Donessen. Five thousand merry children play in its broad shady streets of a sunny evening. It boasts more babies to the square inch than any other town of its size in America. Here, though this town celebrated its twentieth anniversary only the other day, is a community of 15,000 souls. Here hundreds of workers within the last few years became prospective or actual home owners and prosperous, contented citizens.

I can give you first-hand facts to show that the wages paid the workers of Donessen have been and are higher than the average wages paid in any other industrial community. The result has been that this has become known as a town of cheerfulness, a town that in the great world outstripped all other towns of its class in the nation in oversubscribing Liberty Loans, in the purchase of War Savings Stamps, in the countless other means of helping win the war. It gave from its 15,000 population 500 sons to actual fighting service.

Donessen, three months ago, was one of the most contented communities in the United States. Yes, there were miserable homes here, too, as there are miserable homes everywhere. There need have been none, but wherever apparent poverty or lack of comfort sits on the doorsteps of a home in Donessen I have investigated and found that had an income ten times greater been wished upon that home it would still have been miserable. There are some folks like that.

This town has forged ahead among the leaders in the upper Monongahela Valley, with a promise of becoming one of the first cities of the valley. It is a town that was pouring its millions of dollars' worth of steel products out each year to help meet a world demand, and in return has lined its pockets with the gold of high wages. Wages in these mills, to the actual labor in the mills, have increased since the war more than one hundred and thirty per cent, or more than the cost of living itself in the same period. This is the town that through Americanization work in its schools promises in another decade if unhampered to turn out citizens of first rank. But all that was yesterday, before syndicalism struck.

There came men of poisoned tongues to Donessen. At first we smiled and ignored them. Surely this doctrine of discontent and disordered minds could not find lodgment among us. Ah, there we failed to discount the heritage of European blood that coursed in the veins of our aliens. For ages their ancestors have been oppressed, ground under the heel of a myriad of autocracies flaming their gaunt specters of death across the pock-marked face of Europe. For all that they have become one with us in our industrial life, all the time they have been apart. That is their heritage, and they are blameless. They remember those things to which they were born, and in the memory lie suspicion and ignorance of American ways and life. After all, to them America has been something of a miracle, a mirage of opportunity in which they have not fully believed. It might fade. Oh, yes, the seed of anarchy has been there in some of these souls.

So the idle parasites of syndicalism came with their noise to confuse the workers. They came to create from thin air monstrous wage-slavery systems. Four months ago none of these men believed they were wage slaves. They were satisfied with their jobs, their earnings, their homes. And almost overnight they came to a new viewpoint, perhaps the most dangerous that ever has been arrived at in America.

Yes, the men of sane minds could not and did not believe the ranting, idle noise that had come to confuse the workers. Scarlet revolutionary ideas were being taught and to-day are being taught. The doctrine that the man who works with his hands is alone the wage slave, a downtrodden miserable creature, has been so skillfully injected that these thousands of aliens have forgotten all those things they told me a short time ago. Home, family, savings accounts, comfort and luxuries—none of these mean anything to the syndicalist liars. They have found a fertile field for red revolution and they have propagated their virulent ideas in that field.

The serpent has struck, and a "master class" has been born from among decent, hard-working, lenient employers, business and professional men. The business men of this town of Donessen, the same men who in times of stress have carried these workingmen and their families over the rough places, who have been their friends and neighbors, ready with a helping hand or a dollar in time of misfortune—these men have been openly boycotted by the syndicalist agitators.

Martyrs Without Cause

I am not one of those business men. My own work is such that even red revolution itself would not impair my opportunities. So you, my fellow American, skeptic or believer in these truths I am giving you, can take every word of this as impartial.

Yes, we counted too much on the sanity and the common sense of the aliens. We have seen them, in the name of labor organizations that have repudiated their very syndicalist leaders, fired with blind rage.

Why, I heard the publisher of a labor publication in Pittsburgh, the heart of this district, denounce the red radicals heading all this disorder. I have received at the hands of the Central Labor Union of this Western Pennsylvania a resolution denouncing the syndicalist leaders now striving to put internationalism, lawlessness and mental and social disease on a foundation where they can make these things replace the Government that is American and orderly.

Bloodshed, disorder, martyrism—are sought by these syndicalists, that they may create more empty noise concerning "thugs" employed by the "master class." I have this not from the lips of any employer, not from any boss, but from the lips of John himself. He told me only yesterday, the day before this article is written, that he must become a "marteer." That was his way of pronouncing it.

"A martyr to what, for what, John?" I asked him.

"Oh, a marteer for the cause, for the unions. For the cause it is that I must be arrested, that I must be shot," John explained to me.

"Why, John, no one is going to arrest you or bother you. Why should they?" I asked.

But John has been told he must become a "marteer." It has been preached to him until he believes it. He must do something to be arrested or shot. And the thousands of Johns have been inspired with that idea. For this it is that they have bought weapons, for in this the syndicalists have built their foundation of revolution. If there are no "marteers" there can be no cause. There can be no appeals against constituted law and order. Always the blame must attach to those upholding the law, while they, the lawless, may assault other workingmen, terrorize and boycott business men, as they have done in this once peaceful community of Donessen.

Steadily the conditions under which these men work have been improved. I have studied them, and to-day the worker in the mill is recognized and treated as a human being, aside from his value as a workingman and the high wages he receives. Not only is he safeguarded in the mills but his home life has become a matter of study, and those things that count for better and happier homes have been supplied.

Wanted—A Sense of Humor

Special Americanization schools have been provided for the aliens. Night schools financed by the corporation by which they are employed have been opened. Within the mills themselves classes for the study of the steel industry have been created. These classes have been open to the humblest workingman. In these they are given technical instruction of the industry, an education in practical workmanship that gives every worker, American or foreign-born, full opportunity to improve his position and to advance to the highest possible place in the industry itself.

Under the thralldom of the poisoned tongue there has come complete disregard for these things. Aliens have ignored the night schools and not one in one thousand has shown any disposition to improve his own condition other than in a financial way. The chief aim of each alien is to save and save and save until he has that competence whereby he can return to the land of his fathers.

I sit now where I look at the public park and playgrounds purchased and equipped by the corporation owning these mills. I think of the band that gives its concerts, paid for its time by this same corporation. I am one of the players at the Donessen baseball grounds, laid out and equipped by the corporation. I think of scores of betterments brought about for these men.

The writer, informed by the words of these same workers, tells every American that violence has been and is being inspired by educated propagandists, organizers, expert martyr makers, who must have martyrs properly to spread their poison. When John was told he must become a martyr I thought of the home of John here, and of his home in a Poland of pestilence; and yes, I thought, too, of that fifty-dollar meerschaum pipe, and I wondered if maybe the sense of humor might not eventually save some of these Johns.

But all in all, this is a warning, a red warning if you please. To-day the martyrs are being made. Law and order is being forced to defend itself, and then it in turn is accused of murder and riot. All this is in order that the lying poison of the syndicalists may spread through the root and branch of organized society and wither law, order, decency, the American home and the American Government, to be replaced by the syndicalists backed by the thousands of misled foreigners they have gathered to the cause.

Thus it is we have these once contented aliens, who yesterday breathed gratefulness for the freedom and opportunity of America, to-day spitting venom and hatred for what the syndicalists have taught them are the ruling classes.

This is a warning to America and Americans. The writer tells you that murder is being implanted in the hearts of honest workingmen by disciples of idleness raised in power to the nth degree, and that they have so raised themselves on the bowed backs of the aliens, who are my friends, that they may attain the place where they can loot the industrial treasure-houses of the nation, as their teachers, Lenine and Trotzky, have looted the riches of Russia.

They are the students of Marxian doctrines, of the preaching of every creator of turbulence and untruth and chaos. They to-day are gripping the throats of the labor unions of the country. They have placed their fangs in the souls of a million or more of the workers of America, and the poison is spreading. Already they are making impossible adjustment of conditions between capital and labor, that each may be fair with the other.

Underneath, the great heart of America will continue its steady beat and in years to come the poison will be worked out of the national system. But it is to-day that more than half measures are needed to save communities such as this of Donessen.

How will it come out? The property owners of every kind, the heads of industry, the upholders of law and order, the leaders of the nation itself—are being pictured as the unscrupulous enemies of these thousands of aliens.

At first they don't want to believe, but from conditions back of them for generations in their native countries they have known such things there, and finally they believe such things here.

The Contagion of Discontent

They have more than their skill and muscle could purchase for them anywhere else in the world, but the lust of the syndicalist is upon them. The virus of discontent has worked in the blood.

It is for every American to awaken to this. It is for the executives of all the states to open their ears to that murmuring menace that passed through the streets of Donessen.

Surely it has been preached that conditions of anarchy cannot be repeated in this nation as they have been in Europe. Aliens don't know that. Let me speak for them, as they have told it to me, just as it has been taught to them:

"We, the workers, will lay the foundation. Gradually we will grow in power, until we control the mills, the mines, the railroads. The syndicalist leaders have told us that the cause comes before everything. There is no such thing as honor or law or decency. Employ any methods to win. We are going to do that."

What do the aliens want? They can't tell you. They cannot explain, because it is not of their own desire that they have been taken from their places in the face of world demand and in the midst of prosperity and high wages. It is what the syndicalist leaders want, and these workers are being made the tools to get it. Methods mean nothing to them. Any means justify their end—so have the syndicalist leaders proclaimed. These leaders are in power at this moment. World-wide disorder is spreading, and you, Mister American Citizen, need not think that your home is too remote to be touched by it.

W STORAGE BATTERY

Willard [illegible] dation

The Still Better Willard

does away with the most common battery repair expense—re-insulation

YOUR KNOWLEDGE of electricity has made you realize the tremendous importance of insulation. It's just as important *inside* your storage battery as on any of the wires that lead from it to your lights, starting motor and generator.

Inside that battery are the jars in which are sealed up the plates (positive alternating with negative), the battery solution, *and the insulation which separates each positive plate from its negative neighbor.*

In ordinary batteries the first thing to wear out is this insulation. Jars and plates may be still in good condition, but the battery has to be opened and "reinsulated" at considerable expense. After that, no one knows how long it will last. It may be long enough to offset the expense, it may not.

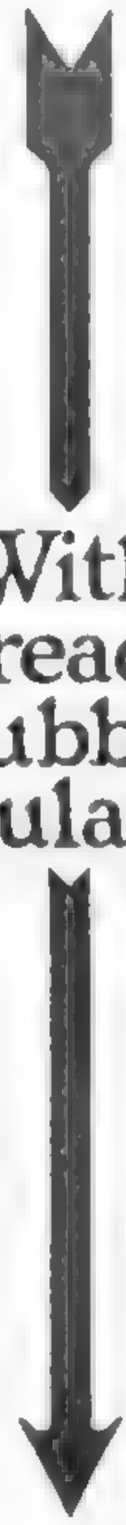
But the invention of Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation entirely does away with this most common cause of trouble and expense.

The Still Better Willard does not have to be reinsulated; because it has the durable threaded rubber insulators which last the full lifetime of the battery.

Four years' experience on thousands of cars is daily proving how much Threaded Rubber Insulation means to the car owner in better battery efficiency and fewer battery repairs.

Next time you call, ask us for a fuller explanation of the Still Better Willard.

Willard Service.

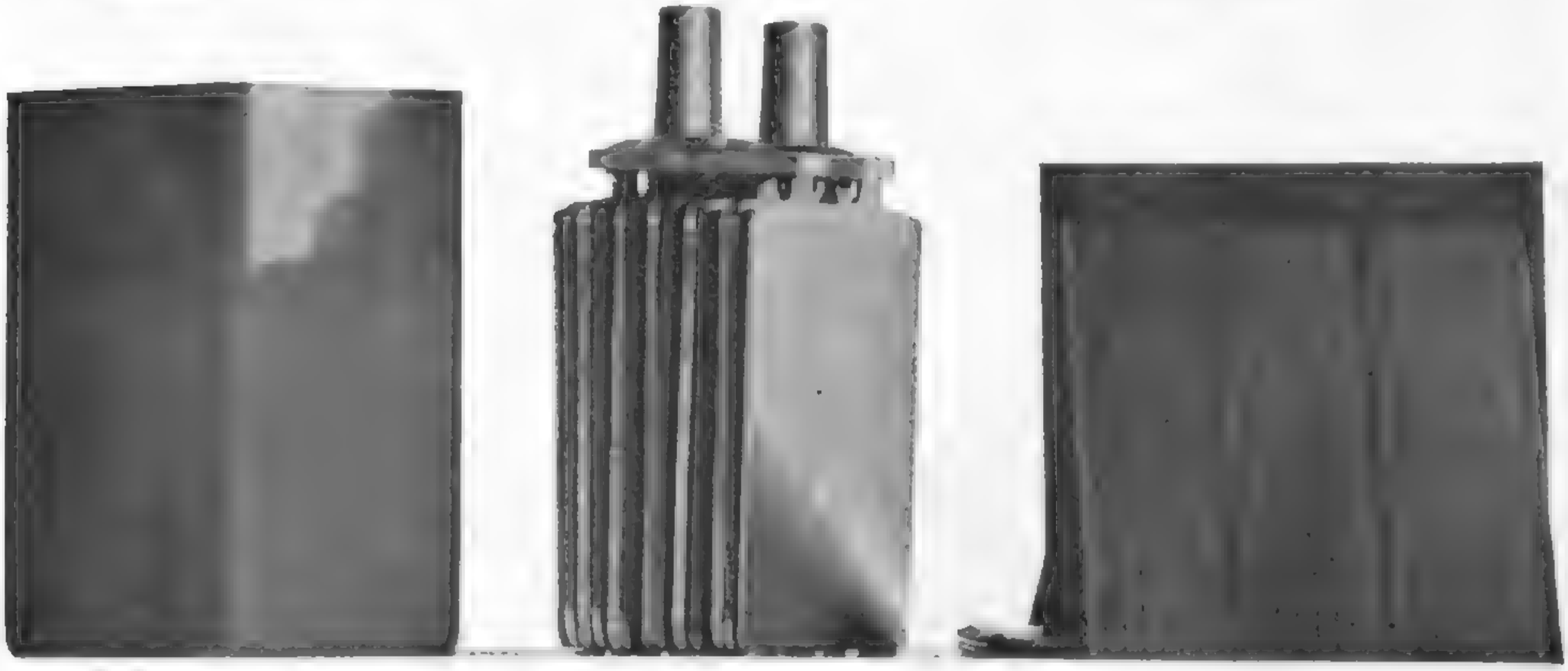


With Threaded Rubber Insulation

The *insulation* performs the important task of separating each positive plate from its negative neighbor, preventing short circuits which would soon wear out and ruin the battery. The better the insulation, the better the battery

Inside the battery box are the rubber *jars* in which the *elements* and battery solution are sealed thus constituting a unit which is called a *cell*. The cell is separated and insulated from the other cells in the battery by the *rubber jar*

Inside the cells are two *groups of plates*, one *Positive*, and one *Negative*. These are so put together that they alternate and are insulated—positive from negative—by Threaded Rubber Insulation



RIP VAN WINKLE LANDS AN ORDER

(Continued from Page 13)

"Yes, he hits hard. But don't you think he's a bit harsh on the boy? No one could pull an order out of the C. M. & B. with a pair of dentist's forceps and the old man knows it darn well. He's so afraid that we fellows out here won't put the screws on the boy hard enough because he is the president's son that he thinks he'll take a turn himself. But he's positively rough. I've a mind to tell the boy not to worry, that we know something about the C. M. & B. that his father doesn't."

"I wouldn't say a thing about it to him," said Williams, smiling shrewdly. "Listen! There's something doing over at the C. M. & B. offices. I heard yesterday afternoon that old Maganch had been fired and a man by the name of Arbuckle, who has been assistant purchasing agent for the past six months, has been made purchasing agent. And what I came in here to tell you was that this new man was pointed out to me in the dining room of the University Club last night, and who do you suppose was dining with him? Why, none other than the president of the C. M. & B. and our young friend, Victor Havelock, Jr.!"

"No!" exclaimed Carrington.

"Yes!"

"Are you sure?"

"Certain!"

"Well, what do you think of that? Now how did the boy ever do it? Why, say, if he should land the varnish business of the C. M. & B. it would be the biggest customer the Chicago office has taken on in two years! Say, tell me, did Victor look like he felt at home with these two fellows—you know, was he real easy and natural, or did he appear as if he was straining himself to look intelligent and all that?"

"If you ask me, he looked as if he felt as easy as an old shoe," replied Williams.

"Well that's got my goat! Wonder how he got in with them? I'm curious to hear what he will have to say about it when he comes in this morning. We'll certainly not say a word to him about the old man's letter. If he can get in with the president of the C. M. & B., why he certainly ought to be a salesman enough to get them to use Havelock goods in their paint shops. We'll just let him fight his own battle."

But when Havelock came in that morning he said nothing about the C. M. & B. or any of its officers. Nor did he mention the letter from his father. He merely left word with the girl at the switchboard that he would call that morning at the offices of the C. M. & B.

The next morning his report slip showing calls made the day before recorded no order from that road, but did mention the fact that C. M. Arbuckle, for some months assistant purchasing agent of the C. M. & B., had been promoted to the position of purchasing agent and that he would follow him up very closely and try to get him to switch to the Havelock line soon. And Carrington wondered. Had any other man on the sales force dined with the purchasing agent and the president of a road of the importance of the C. M. & B. he would have blown about it round the office for a week and his reports would have been full of reference: "Am getting very close to the new purchasing agent. Had dinner with him and the president"—the word "president" would have been underlined—"last night. Am getting close to some big business. Am on the inside track at last."

But there was none of this on Havelock's report the next day, nor the next, nor the next. Indeed Havelock seemed to be paying no special attention to the C. M. & B. with the exception of the regular twice-a-week call that he had persisted in ever since he started after the business. The fact was he was busy in other directions and had of late been developing considerable new business with some other roads, rather to everybody's surprise except Longstreet's.

Finally one Friday afternoon two weeks after the dinner at the University Club reported by Williams, Havelock asked Carrington if he might be away over Saturday, saying he wanted to go to a house party. When Carrington gave his permission he little dreamed that when he picked up his paper Sunday morning he would run across the name of his cub railroad salesman in the list of guests at the week-end house party being held at the home of the president of the C. M. & B. at Lake Forest.

Monday morning the whole office knew it, but when Havelock came in promptly on time as usual not a word did he say of the party.

Carrington could restrain himself no longer.

"Say, Havelock, what's this I saw in the Sunday papers about you being one of the guests at Hayden's house party?" he asked.

"Why, I was there."

"How long have you known the old man, for goodness sake?"

"Oh, three or four months."

"Know him well?"

"Fairly. I've been out to his house a few times before and on a couple of short sails with him on his yacht out on the lake."

"Well for the love of Mike! Why, you almost live with the man, don't you?" Then half in fun and half seriously: "Why don't you sell him some varnish?"

Havelock colored up.

"Do you know, Mr. Carrington, that's just what's worrying me. I know Mr. Hayden and I know Arbuckle, the purchasing agent, but darned if I'm able to sell them any varnish!"

Just then Carrington was called on the phone, and when he had finished and turned to question Havelock the latter was gone.

From then on it was a joke round the office that Victor Havelock, Jr., could sail and dine with the president of the C. M. & B. but he couldn't sell him a pint of varnish. And that joke—at first passed round on the quiet—gradually grew louder and louder until scarcely a day passed that one or two round the place didn't bring it to Havelock's personal attention in some way. In fact, it became extremely embarrassing.

Did he bring in a good order from another railroad someone—even Carrington sometimes—was sure to take all the joy out of it by suggesting as though it were a sudden inspiration: "Oh, by the way, suppose you drop in on the C. M. & B. this afternoon. They use quite a bit of varnish and we've never done any business with them. Understand you know the president pretty well."

Weeks passed and one afternoon toward the middle of October Havelock found himself once more descending in the squeaky elevator of the C. M. & B. office building without the desired order. And this time he was utterly discouraged, for just when things seemed ready to break right for him affairs had taken a new turn. Arbuckle had been rather noncommittal for several visits past, and he had been at a loss to account for it. But this time Arbuckle had opened up and told him what was on his chest.

He said he had been working for months to get the varnish stock in such shape that he could switch to the Havelock line and at the same time he had been quietly doing a little missionary work in the paint shops in favor of Havelock goods. But now that the time seemed nearly ripe he had begun to realize that his very friendship with Havelock made the situation just a bit embarrassing, for if there was one thing the president would not stand for it was letting friendship influence purchasing. Of course ——

Havelock had smiled a melancholy sort of smile as he sat facing the purchasing agent across the latter's big battered desk. And reaching out he had gently taken from Arbuckle's hand the nickel-plated railroad-spike paper weight he had been toying with nervously as he had explained the situation.

"Now just let me have that silver spike and look me in the eyes, old boy," Havelock had said. "What you're trying to tell me in a nice gentle way is that there is no chance of my getting any of the C. M. & B. varnish business because we're old college chums. Isn't that about it? Be brutal."

"Well, I wouldn't say that exactly, but you know the chief."

"I do know him, and now that you speak of it I believe you're right. I've been so set on getting an order from the C. M. & B. that I've not seen the situation in its true perspective. No, don't try to let me down easy—I see it all now. I've been making it awfully embarrassing for you and I ought to have known better. The only way we ever could get your business would be for me to drop out and for Longstreet to start calling on you. After a while—a few months, say—perhaps you could give him an order."

He had seen a look of tremendous relief come into Arbuckle's face.

"All right," he had said, rising and holding out his hand to the purchasing agent. "We'll get together evenings, of course, as usual, but you won't see me round the office any more. I'll just hand the C. M. & B. over to Longstreet. As long as the house gets the business it makes no difference who turns it in."

And before Arbuckle could reply Havelock had turned and strode out the door and to the elevator. Arbuckle knew that his friend was lying when he said it made no difference, and Havelock knew it, too, as he descended in the elevator.

The truth was it made all the difference in the world. For him to have to admit defeat and turn the account over to Longstreet to solicit would be bad enough under normal circumstances. But with the whole office jollying him about not getting the business, though he almost slept with the president of the road, was a dozen times worse. And then there was his father's letter. That letter kept running through his mind—"The Havelock Company has been built up on aggressive and persistent salesmanship, backed up by good varnishes. The factory is still turning out good varnishes."

Victor Havelock, Jr., felt heartsick as the elevator creaked down the dingy elevator shaft and came to a palsied stop at the bottom. Well, there was nothing to do but admit defeat. And what a sorry story! Couldn't get the business after working on it for months because he was a college chum of the purchasing agent!

"Of all the booby-prize excuses that's the worst," he muttered to himself as he mounted the elevated railroad stairs. "Won't that sound good to Mr. Carrington and dad? Whew!"

But he knew when he was licked and he was ready to take his licking like a good sport. He would go right to Carrington and admit frankly just what the situation was and ask that the C. M. & B. be turned over to Longstreet and that he be given some other tough prospect—some road whose purchasing agent was not a Harvard man! He knew Carrington would roar. And he knew the rest of the office would think it a scream, all except Longstreet, who—bless his soul—would understand and say nothing, for he and Longstreet were now fast friends.

In fact the whole office force had come to have a warm spot in their hearts for "the Harvard cub," though he did not realize it, because they jollied him so incessantly and unmercifully about the C. M. & B. business.

Reaching the office, he went direct to Carrington's private room and at the latter's request sat down.

"Well," said Carrington, "what's on your mind? Brought us a nice fat order from the C. M. & B?"

Havelock winced and colored.

"No, Mr. Carrington, but I've come in to speak to you about that road. I ——"

The telephone jingled and Carrington reached for the receiver.

"Yes, he's right here. All right, wait a minute. Here, someone wants to speak with you," and he swung the phone round.

Havelock took the proffered receiver.

"Hello! Yes. Oh, yes; no—do you really mean it?"

Down at the C. M. & B. offices Arbuckle was talking in a private booth.

"Listen, Vic, I've thought of a stunt that might work and save your face. Why don't you go right to the president yourself and solicit the C. M. & B. varnish business. I'm perfectly willing to have you go over my head. You could say that owing to the rule that you know exists in the purchasing department that no orders must be placed on a friendship basis you naturally didn't want to embarrass me by soliciting our varnish business. You could give the chief your selling talk, and then if he refers you to me, why of course I can give you an order. See? Yes, it's worth trying. All right; good."

"As I was saying, Mr. Carrington," said Havelock, hanging up the receiver and doing some quick thinking, "I want to speak to you about the C. M. & B. In case we should get a big order—say twenty barrels—could we give them any extra discount?"

"Absolutely not, Victor! We don't sell discounts; we sell varnish. Stick to the list."

"All right," said Havelock. "I'll do my best. I'm hoping," he added, not because he wanted to but because something more seemed to be called for, "to land a good order from them soon."

"Fine!" said Carrington with genuine enthusiasm, for he really did want to see the boy make good. And a dozen times since reading the pink-sheet carbon of the senior Havelock's vitriolic letter to his son he had been sorry he ever gave him the C. M. & B. assignment.

But the next afternoon when he left the president's office Havelock keenly regretted having allowed himself to talk so foolishly about an order from the C. M. & B., for his interview with the president had not been exactly satisfactory.

At first it had looked like the plan might work out beautifully. He would call at Mr. Hayden's office in a perfectly businesslike way just as any stranger might. Hayden was the type of man who would resent being solicited on the golf links or at his home or the club. He liked young Havelock, whom he had met through Arbuckle, because he was intelligent and interesting and had a droll sense of humor—was good company, in short. And his sons and daughters liked Victor so much that no house party or cruise seemed complete to them without the young varnish salesman. But never had Havelock taken advantage of this friendship to press his business.

However, now that Arbuckle had suggested that he go right to the president and explain the delicacy of the situation and solicit the business in a perfectly businesslike way, why it seemed as though it ought to smooth out easily. But it did not. The first part was all right; the president received him, listened to his story, examined his varnished panels and watched him make his demonstrations.

"All very interesting, Havelock, very interesting indeed," said the president; "but you probably realize that changing varnishes is a serious matter. Eleven years ago our paint-shop force struck when we changed varnishes and it took nearly six months to get the affair straightened out."

Of course Havelock couldn't pipe up and tell the president that Arbuckle had taken care of the human-nature side of the problem and had got the men to a point where they would not resent a change. He did not feel free to drag Arbuckle into the solicitation at all.

His friendship with the president, which with most men would have been a great help, was a very serious handicap, he found, as he sat looking across the broad glass-covered table at that gentleman, an aggressive type with gray hair and a pair of keen eyes, one of which seemed to say, "Business is business," and the other, "Be brief."

Havelock said as much as he dared about the probable ease of switching to his varnish and then he felt that he must rest his case.

"Well," the president had finally said, "just leave these panels with me and I'll call Mr. Arbuckle in and talk the matter over with him—very soon."

"Suppose I drop in on you in a week or two, Mr. Hayden, and see how matters stand?"

"No," said the president, "I'll write you when I'm ready."

Knowing—as does every salesman—that a prospect's "very soon" may mean any time from fifteen minutes to fifteen years, with the odds about 93 to 7 on the fifteen years, Havelock felt anything but happy as he descended in the squeaky little elevator. Yet knowing the president as well as he did, he dared not press the point.

"Very soon!" he muttered. "It'll have to be very soon."

"Wha's 'at, Mistah Hav'lock?" asked old Darky Dan, the elevator man, removing the omnipresent quill toothpick from the corner of his mouth.

Havelock started and then laughed.

"Was I talking out loud, Dan?" he asked.

"Yes, suh, you shuh was. You-all must hab fell in lub or else you's got money in de bank."

There was no enthusiasm in the "Ha! ha!" with which Havelock responded. The affair was getting on his nerves. He knew in his prophetic soul that it would be months before he would hear a word from the president. And meanwhile the folks at the

(Concluded on Page 133)

"on the smaller jobs too!"

THE big engineers and contractors who plan, direct and execute great operations—the moving of mountains, the severing of continents, the damming of great rivers—all recognize the dependability of "American" Hoisting Equipment. "American" equipment has made up the bulk of the hoisting plant on every big job since 1882.

And on the smaller jobs, too, throughout the length and breadth of the land, you'll find users instilled with that same confidence in "American" Hoists and Derricks. That confidence was not born of chance performance—it is based on over 37 years of "making good"—37 years of dependable service—of meeting every lifting task surely, safely and quickly.

This confidence and trust in "American" Hoisting Equipment among the thousands of engineers, contractors and other users throughout the country are responsible for the frequency with which you see the name "American" on the hoisting equipment on jobs both large and small.

For there is an "American" to meet all lifting requirements. And each, by its daily performance, more deeply intrenches the name it carries—"American"—in the good opinion of the engineering and contracting fraternity.

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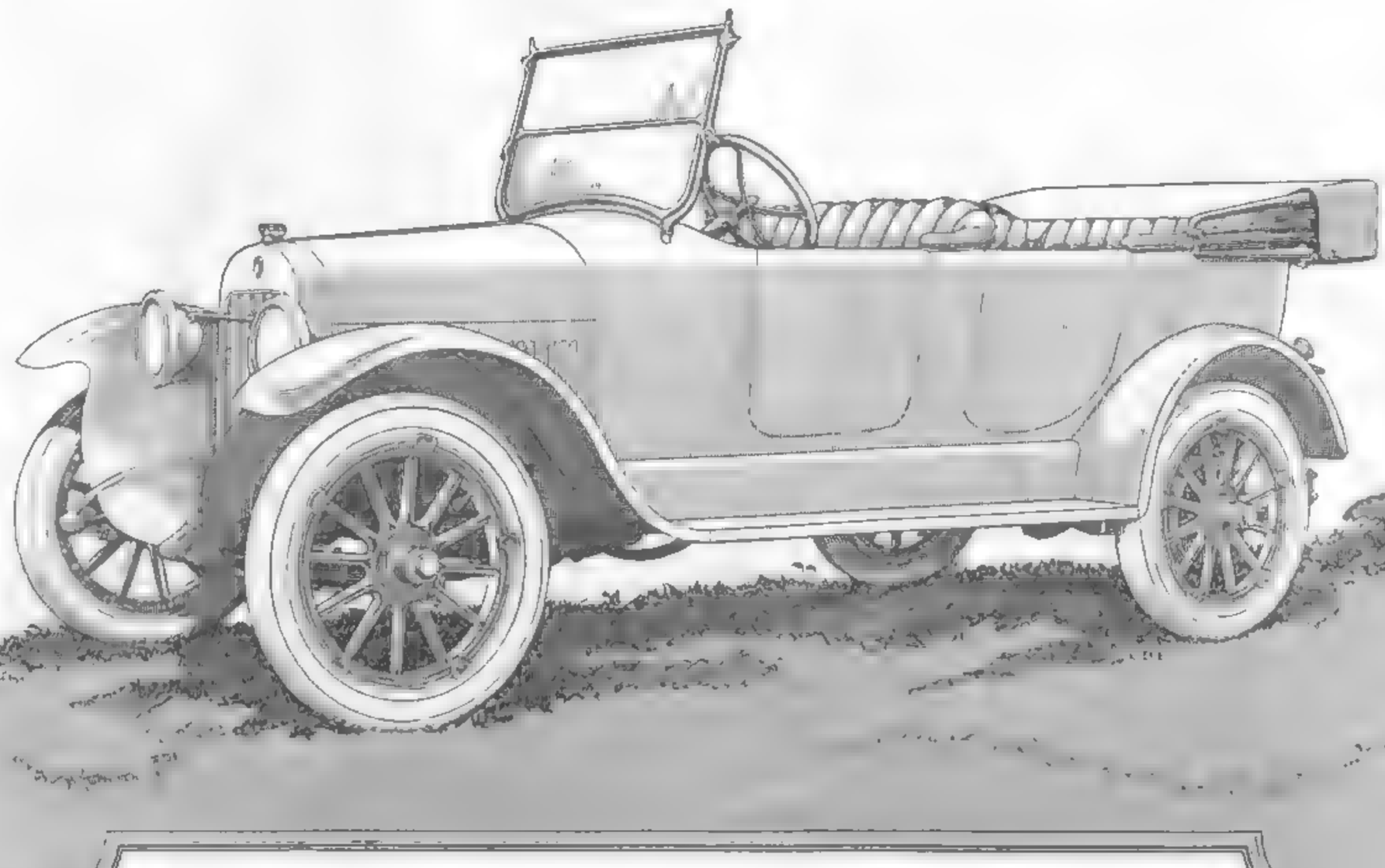

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More miles per gallon
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1. They taught "short cuts" in manufacturing.

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3. They developed quantity production which has reduced "overhead."

4. They enabled quantity purchases; and better materials are bought at lower costs.

5. They taught how to build an almost trouble-proof car; you seldom take a Post-War Maxwell to a repair shop.

6. They taught how to get the most mileage out of a gallon of gasoline, a pint of oil and a set of tires.

7. They taught how to build a car that the less skilled driver would find simple to operate and take care of.

8. They taught that it was better to build more and take less profit per car rather than build less and take more profit per car.

9. They taught how to put more and more value in the car without increasing its cost.

This Post-War Maxwell is next year's car. It contains features developed during the war, many of which will find their way into other cars in the summer of 1920.

Price $985 f. o. b. Detroit

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(Concluded from Page 130)

office would continue their irritating bantering. Why in the name of all that was volatile in varnish had he had to have the bad luck to go to Harvard with the purchasing agent of the C. M. & B.?

III

IN JUSTICE to President Hayden it must be said that while the elevator was carrying Victor Havelock, Jr., down that afternoon he had made a note on his memorandum sheet for the next morning, "Talk varnish with Arbuckle." But it so happened that at four o'clock that afternoon it had been necessary for him to leave for the West for an emergency conference in connection with some labor troubles, and it was several days before he returned. Meanwhile the memorandum slip had been lost and the subject of varnish had slipped the president's mind.

Weeks went by and Victor Havelock, Jr., waited, some weeks patiently and others decidedly impatiently, depending a good deal on how much jollying he got at the office about getting an order from the C. M. & B.

What could he do? His hands were tied. He dared not go to see the president after what he had said; and Arbuckle, who was all sympathy for him, dared not bring up the subject lest it look like collusion.

Finally one morning Havelock found in his mail another long white envelope. Tearing it open he found a carbon copy of the letter his father had previously written him. Across the top in his father's bold scrawl were two words: "I repeat." And there was a bold line drawn under the last sentence, "The factory is still turning out good varnishes." That was all, but it made Victor, Jr., flush to the roots of his hair.

He put on his hat and left the office lest some unthinking person get off another bum joke about getting an order from the C. M. & B. and he should lose his temper. For half an hour he rambled aimlessly, his father's challenge rankling his soul, until he found himself in an unfamiliar section of the city. He simply must get an order from the C. M. & B. or throw up his job right away and admit that he couldn't hold down a job with the Havelock Varnish Company.

He looked round him in desperation as though searching for an inspiration. Across the street was a row of little shops—a bake shop, a pawn shop, a delicatessen and an establishment whose sign announced, "Costumes Made, Sold and Rented." Havelock smiled in spite of himself at the thought of finding inspiration in that strange spot. As he turned to make his way to the nearest L station his eye fell on a white wig with a long flowing beard in the window of the costume shop. Hanging with it was a tattered suit and leaning in the corner was a rusty old musket.

"Rip Van Winkle—that's me," said Havelock. "It'll take me twenty years to sell a bill of varnish to the C. M. & B.," he chided himself as he walked off down the block. As he neared the corner he stopped suddenly. Over his face came an odd smile that flickered uncertainly for a moment and then crystallized into a devilish twinkle in his eyes.

"Why not?" he demanded. "If he's a sport I win; if he isn't I lose, but I lose if I don't. So here goes!"

He crossed the street and entered the costumer's shop. A little old Hebrew wearing a black skullcap and a pair of large gold-rimmed spectacles came ambling out of a back room in answer to the summons of the bell which jangled when the door opened.

"What can I do for you, mister?" he asked.

"You can rent me that Rip Van Winkle get-up there in the window for about two hours."

"Fife dollars," said the Hebrew.

"All right, fife dollars it is," said Havelock, "but hurry up."

Six minutes later Victor Havelock, Jr., left the old Hebrew's shop with a bundle and a rusty musket.

Less than half an hour and a South-Side hack drew up in front of a Loop office building on the top floor of which was the studio of one of Chicago's best photographers.

An hour and fifteen minutes later the same hack drew up in front of the little South-Side costume shop and Victor Havelock, Jr., alighted and entered, returning the rusty musket and the bundle.

All this happened on Wednesday morning. On Friday morning President Hayden of the C. M. & B. R. R. found upon his desk a flat package marked "Personal." Taking out his gold pocket knife he cut the string and unwrapped the package. Between two pieces of corrugated cardboard was something flat wrapped in tissue. He tore off the tissue rather curiously and opened a folder and beheld a striking full-length picture of Rip Van Winkle. In one hand he grasped his rusty musket; in the other he was holding what looked like some sort of an order blank.

Bewildered, the president glanced sharply at the face half hidden in the heavy white whiskers. Where had he seen those eyes before? As he turned the picture to get a better light on it a card dropped out. He stooped and picked it up. There was writing on it:

"A picture of Victor Havelock, Jr., receiving his first order for varnish from the C. M. & B. R. R."

For just a minute that business-is-business, be-brief expression came into the president's eyes. Then he threw back his head and roared, laughed until the clerks in the general passenger agent's office next the president's wondered what had happened to the road's ordinarily austere president. When the roar had subsided to a chuckle the president turned to his bewildered secretary.

"Ask Mr. Arbuckle to step downstairs, please, Bentley."

IV

"MR. ARBUCKLE of the C. M. & B. wants you to call on him right away," said the switchboard operator to Victor Havelock, Jr., that Friday morning when he entered the office at eleven o'clock. At the moment Mr. Carrington happened to be in the outer office.

"Better hurry over, Vic. Maybe he's got a ten-barrel order for you," he said, grinning.

Havelock was too excited to make reply. He hurried out, sped down the corridor and stood impatiently with his thumb glued to the elevator button. Fifteen minutes later he almost literally tumbled out of a taxi in front of the C. M. & B. general offices, handed the bewildered chauffeur a dollar bill and a "keep the change," and hurried into the dingy little elevator.

"Hurry up, Dan! I have an important date with Mr. Arbuckle," he blurted.

As the little car squeaked up the four stories Havelock realized that he was trembling foolishly. He realized also that in the next five minutes his whole future would probably be decided. If he had won out—if the president had fallen for his stunt solicitation—he knew he would stick with his father's company and some day probably occupy his father's position as president. On the other hand, if he had lost he would have to throw up the sponge and start out looking for a new job; to stay would be intolerable.

Two minutes later he stood before Arbuckle.

"Mr. Van Winkle, I believe?" said Arbuckle with a twinkle in his eyes. "Well, Mr. Van Winkle, we have a little varnish order for you." He held out a yellow purchase order.

Havelock looked at it and sank into a chair.

"Arbuckle, old sport," he finally managed to say, "Mr. Van Winkle thanks you and your president and the whole C. M. & B. Railroad from the bottom of his heart." Then, a sudden idea striking him: "Say, will you do me a favor and give me another order for just two more gallons—a gallon of rubbing and a gallon of finishing? I'll tell you why later.

"I want to hurry now and get back to the office before Mr. Carrington goes out to lunch."

Arbuckle good-naturedly instructed his assistant to make out the desired order, signed it and handed it over.

Havelock grasped his hand in a hearty thank-you squeeze and bolted out the door.

Just eighteen minutes later he walked into Carrington's private office.

"Well, did you get your order?" asked Carrington.

"I did," replied Havelock, handing him a yellow C. M. & B. purchase order blank.

Carrington looked at it and burst out laughing.

"That's a hell of an order!" he replied. "Two measly gallons—a gallon of finishing and a gallon of rubbing! That's a good one! Oh, ho, ho, ho! Gordon! Come in here and see the order our president's son has pulled out of the C. M. & B."

"Well," demanded Havelock as Gordon Williams appeared in the doorway, "what do you fellows expect? Don't you suppose a railroad has to give a new varnish a try-out before it buys it by the barrel?"

Williams looked at the two-gallon order and then at Carrington and they both burst into roars of laughter.

"Two measly gallons!" gasped Williams.

"Two measly gallons!" echoed Carrington.

When both men's faces were streaming with tears over the C. M. & B. order, for which he had been working for months, Havelock quietly drew the other purchase order blank from his pocket.

"But Arbuckle said he felt so sure the sample would be all right that he gave me this order." And he handed out the other order.

Both men gasped. Fifty barrels of rubbing varnish and fifty barrels of finishing varnish!

On the following Friday—just a week later—the morning mail contained the following letter to Carrington on the president's private stationery:

My dear Mr. Carrington:

Things are shaping up in such a way that I believe it will be advisable to take my son into the home office as secretary of the company.

I have long had this in mind, but I have considered it proper that he should first prove his ability to make good for the company on his own responsibility out among strangers. I believe you will agree with me that he has demonstrated that he has the sort of qualities that will make him valuable to the business.

I will ask you therefore to arrange to let him come East as soon as he can conveniently clean up such matters as require his personal attention to close.

Very truly yours,
VICTOR HAVELOCK,
President.

"Now what do you think of that?" sputtered Carrington, walking into Gordon Williams' office and tossing the letter down in front of him.

"Isn't that just like Boston?" he demanded as Williams finished reading the letter and looked up. "When we get a good thing they always have to come along and grab it away from us!"

"Gosh!" said Williams, leaning back in his chair and smoothing back his cherished pompadour as he always did in time of stress. "Won't Longstreet be sore!"

"$1,000 Saved!"

"Last night I came home with great news. Our savings account had passed the thousand dollar mark!

"A few years ago I was making $15 a week and it took every cent to keep us going. Then one day I realized why I wasn't being advanced—I couldn't do anything in particular. I decided right then to invest an hour after supper each night in my own future, so I wrote to Scranton and arranged for a course of special training.

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"Today I am manager of my department. We have a thousand dollars saved—and there is a real future ahead!"

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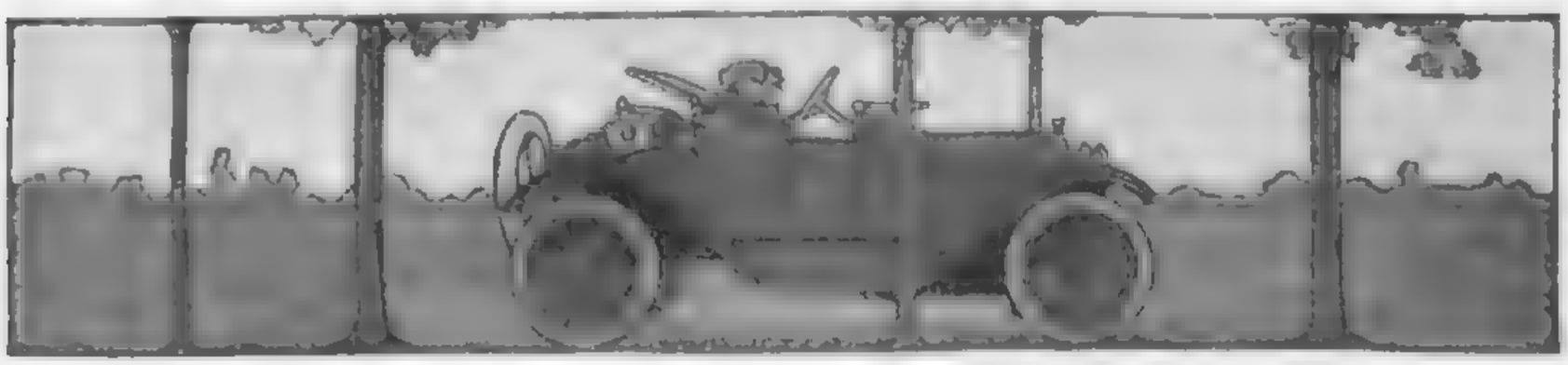

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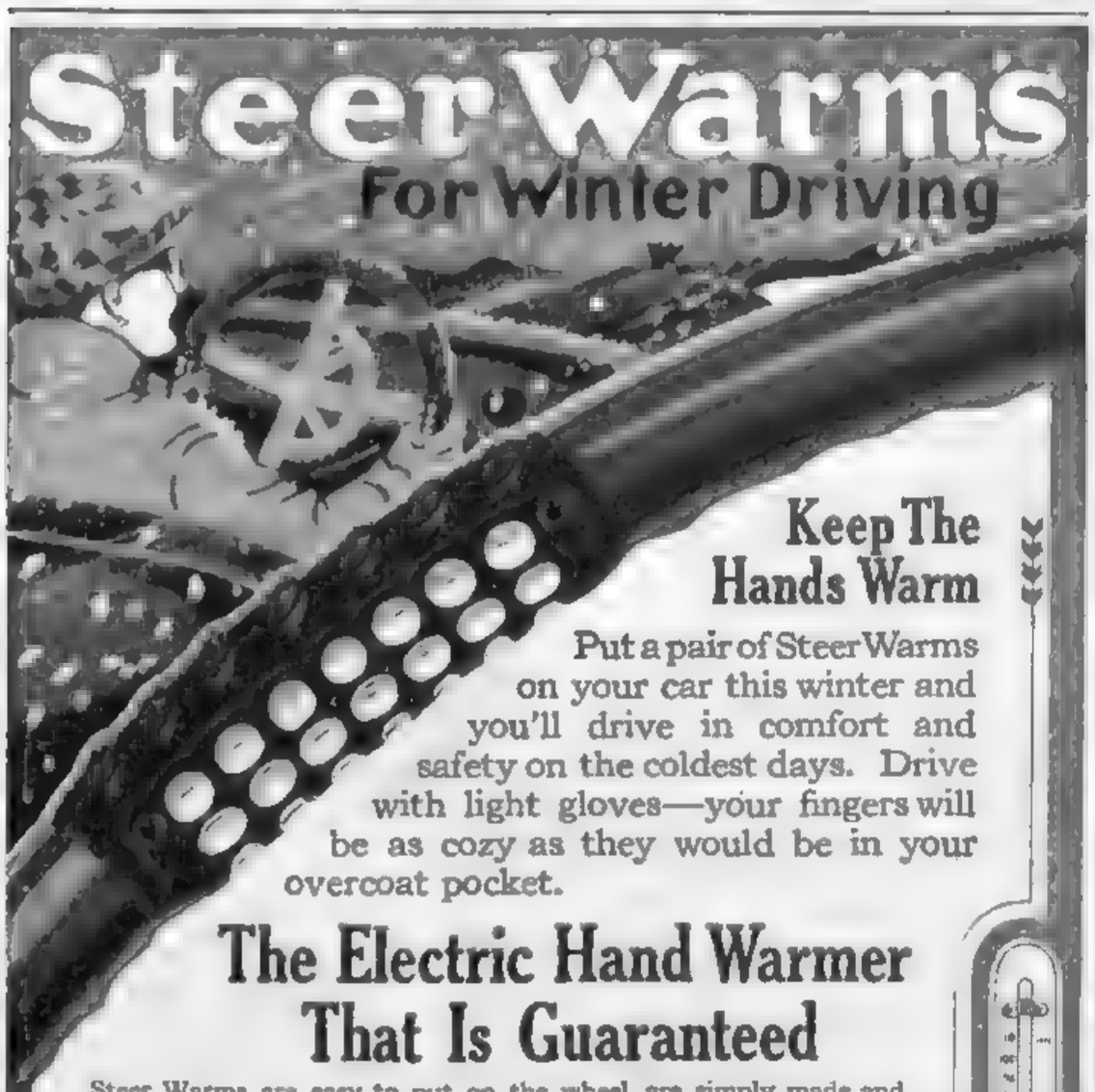

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ATHLETICS FOR COLD CASH

(Continued from Page 23)

I might win in the classrooms of the medical school. To that extent I was confidently and unblushingly expecting to draw dividends on my physical prowess.

On the day I arrived in Philadelphia I had only twenty dollars in my pocket, and I was fully aware that to get through the medical department of the university would require an expenditure of at least one thousand dollars yearly. The discrepancy between my resources and my needs did not cause me any worry, however. Had I not begun my career at DePauw under equally discouraging circumstances? The ease with which I had financed myself through my academic course made me confident that I should have no difficulty in working my way through the medical school. In a big city like Philadelphia there must be lots of lucrative jobs for a chap with a good business head, a bachelor-of-science degree and a pair of strong arms, even if no opportunities were to be found in the college itself.

I paid my registration fee and made an arrangement with the school authorities whereby I was to pay my laboratory and tuition fees in easy installments. When I explained the situation to them they were sympathetic and promised to help me in finding employment.

It was the very next day that I was approached by a little stockily built man, who introduced himself as the manager of the football team of a Pittsburgh athletic club. He had seen my work on the DePauw eleven and had heard of my performances in the weight contests at Chicago. Coming presently to the point, he offered me two hundred dollars a week and expenses to go to Pittsburgh and play guard on his team for seven weeks.

Those were the days when games between first-class professional football teams drew big crowds and earned enormous sums for their promoters. I knew that the players received big salaries, but I was somewhat staggered by the financial inducement he offered me. Nevertheless, I indignantly turned down his offer.

"I play professional football!" I exclaimed. "Say! You've got a nerve to make such a proposition to me!"

"Think it over, young fellow! Think it over!" he rejoined imperturbably. "Fourteen hundred dollars for seven weeks' fun ain't to be sneezed at. You don't have to decide offhand. I can keep the place open for a week. Here's my card. In case you should change your mind you can wire me, collect."

I had no intention of changing my mind, but I put his card in my pocket. A few days later football practice began at the university and I went out with the scrub team and helped beat the varsity eleven. After that game the coach picked me out and had quite a talk with me. His words and manner caused little thrills of joyous anticipation to shoot through me. When he left me I knew that my gridiron future at Pennsy was assured. That is to say, I thought I knew. It wasn't long afterward when my hopes were nipped in the bud by the verdict of the athletics committee pronouncing my doom.

In the midst of my despair my hand suddenly came in contact with the card of that Pittsburgh football manager, and after staring at the bit of pasteboard for a while I began to do some deep thinking. That afternoon I went to the dean of the medical school.

"I want a seven weeks' leave of absence," I told him. "I have a chance to go to Pittsburgh and make some big money—enough to pay my year's expenses and leave a comfortable balance besides."

He looked at me sharply.

"How do you expect to make all that in seven weeks?" he asked. And when I explained a shocked expression came to his features. He was a noted amateur athlete himself and had quite a wide reputation as a boxer.

"Professional football!" he exclaimed deprecatingly. "Are you sure that you want to do it?"

I assured him that I had fully made up my mind. I had thought it all out and had come to the conclusion that the viewpoint that in athletics the words "amateur" and "gentleman" were synonymous was all wrong.

"If I lead a clean moral life and always play the game squarely and honorably shall I be any the less a gentleman because I use my muscular strength on the football field as a means of paying my way through school?" I argued.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"What about your class work?" he asked.

"I'll make it up when I come back. If you'll grant me the leave of absence I'll guarantee that I won't be behind in my studies at the end of the term."

Though it was obvious from his demeanor that he thought I was making a grievous mistake, he gave his assent. I telegraphed immediately to the Pittsburgh man, asking whether his offer was still open, and received a prompt response ordering me to come on at once and report for practice.

Until I went to Pittsburgh I fancied that I had played some strenuous football during my four years on the DePauw eleven. Our annual game with Purdue had always been characterized by the local press as pretty near the limit of organized physical violence. But long before my first season as a professional was over I had come to regard those contests of my old school days as only a shade more boisterous than tiddledywinks. My new team mates and the men we opposed on the gridiron were the huskiest, stubbornest, most aggressive bunch of veterans that I had ever seen in action, and the fact that they were being paid for their services certainly did not detract from the enthusiasm with which they bucked the line. Without prejudice I venture to say that our eleven and any one of the professional teams that were pitted against us could have romped through the best varsity formation Yale or Harvard has ever produced.

When I returned to Philadelphia at the end of the seven weeks I brought back with me three broken spareribs, a split lip and a check for fourteen hundred dollars signed by the president of the club. I took the check to a local bank and opened an account. Then I wrote my own check for five hundred dollars to the order of the university in payment of my tuition fee, laboratory fees, and so on, and also made out six more checks for smaller amounts to defray the cost of my board, lodging, books and various other items. They were the first checks I had ever signed, and the pride and satisfaction I derived from these transactions went a long way toward reconciling me to the fact that I was never to wear the varsity letter.

I was still feeling pretty good when a couple of days later I received word that I was wanted in the dean's office. I went there confidently enough. I recall that there was an idea in my mind that the head of the medical department might want to have a chat with me about my football experiences in Pittsburgh. But as soon as I saw his face I sensed that something was wrong.

Without any preliminaries he picked up a slip of pink paper from his desk.

"I believe this is your handwriting?" he said grimly.

It was the check for five hundred dollars I had drawn to the order of the university.

"Of course it's mine," I rejoined. "What's the matter with it?"

"Nothing much. Only the bank informs me that it is no good," was his sardonic response. "I thought that perhaps you might feel as though you would like to offer an explanation."

I found out later that the fourteen-hundred-dollar check I had received for my services on the Pittsburgh football team wasn't worth more than the paper on which it was written. The man whose signature it bore had overdrawn his account and the club itself was about to go into the hands of a receiver. Not only did I fail to make any money out of my first venture into professional athletics but I was indebted to the amount of $13.80 for protest fees on the checks I had drawn.

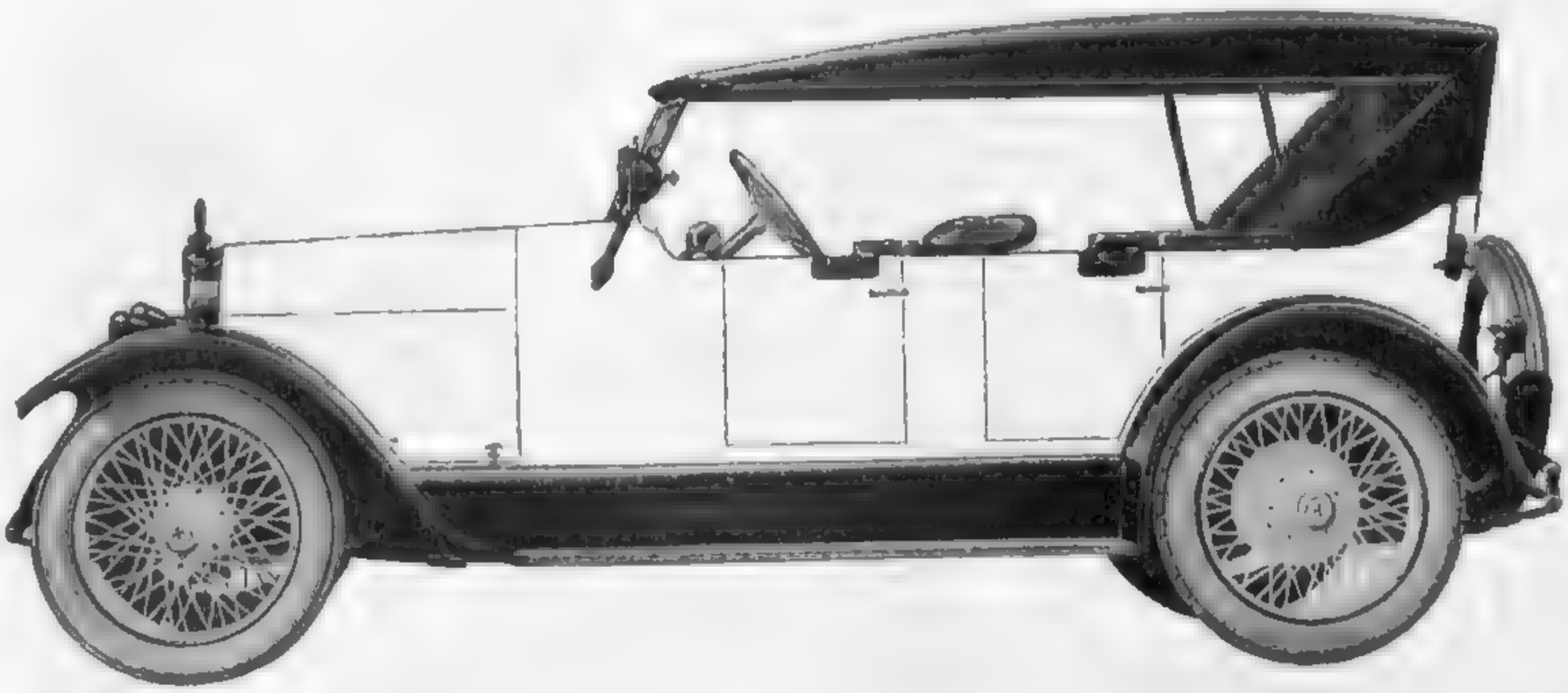
I could feel my hair turning gray as I reflected on the painful position I was in. I was penniless, in debt and seven weeks behind in my studies. At that bitter moment I would have been perfectly willing to head a movement to insure the purity of American athletics by wiping out professionalism.

Through a friend I learned of a man who was looking for massage treatment. I went to see him and managed to convince him that I was the chap who had put the word

(Continued on Page 137)

Templar

The Superfine Small Car



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RELY ON ME

(Continued from Page 134)

"massage" in the dictionary. He engaged me for six treatments a week at two dollars per treatment, and existence began to look a little less stale and unprofitable. Then I went over to the Houston Club and found a dozen young men who were willing to let me give them boxing and wrestling lessons at one dollar a lesson. That, of course, helped considerably in the solution of my problem.

In the meantime I began to cram furiously in a desperate attempt to catch up with the work of my class. For the rest of that term I never had more than three hours' sleep a day. I was at my books until two at night and I was up again at five each morning. It was a hard grind, but I had the satisfaction of keeping my promise to the dean by getting through the examinations with a safe margin.

After college closed in the spring I went out to Woodside Park, a big summer-amusement resort, and landed a job on the guard force. I got that position on the strength of my reputation as a football player, and when the manager learned that I was also a medical student he offered to let me double by doing duty on the first-aid corps. This combination brought me fifty dollars a week, and as the job lasted right up to the time school opened again I was able to save nearly five hundred dollars. With this sum and what the boxing and wrestling lessons and the massage treatment brought me I not only succeeded in paying all my debts by the end of the first year but had enough left over to cover half of the expenses of my second year at college.

I must admit that I could probably have made my way through the medical school without playing any more professional football, and considering the discouraging experience I had met with on my first venture into the branch of sport it might be supposed that I should have been unwilling to have anything more to do with it, or at all events that I should have balked at signing up with another Pittsburgh organization. When in the fall of my second year at Pennsylvania, however, I received an offer from the Duquesne Country and Athletic Club of Pittsburgh to play guard on their crack eleven for two hundred and fifty dollars a week I hesitated only long enough to assure myself of the financial soundness of the club and its willingness to pay me in cash at the end of each week.

I went again to the dean and asked for another leave of absence. I pointed out to him that I had already crossed the athletic Rubicon. The brand of professionalism was on me for the remainder of my days and even after I left college I could never hope to enter the field of amateur sport. Therefore, I argued, I might as well turn my physical strength and skill into money. When I began to practice medicine I was likely to have a hard struggle for the first few years and if I could accumulate a few thousand dollars as a reserve fund it would undoubtedly be a big help.

He agreed with me, regarding me now, I suppose, as beyond redemption, and not only that year but for the remainder of my college course I played professional football for the entire season, burning the well-known midnight oil in order to keep up with my class work. At the end of my second year at the medical school I had two thousand dollars in the bank and no bills outstanding against me.

On the Duquesne eleven I managed to make quite a reputation for myself and the next season I received offers from several other clubs. I signed with the Philadelphia Ball Club at a salary of three hundred dollars a week—and it was real money. The following year I joined the famous Franklin City All-Star team at the same figure and received an additional five hundred dollars as a bonus when we won the tournament for the professional championship of America at Madison Square Garden, New York City.

All together I not only made enough out of athletics while at college to cover all my expenses, but when I was graduated I had a bank balance of nine thousand five hundred dollars.

From a financial standpoint at least it will be admitted that professionalism certainly had not been a bad thing for me. And that my medical education had not suffered from my work on the gridiron became evident when I took my degree. The school records of that year will show that I was awarded the Saunders prize of one hundred dollars gold for proficiency in one branch of surgery and that my average rating at the final examinations was ninety-two per cent.

What had I lost? Those carpers for purity in American athletics who look upon the professional as little less than a thug will hold that my moral and ethical standards must have been blunted—if not irretrievably shattered—by my long association with the mercenaries of sport, that a fellow cannot go through the mire without getting some of it on him. Let me tell you, however, that my associates in those professional organizations were on the whole as fine a lot of fellows as I could have wished to meet.

"Treat 'em rough" was their slogan when they went into action, and they behaved like Apaches while they were bucking the line. But when they had removed their nose guards nobody would have suspected from their conversation and manners that they were tainted with professionalism. I have known college elevens whose members were not one bit more entitled to the designation of "gentlemen," even if they could boast that they were honest-to-goodness amateurs. As a matter of fact, many of these salaried players were college men who had worn their varsity letter in their day. Some of them—like myself—had frankly gone into the game because of the big money there was in it; others had joined our ranks because they were too fond of the gridiron to give it up permanently when they were graduated and eagerly embraced this opportunity to continue playing first-class football.

So far as that part of my career as a pro which was spent on the football field is concerned, I am quite sure that it did not demoralize me or even have a deleterious effect on my table manners. As for my later experiences as a professional wrestler—well, possibly that—as Mr. Kipling is prone to remark—may be another story. I have met champions, near-champions and would-be champions of catch-as-catch-can who were men of culture, education and integrity, but I will not deny that if after nearly fifteen years of mingling with the mercenaries of the mat I am still able to feel at home in a parlor I owe it more to the durability of the early training I received from my mother than to my more recent environment.

II

ON THE day that I became legally entitled to attach the letters "M. D." to my name I supposed that I was permanently done with professional sports. Though I had learned from experience that there was big money to be made in the game, I had no desire or intention to follow a football career. After losing my amateur standing athletics had never meant more to me than a means toward an end, and now that I had attained that end I was determined to devote all my time and energies to my chosen profession of medicine.

I went out to the city of Seattle, Washington, opened a bank account there with the comfortable nest egg my athletic activities had enabled me to set aside and hung out my shingle.

I had selected that thriving seaport of the Northwest as the place to make my start on the advice of some of my friends who convinced me that a young physician was likely to find more opportunities in that section of the country than in any of the big Eastern cities. I must confess, however, that my arrival in town did not cause any great excitement among the population. Because I had been a star on some of the big professional football teams of the East, the local newspapers gave me a write-up on their sporting pages, but except for the reporters my waiting room remained for some time barren of visitors. In all probability I should have starved during those first few months if it had not been for my reserve fund.

I had made up my mind, though, not to use up more of my savings than was absolutely necessary to keep me alive, and when the local university offered me the post of physical director and supervisor of its football and other athletics I eagerly accepted. The salary was only fifteen hundred a year, but in those days that was sufficient to keep the wolf a good distance from the door, and as the faculty did not object to my continuing my private practice I considered myself very fortunate in making a connection which not only relieved the strain on my bank account but added considerably to my prestige in the community.

The following year I was offered the position of physical director of the Seattle Athletic Club. This meant an additional

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fifteen hundred a year and would not conflict with my work at the university, so I did not refuse. I resigned both jobs, though, a couple of years later, when my private practice had picked up to such an extent that I felt I could afford to devote all my attention to it. I was still loyal to my chosen profession of medicine, and at that time nothing was further from my thoughts than to permit my proficiency in sports to stand in the way of my career as a physician. I say nothing was further from my thoughts at that time. Later, to be sure, when the belt of the world's wrestling championship was dangled seductively before my eyes and whispers of fame and fortune to be won on the mat tempted me to forget my vows to Æsculapius—but that is jumping several paragraphs ahead of my story.

For the next few years I gave all my time, thoughts and energy to my practice, which in spite of the health-conducing qualities of the Washington climate continued to grow most encouragingly. My balance at the bank increased by leaps and bounds. I made several profitable investments in local real estate and became quite a respected and influential member of the community. Few people in those days would have had the temerity to address me as "Doc." I was "Doctor" in full, even to my most intimate friends. And to add to my state of well-being I had won for a bride the daughter of one of our most prominent citizens.

Then came the great financial panic of the Roosevelt Administration. I found my resources suddenly cut off. The banks were closed down. My patients began to evince an alarming tendency to ignore the please-remit epigram I appended to their monthly statements. Some of my most valuable real-estate holdings were threatened with foreclosure.

When I was physical director of the Seattle Athletic Club I had given a great deal of attention to training the members in the art of wrestling. One evening while I was on the mat with one of my pupils a burly stranger had visited the clubhouse. He was a veteran grappler himself—a professional—and had been one of the trainers of the great Gotch. After standing by watching my work for a while this visitor suddenly began to peel off his clothes, and expressed a desire to try a bout with me.

He was out of training and his features showed signs of recent dissipation, but just the same when I laughingly accepted his challenge I discovered that I had a pretty tough customer to deal with. It took me fifteen minutes and all the tricks I had in my bag to get a fall out of him, and I was on the defensive a great deal of the time. Nevertheless, when he got to his feet my opponent was enthusiastic over my victory.

"This is the first time in my life I have ever met an amateur who could stay with me for fifteen minutes—to say nothing of throwing me!" he declared. "Doc, you've got the goods! You're as strong as Jenkins, as speedy as Gotch and as clever as Farmer Burns. If I know anything about the mat you're the cleverest man of your weight in the country to-day. If you want to become a professional I'll guarantee that after six months under my training you'll be able to beat them all."

Of course I grinned at this extravagant praise, which I attributed to a desire on his part to rehabilitate himself in his own esteem, and I made it clear to him that I had no yearnings in the direction of a professional catch-as-catch-can career. But when, during the financial panic, this man came to my office one day and announced that he had a proposition to make to me I did not refuse to hear what he had to say.

"There's a club in Vancouver, British Columbia, which is looking for a good man to match against Jack Carkeek, the British champion," he began, "and I've picked you as the boy for the job."

I shook my head in emphatic negation. I had heard of Carkeek, of course. His name and achievements had been appearing on the sporting pages of the press for nearly three decades. He had come into the wrestling game from the blacksmith's forge and at one time had held the world's championship. The defeats he had met in the course of his long career on the mat he could count on the fingers of one hand. He had the reputation of being the craftiest and most scientific wrestler in the business, and though he was now past his prime I had serious doubts as to my ability to make any sort of a showing against him. Besides which I had no intention of lowering my dignity as a physician by going into the arena as a paid gladiator.

"Come on, Doc—just this once," my visitor urged when I voiced these objections. "From what I've seen of your work I'm willing to bet my roll that you can not only stay with Jack for the time limit but can pin him to the pad. You've got youth and strength in your favor, and you're as clever as he is. The terms are to be, winner to take all, and it's a chance for you to make some easy money—to say nothing of the big rep you'll make for yourself."

The prospect of adding to my reputation in the sporting world was not an argument which carried much weight with me, for I was quite sure that if I did allow myself to be persuaded to go into this thing it was going to be my first and last appearance in the arena as a professional, no matter what the outcome. But my tempter's reference to "easy money" did interest me. With my bank account tied up—if not wiped out entirely—by the panic, and my realty holdings in jeopardy, a chance to get hold of some ready cash looked rather good.

"How much do you suppose there would be in it for me?" I found myself asking.

"Well, the Vancouver Club is willing to give sixty per cent of the gate receipts to the winner, and the event is sure to draw a whopping big crowd," my visitor replied. "Speaking conservatively, Doc, I'd say that there ought to be at least three thousand dollars to be divided between you and me. As your manager and trainer of course we'd split the purse fifty-fifty."

"Fifteen hundred dollars for a few minutes' work!" he went on eloquently. "You'd have to roll a powerful lot of pills, Doc, to make that amount in your business. And then, of course, there's no limit to the coin you can gather in by betting on yourself. The Carkeek fans will give odds and you ought to make a big clean-up."

I did not bet on myself. In fact, when I finally consented to sign the articles I earnestly advised all my friends not to wager any money on me, for notwithstanding the assurances of my manager I was not at all sanguine as to my prospects of success. It would be my first public contest against a professional, and I don't mind admitting that I was feeling pretty nervous right up to the moment I stepped into the ring.

The match took place three weeks later before an audience of more than three thousand wrestling fans. When I sized up my opponent as we faced each other on the padded mat I was mighty glad that I had stolen time from my medical practice to put in several hours of hard training in the gymnasium and on the road every day of the past three weeks. He was slightly shorter than I and appeared a bit muscle-bound, but it was obvious that he was in the pink of condition, and he looked pretty formidable. His self-possessed, confident manner and the cool, appraising way in which his hawklike eyes looked me over did not add to my peace of mind. I had been warned that his strongest point was an unerring and almost uncanny ability to find his adversary's weak spot. His methods were not of the rushing, smashing style. He preferred to work his man out, locating his vulnerable point and playing patiently and persistently on it before he tried for a fall. It might take him time to discover his opponent's pet weakness, but find it he would eventually, I was advised, if he was given a chance.

I had made up my mind that in my case he wasn't going to be given a chance. I intended to adopt rushing tactics from the start and to keep him so busy throughout that he wouldn't have much time for a calm and leisurely study of my anatomical defects. So as soon as the gong sounded I sprang out of my corner as though I had been shot from a catapult and hurled myself on him. In less than a minute we were both off our feet and down on our knees, struggling desperately for position. And then I managed to get behind him.

There were no breathing spells in that bout, none of the long periods of inaction and fiddling that sometimes make wrestling matches so slow and uninteresting to the spectators. It was a hammer-and-tongs, rough-house match from the start to the finish, and though in that kind of fast work my youth and speed gave me all the advantage, the old boy's cleverness and gameness enabled him to put up a rattling good fight.

No sooner was I behind him than I started after foot and leg holds. I had him

(Continued on Page 141)

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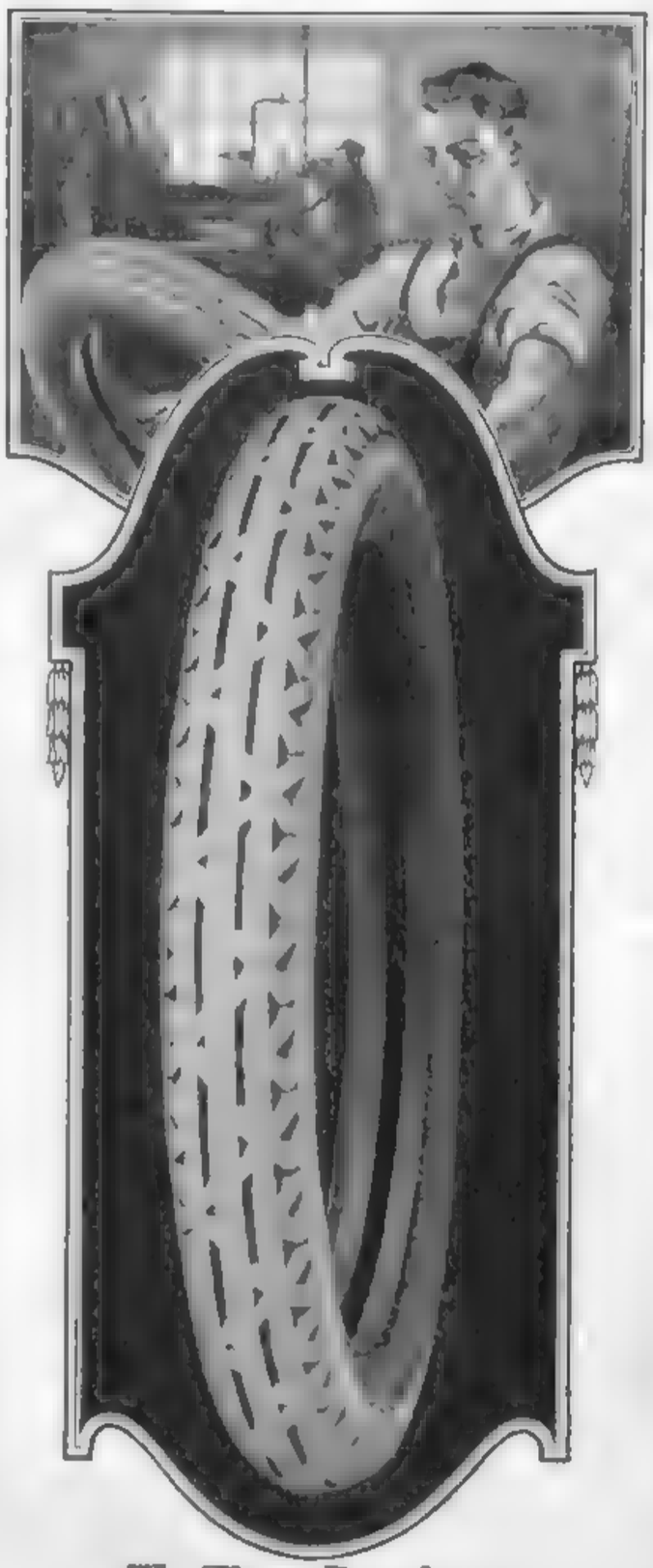

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Auburn Certified Tires have a fabric body or corresponding cord construction of extreme strength, made actually 15% to 25% thicker than standard tires (and therefore fully 50% stronger) by our extra-ply construction.

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IT'S DEPENDABLE

(Continued from Page 138)

all doubled up and then all stretched out half a dozen times, but he always succeeded in slipping out of danger. Once I got a good crotch hold and lifted him above my head, but I could not down him. At another time I had a half nelson and arm hold on him, reinforced with a leg hold, a combination which I thought was surely going to finish him, but he disappointed me by slipping the leg hold, and after a futile attempt at a spin managed to twist flat. He was so fast and cool-headed and kept breaking away with such marvelous bursts of strength that pretty soon he had me wheezing like the exhaust of a steam engine.

Presently he stopped playing possum and, catching me napping, took the aggressive quick as a flash and succeeded in getting behind me. That brought his friends to their feet yelling madly. They felt sure that the old lion had wakened and was about to come into his own. But he wasn't able to keep the position for more than a few seconds. By a dexterous twist I turned him on his side and as his feet went up slipped my arm between them for a crotch hold. I lifted him halfway from the mat and then grasped my under arm with the hand that was through the crotch. It was a deadly grip as the arm hold made it impossible for him to bridge and, though he struggled so gamely that I had to jump him twice with all my weight before his massive shoulders touched, I scored my first fall. When I heard it announced that the official time was only eleven minutes and thirty-five seconds I could hardly believe my ears. It seemed to me that we had been on the mat for several hours.

That first fall did not decide the match. It was a best-two-out-of-three contest. But the second bout ended in my favor less than seven minutes after the gong sounded. The veteran's forty-five years began to tell on him almost as soon as we had got into action again, and though he remained game right up to the last moment he was so worn out at the fast pace at which we were battling that when finally I got a half nelson on him and stood him on his head it was all over with him. A couple of seconds later the referee's hand was on my shoulder and the shouts of the spectators were hailing the first triumph of my career as a professional gladiator of the mat.

Those eighteen minutes and thirty-five seconds of wrestling brought me exactly sixteen hundred and eighteen dollars, and I would have received double that amount if I hadn't agreed to split with my manager. It certainly did look like an easy way to make money, but just the same I thought I was through with the game. My highly elated manager and trainer thought differently, though. He became almost tearful when I insisted that I would never go on the mat again as a professional.

"You can't quit now, Doc!" he protested. "You can't possibly do it! Why, look here! Just run your eye over this telegram I received to-night from Gotch's manager! The big fellow is willing to come to Seattle especially to give you a match."

"A match with Gotch!" I gasped. "Suffering cats! You don't—you're not suggesting that I can throw the champion?"

"I ain't sure that you couldn't do it," was his flattering response. "But you won't have to get a fall out of him this time. That will come later, Doc—after you've had considerable more experience and training. This will be a handicap match. We'll make a side bet of five hundred dollars and a purse of seventy-five per cent of the gate receipts that the big fellow can't throw you twice in sixty minutes. That'll mean big money. What you've won here to-night will be chicken feed compared to what you are going to clean up next time."

I felt my resolution weakening. After all, I argued with myself, a chap could retire from the game after his second contest just as well as after his first. And when presently I learned that the other twenty-five per cent of the gate receipts was to go to the loser, so that even if I lost my five-hundred-dollar side bet with the world's champion I wasn't likely to be out of pocket, I decided to take a chance.

Thus it came about that a few weeks later the great Gotch and his retinue arrived in Seattle, and my name was linked with his in flaring headlines across the front pages of the local newspapers. We hired the opera house for the scene of the contest, and when the box office opened there was such a rush for seats that the first day's advance sales amounted to fifteen hundred dollars.

I shall not attempt to give a detailed description of that match here. It is wrestling history that the world's premier heavyweight catch-as-catch-can exponent of that period failed to pin my shoulders to the mat within the time limit. Not only was he unsuccessful in his attempt to throw me twice, but at the end of the hour he was still vainly struggling in an attempt to score the first fall. The referee awarded me the decision and I found myself four thousand dollars richer as a result of that sixty minutes' work.

After the bout the audience called on me for a speech, and I advanced to the footlights and announced that this was positively my last appearance as a professional wrestler. I had met the champion and had proved my ability to stand up against him, and now, I declared with all the eloquence at my command, I was satisfied to settle down permanently to the practice of my beloved profession of medicine and never give another thought to sports of any kind, except possibly as a means of keeping myself in good physical condition.

I fancied I observed cynical smiles on the faces of some of the young men at the reporters' tables as I shouted this statement across the footlights, but on reflection I concluded that I must have been mistaken. Surely the astute gentlemen of the press could be relied on to discern when a fellow was thoroughly in earnest.

A day after the match a well-known sporting man from New York visited me at my office and laid a roll of yellow-backed bills in good United States currency on my desk.

"Count it, Doc," he said. "I think you'll find there's twelve thousand dollars in that wad. I'm offering it to you flat for your signature to a six months' contract."

When I asked him to elucidate, he explained that he wanted me to go back East with him and get in shape to meet Gotch again on even terms for the championship. He did not contemplate sending me against the champion right away. I was to clean up all the other big wrestlers in the country first by way of practice. He said he would have no trouble getting matches and money for me—that twelve-thousand-dollar roll on my desk was only a sort of retaining fee—and with the experience I should get by taking on all comers within the course of the next six months he would guarantee that I should have an absolute cinch in wresting the championship belt from Gotch the next time we came to grips.

I emphatically turned down his offer and sent him away in sorrow. But when presently others began to dangle that championship belt before my eyes and first-rate and second-rate wrestlers all over the country bombarded me with challenges by telegraph, mail and through the columns of the press, denouncing me as yellow when I refused to pick up their gauntlets, I found myself—to my dismay—gradually weakening under the pressure.

It was not only the money now—though the more I looked into that phase of the matter the more convinced I became of the big financial possibilities there were in the game. It was the mat itself that was calling me—beckoning to me with an insistence I could not resist. I had played professional football at college solely for the cold cash. I had wrestled at the Vancouver Club with no other motive than to win sixty per cent of the gate receipts. I had measured my strength and skill against the mighty Gotch with nothing else in view but the dollars and cents the match might bring me. But now there was something else. The championship fever was in my bones. The lust for conquest was raging in my veins. At that moment and for the first time in my life since I had run away from the farm to equip myself for a medical career the laurels that were to be won in the arena of sport meant more to me than any prestige I might win as a physician and surgeon.

So there came a day when I closed my office, put my shingle in storage and went out into the world, an open and avowed professional exponent of the art of catch-as-catch-can. How soon that day came after my speech to the audience at the opera house I am ashamed to tell.

I took on the small fry of the wrestling fraternity first. Their impertinent taunts goaded me into giving them attention. And after I had disposed of them in short order I went after the big fellows.

In the course of the next fifteen years I fought and won more than four hundred battles on the mat. I sat triumphantly

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At this vital period, especially now at this glad Christmas season, you can do Your Boy no greater kindness than to put into his hands ***The American Boy***, the one all-boy magazine that supplements home and school as friendly companion and wise counsellor of more than 500,000 spirited American boys. Without preaching, without moralizing, but through live, healthy, clean and intensely interesting stories, ***The American Boy*** gives boys a previous understanding of the world they can get in no other way.

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If you want to make presents to more boys, put in his name on a sheet, add their names and addresses, remitting $2.00 for each

astride the prostrate forms of Turkish Terrors, Russian Bear-cats, Greek Lions, French Goliaths, Unbeatable Bulgarians, and various other distinguished foreign gentlemen with bulging biceps and unpronounceable patronymics who visited our hospitable shores to demonstrate their more or less invincibility, and I nipped in the bud the ambitions of countless native aspirants to the championship title.

I was never able, though, to realize my own ambition to pin the powerful shoulders of Gotch to the pad. I made three desperate attempts to wrest the title from him, but each time I succumbed to the torture of his famous and deadly toe hold. He, however, was the only man in the game whom I was compelled to acknowledge as my master while I was in my prime, and after his retirement I stood at the very head of my new profession.

It was a profitable business from the money standpoint. Out of my second match with Gotch, though I received only the loser's end, I realized seventeen thousand five hundred dollars. There were few first-class bouts I took part in which did not bring me from five to ten thousand dollars, and even when I appeared in the arena against the second-raters I rarely failed to clean up at least a couple of thousand from the side bets and gate money.

Then in addition to the revenue I derived from my own matches there were other ways of making money. My prestige in the sporting world and my knowledge and experience brought me some lucrative opportunities. Out of the famous match between Gotch and Hackenschmidt, for instance, I made twenty-three thousand dollars. No, I didn't get it by betting on the event—at least not by betting in the ordinary way. Another fellow and I promoted that match, and after doing some shrewd figuring we guaranteed the principals and the club a certain flat sum with the understanding that we were to have all that was taken in above that amount. The gate receipts proved to be far beyond our fondest expectations and there was a surplus of forty-six thousand dollars to be split between my partner and me.

During the latter part of my career I have also received some pretty substantial fees for training and advising other noted wrestlers, and even the sums I have earned by refereeing some of the international tournaments have not been insignificant.

Altogether it is safe to say that I have made at least a quarter of a million dollars out of the gentle art of catch-as-catch-can—and that is a very conservative estimate.

As the man who first persuaded me to become a professional grappler remarked, I would have had to "roll a powerful lot of pills" to accumulate that same amount within fifteen years if I had stuck to my medical practice on the Pacific Coast.

III

WHEN the news that I had definitely forsaken the profession of medicine for a career on the mat first began to circulate throughout the country I received scores of letters from indignant brother physicians whom I had never met, or even heard of, condemning me for my course and telling me in plain unvarnished terms that I ought to be ashamed of myself. Several college professors, too, took the trouble to write to me pathetically and imploringly about the indiscretion of leaving a noble profession even temporarily to follow "the disgraceful career of a professional athlete."

These criticisms sort of got under my skin at first. I was not willing to concede—and even to this day, with a long and plentiful experience back of me, I am prepared to deny emphatically that there is anything disgraceful *per se* about being a professional athlete. But it is a fact that before I had been very long at the wrestling game I began to realize that there were certain disagreeable and sordid features associated with my new environment that I had not wholly foreseen when I took the plunge.

I was inclined to wince, for instance, when the writers of the press began to cultivate the habit of affectionately referring to me in their literary masterpieces as "The Seattle Saw-bones," "The Battling Bone-setter," or "The Grappling Medico." I soon got accustomed and calloused to this change in my condition, however. Unfortunately there were other phases of the wrestling business to which it was not so easy to become reconciled.

Wrestling is the finest sport there is—when it is clean. It is a regrettable fact that the game as it is practiced by some of its professional devotees is not always clean. And it is a circumstance still more to be deplored that there are a good many people who have been led to believe that it is never clean—that every professional wrestler must be a crook and that every big match is a fixed affair.

I ran up against this prejudice right at the start and I have writhed under it more or less ever since I have been in the business. On the whole the sporting editors and the fans have, perhaps, been more generous to me than to some of my probably equally deserving brethren. I have been lucky enough to win the reputation of always playing the game squarely, and have been pointed to as one of the exceptions that prove the rule. But just the same there have been whispers and sneers.

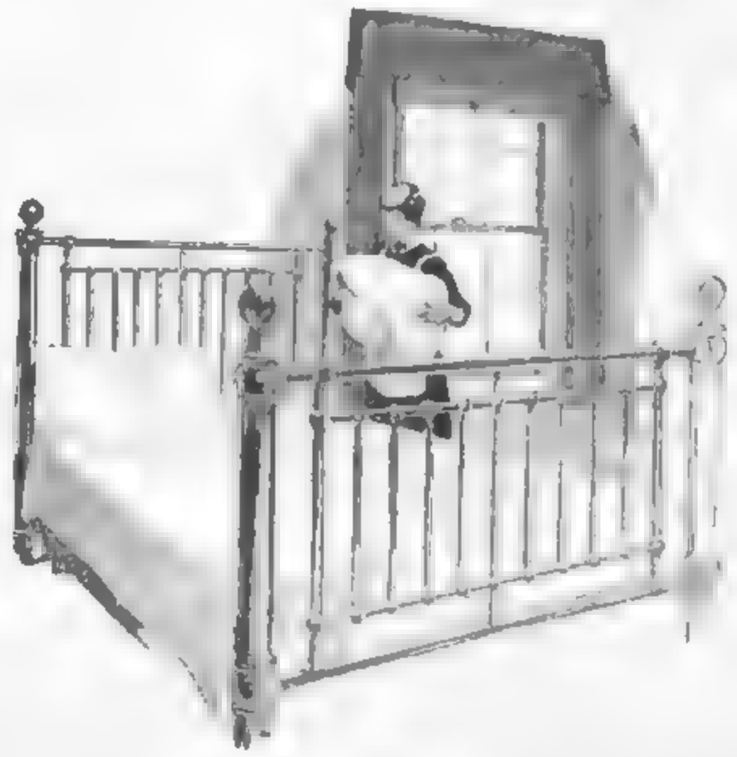
When I went up against Gotch for the first time, for example, there were those who insinuated that there was a secret understanding—that the champion had purposely failed to throw me within the time limit with the idea of boosting the gate receipts of a second match between us. And there have been many other occasions when I have been made to suffer from equally unjust insinuations. Even though one has a clear conscience, experiences of that sort are apt to make a fellow realize that there is a disagreeable side to the life of a pro.

There are crooks and fakes in the mat game, of course. I have seen too much of the seamy side of the business to try to claim that every match has been strictly on the level. But I do contend that it does not by any means deserve the bad name it has been given and that the whole wrestling fraternity ought not to be looked on with suspicion just because of the few black sheep that are to be found among them.

As for the social side of catch-as-catch-can—well, I'll admit that I haven't found the atmosphere of the business particularly elevating. As I remarked earlier in this article, I have met and known professional grapplers who were thorough gentlemen—to use that somewhat overworked word in its general and not in its athletic sense. But taking my recent associates by and large, I don't believe that if I had a son I would send him among them to acquire an education in manners and deportment.

Still I can't quite agree with my censorious correspondents of the medical profession that I ought to feel ashamed of myself for having temporarily forsaken Æsculapius for the padded mat. Suppose I had laid aside my surgeon's scalpel to go out to Alaska to dig for gold. Suppose after the lapse of fifteen years I had come back from the mines with a quarter of a million dollars in precious dust. Should I have been condemned because I had chosen to mingle with men of rough manners and had been obliged to come in contact with a certain amount of dirt in order to acquire that treasure?

Is that a logical argument, I wonder, or can it be true after all, as some of my wife's relatives seem to apprehend, that my long pursuit of athletics for the cold cash has dulled my sense of ethical values?



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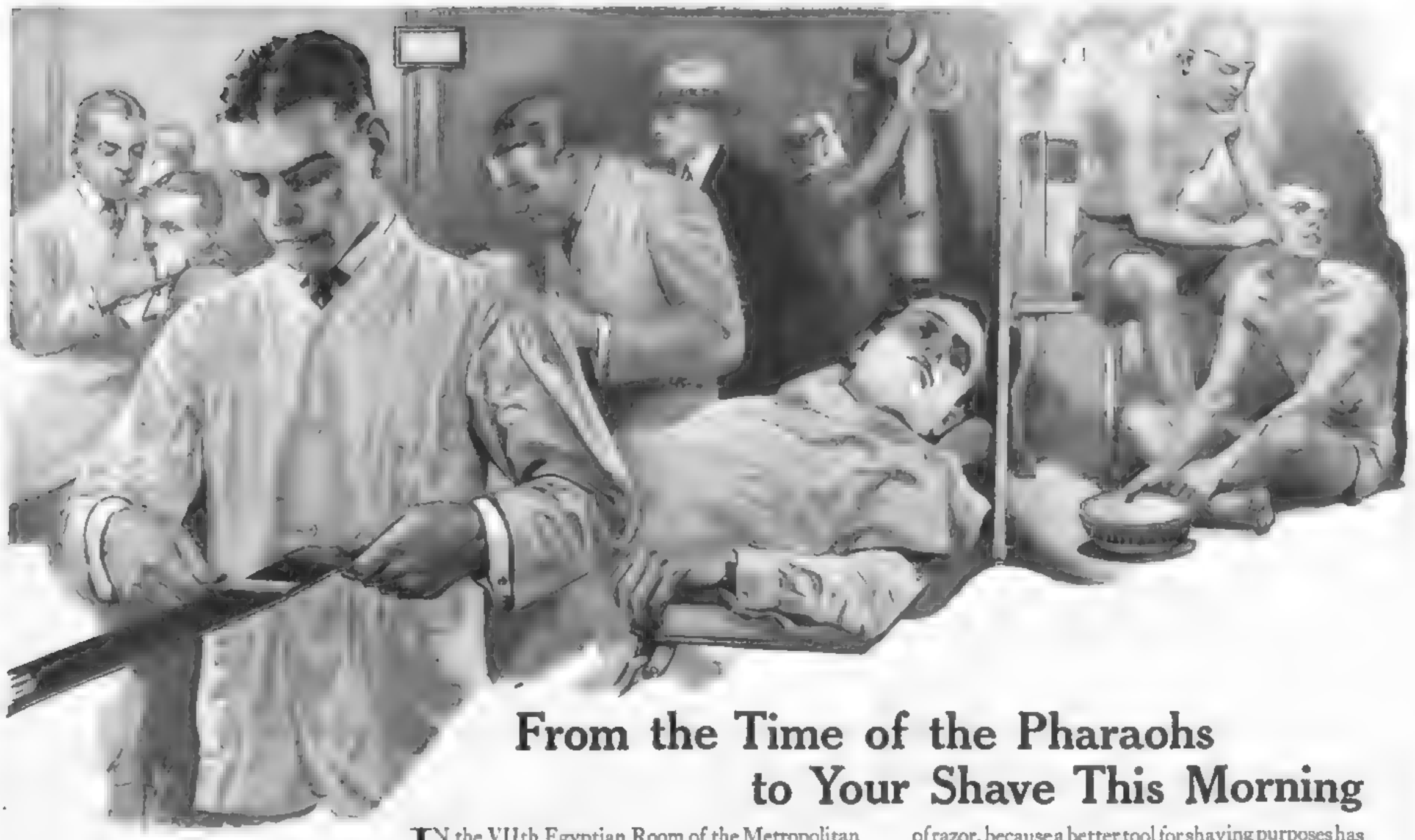

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IN the VIIth Egyptian Room of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City, there are two razors belonging to the time of the XVIIIth Dynasty (1580 B. C.).

The high caste Egyptians of that period shaved not only the face, but the entire head. They wore wigs or other head-coverings. Those old Egyptian beards seen in ancient carvings were false beards. Sandals were owned only by the grandees, seldom worn, often carried by an accompanying slave.

The man being shaved squatted upon his haunches; the barber had the chair. And the razor then used, 3499 years ago, was the single-bladed, regular razor used by every barber without exception today.

Think of the many different sorts of razors that must have been invented, used for a time, and then dropped even from the long memory of History in the course of those 3499 years.

Those ancient razors were single-bladed like GENCO Razors of today. Barbers still use only this one type of razor, because a better tool for shaving purposes has never been discovered. Also, because they know, and will tell you if asked, that *any* blade must be stropped to deliver a perfect shave. You, too, can strop a regular razor for a perfect shave every morning.

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RAZORS

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THE CROSS PULL

(Continued from Page 36)

The scent round the cabin had carried his mind back to the night at Two Ocean Pass. This in turn wakened a host of half-forgotten memories of the Land of Many Rivers. His feet followed the trend of his mind and he found himself climbing the first range of the mountains. At first he traveled without definite purpose, but the desire to revisit these places gradually shaped in his brain.

The spicy smell of balsam and silver spruce lured him on and he came to the first straggling groups of lumber pine. When he entered the heavy lodgepole growth he encountered many drifts of snow. Half a mile of climbing and he struck the solid, hard-packed drifts of the dense spruce slopes. Then he angled along the face of the range toward a pass that led across it.

The jar of hoofs, creaking of saddles and the drone of voices reached him from below and he stopped to listen. It was not often that men rode at night. The horses breathed heavily as they bucked the drifts. Then all sounds ceased but the undertone of voices. When the horses started again they went back down the way they had come, and Flash heard the crunch of snow as three men climbed toward him on foot.

The spring sunshine had packed the snow until it held a man where the sharp hoofs and heavier weight of horses would break through. Flash waited until they were quite close before slipping on ahead.

He found the high country under a solid blanket of white. When he had been here with Moran there had been little evidence of man, but the hills had been teeming with all varieties of game. This condition was now reversed. He found no signs of game, but near Two Ocean Pass he crossed many trails that had been made by men.

Flash was not constituted to live happily alone. With Moran he had been content, and his life had been full when he traveled with Silver. Companionship he must have, either of his own kind or that of man.

Except for the big gray owls, there were now no sounds to entertain him at night. The whole expanse of the hills seemed dead and frozen and the hollow silence oppressed him with a sense of world-wide emptiness.

His memories were sooner dimmed than those of man. Every vivid instance, each great love and hate had left its imprint and helped to shape his life, but these did not now reveal themselves in definite form. His love for Silver and Moran was no longer a distinct longing for each of them personally, but was manifested only in the absolute need of companionship in some form.

He therefore lingered near Two Ocean Pass. The camp was no longer a phantom camp, but very real. He avoided these men by day, but when any one of them chanced to be abroad in the hills at night Flash flanked his trail, testing him with nose and ear, much as a criminologist would have studied his facial characteristics and the shape of his head.

Food was scarce and Flash foraged a precarious living—a scant half portion of his usual rations. An occasional snowshoe rabbit or blue grouse was the only living thing he found. He grew thin and gaunt, his flanks pinched up in odd contrast to the deep chest, and his eyes were sunk in hollowed sockets.

The days were warm and by the second week in May there were green patches showing through the white in the broad open meadows of the Thoroughfare and the Yellowstone, the hardy new grass peeping through within a few hours after the melting down of the drifts. Flash prepared to leave this country of loneliness and little meat.

He left Two Ocean Pass and when he came to the confluence of the two rivers he followed up the ridge between them. When well up toward the head he looked far across to the main divide. There were many brown specks on the white slopes of the Rampart Pass. They were strung out in scattered bands as far as his eye could reach; they were coming his way and Flash went to meet them. The famine was broken. A few more hours and the Land of Many Rivers would once more be the land of plenty. The elk herds which wintered in the low valleys of the Shoshone were coming back to the upland meadows of the Yellowstone, the summer paradise of the elk.

Flash met the first few leaders of this migration and pulled down a cow. Great droves streamed down into the bottoms and traveled on toward the Yellowstone. The valley was a veritable thoroughfare for migrating elk—from which fact comes its name.

For a week they came in scattered bands. The big herds that had wintered in Jackson's Hole were now coming from the south and mingling on the meadows with those from the Shoshone.

There was food now in abundance and in a few days Flash regained his usual fullness of form. The meadows and all exposed slopes were bare of snow. The deer had not yet come back. Less averse to the proximity of man, the blacktail bands descended clear to the foothills each spring when the first shoots of green grass sprouted at the roots of the sage. They would follow the grass line up into the hills and not for another month would they cross the divide and join the elk in the Yellowstone meadows. The mountain sheep go up to winter instead of down, grazing on the highest flat tops of the peaks where the savage winds that follow each storm keep the bald ridges scoured free of snow. They now came down for their first nip of green grass and for the first time Flash saw these shy animals in the valleys. But all this was not enough.

He must have company, and here away from Two Ocean Pass there were no men and he could not even experience the vicarious sense of companionship he had drawn from following them at night. He left the green bottoms and traveled up through the spruce. When he came out above timber line he headed straight for the Rampart Pass. He had not left the tree line two hundred yards behind until he crossed a track that angled back down into the timber. The track was many hours old and the scent was faint, but the little that was left filled him with a strange excitement. He knew it for the woman scent.

He had now no clear-cut recollection of the girl he had seen but once, but he turned and followed along on her trail. Dusk was settling over the hills when he started and night shut down round him as he sped through the woods.

The trail led almost straight down and he soon dropped to the lower edge of the snow line. The trail grew steadily warmer and at last he could smell smoke and see the glimmer of a camp fire through the trees. The girl was wrapped in a single blanket and sat leaning back against a tree. Flash circled twice round the fire, his pads making no sound on the pine-straw carpet under the trees. As silently as a shadow he drew near until he stood watching her from a distance of ten feet, breathing deeply each time the shifting breeze carried her scent to him.

A sudden shift of wind drove the campfire smoke straight to him and he sneezed loudly twice. The girl started up in sheer terror at this sound just in time to see a gray shape disappear.

"Flash!" she called after him. "Flash! Come, Flash! Come here!"

Flash halted. It had been long since he had heard anyone speak his name. From centuries of being sheltered and protected by man, brutality and lust to kill have been refined out of civilized woman to an extent that is easily apparent to the animal world, and Flash sensed that he had less to fear from the female of the human species than from the male.

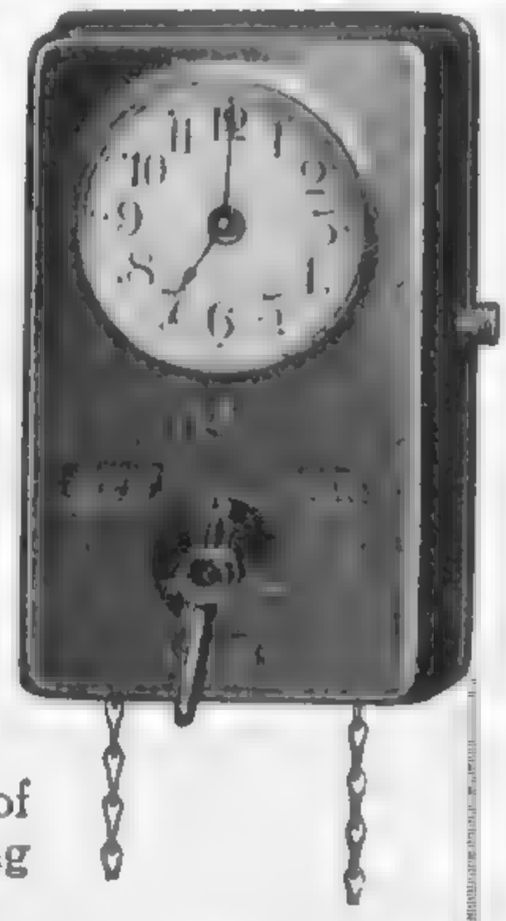
Animal estimates of men are not formed by reasoning but through the composite impression they receive from eye, ear and nose. Of this impression the strongest factor is that of scent. Flash's eyes told him that this girl was the one he had met before. Her tones were familiar, but instead of radiating the bubbling vitality and happiness he associated with her he now sensed an air of weariness and mental depression.

This had the effect of adding a fresh pang to his own loneliness and brought an unexpected whine to his throat. The girl, hearing it, knew he was still near and she resumed her coaxing.

"I knew it must be you," she said. "Come, Flash! Come on up to me, Flash!" she begged.

Ancestral strains waged grim conflict for the possession of his soul. The ancient heritage of dog to be the slave of man clashed with the wolf urge to be away from all this and back to the free hills. Lured on by the

Get Up in a Warm House



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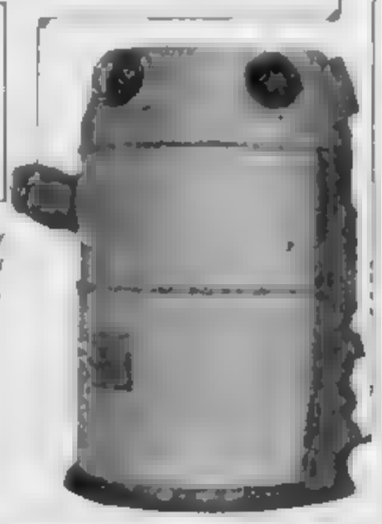

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spell of a woman's voice the spirit of the dog crept forward, dragging with it the protesting flesh of the wolf. Inch by inch he neared her until at last she touched him.

At the touch of her fingers he was once more the dog, the wild in him subservient to the tame, and he fawned upon her, whining with eagerness.

The girl threw her arms about him and drew him close.

"Don't run off like you did that other time!" she begged. "Stay with me, Flash! I couldn't live through another night alone. Stay with me, won't you, Flash?"

The note of appeal in her voice was more urgent than any other sound he had ever heard. His craving for companionship had found an answering need in the girl.

He sensed her helplessness and some vague undertone of fear. The blood of many fighting forbears who had protected man rose to the surface in a feeling of responsibility for the safety of this girl—a desire to fight off that thing she feared.

Even now Flash was not assured that she was the woman he had met before. Not until a measure of her former buoyancy and high spirits returned with her joy at his presence was he sure. Then all three senses coördinated and definitely identified her as the same.

It was long before she slept, and Flash curled close beside her, his newly roused protective instincts fully alert. He growled at each far-off sound. When a cow elk sounded her yelping bark close at hand he rushed out and drove her off, returning proudly to the girl. He knew the elk was as harmless as a mouse and all this was more to assure the girl that nothing could harm her, now that he was with her.

"It won't be so bad if you'll stay with me, Flash," she told him. "The loneliness won't be so heavy that it hurts—like it did before I had you."

Then she slept and the wolf stood guard.

IX

THE girl rested on a rock beside the game trail. A tiny mountain stream rushed past a few feet away. The ground sloped steeply up on either side of the stream bed, matted with a tangled jungle of spruce that was tropical in its density. Great windfalls of down timber were piled about and many trees had not even found space in which to fall, but rested at odd angles against living trunks. A thick carpet of moss covered earth and rocks and clung in frowzy shreds to the trees themselves.

"This seemed the most peaceful, lovely spot on earth when I was here before, Flash." The girl shivered slightly as she glanced round. "It seems dark and gloomy now. I must have been mad to do it. I had to act at once—no time to think; and I was too dazed to think even if I had been granted time. There was no one to advise me, Flash, and I did the best I knew.

"I'm glad we're here at last, Flash." She pointed up the slope. "It's right up there—only a few minutes' climb. It's weakening to live for three days on cold lunch alone, especially on short rations of that. I had to travel light."

She slipped into the harness of the haversack in which she had packed her scanty store of food. The single blanket was rolled sling fashion and she adjusted it across her shoulders and started briskly to climb the slope.

For two hundred yards the ascent was steep. They crawled under and over log jams and threaded their way between close-growing spruce trunks. Then Flash stopped in his tracks.

The ground had flattened into a tiny hollow at the base of the cliffs that towered abruptly up above the trees and defined the limits of the narrow gorge. In the center of this depression a cabin showed among the trees.

His nose had given him no warning of this. Always he knew of the presence of man before drawing near, yet he had come full upon this house. Even now his nose told him that his eyes were wrong. There was not the slightest trace of man scent and his ears caught no single vibration of sound. He had no previous experience to guide him in sizing up a house that had been so long untenanted as to have lost all taint of man. He shrank from approaching this unnatural place. But the girl pressed on and he followed, every hair tingling and each nerve aquiver, his muscles bunched for sudden flight. He was filled with all the apprehensions of a boy who enters at night a house alleged to be haunted.

The girl lifted a heavy wooden latch and entered, but Flash refused to be coaxed inside. He circled the cabin, examining it minutely, shoving his nose hard against the logs and breathing explosively in his effort to solve this strange mystery of the house that held no scent.

It was built of heavy logs. A woodsman could have told at a glance that it had been erected long ago and that only primitive tools had been used in its construction. The door was built of spruce planks slabbed out with an ax and swung on hinges of elk hide nailed on with wooden pegs. The roof was of lodgepole logs five inches through and covered with a foot of dirt.

Satisfied at last that there was no lurking menace about this strange place, Flash went in to the girl.

The fireplace was built of flat stones cemented with clay which had baked hard. The furniture was of rough-hewn pine with legs of seasoned mountain ash driven in two-inch auger holes bored in the planks.

Inside, Flash caught a very faint scent which was not that of man, but was in some vague way suggestive of man. This came from the flour, beans, rice and other food, sealed in almost air-tight cans to protect it from marauding pack rats.

The girl gathered branches and kindled a blaze in the fireplace. From an icy spring at the base of the cliff she carried a small pail of water and started to prepare a meal, cooking over the coals in the fireplace as if over a camp fire in the open. Early dusk was settling in the depths of the cañon and before eating she gathered a great pile of wood.

"That's the only light we'll have, Flash," she told him. "Firelight."

She offered him a share of the meal, but cooked food was not to his liking.

Since finding this lovely goddess the previous night Flash had not once been out of sight of her, but he now felt the pangs of hunger. He scratched at the door and whined, imploring the girl to let him out.

"Where's that man, Moran, who owns you, Flash?" she asked. "He must be here somewhere or you wouldn't be here yourself. If I let you out you'll run away and go back to him. I want you to stay with me until Dad Kinney comes."

Flash scratched and whined again.

"He should be here now," she said. "He'll be here surely in a day or two. Then you can go. You'll stay with me until then, won't you, Flash?"

His whining and scratching became so insistent that at last she walked reluctantly to the door and opened it, leaving it ajar so he could reënter when he wished.

"Don't you desert me, Flash," she admonished him as he slipped out.

Flash dropped swiftly down the slope to the game trail and followed along it toward the mouth of the cañon, his nose uplifted to catch the first scent of meat. Half a mile below, the gorge widened into a narrow park beside the stream. A cow elk was feeding there. She caught a faint whiff of danger and stood rigid. The dread wolf scent suddenly reached her flaring nostrils and she fled—but not in time to escape the shadowy form that drove down upon her from the timber edge with lightning speed.

Back at the cabin the girl, alarmed at his long absence, was whistling and coaxing from the door in the hope that he would hear and come back to her, but there was no answering whine from the inky blackness under the trees, and at last she decided that he had gone back to Moran.

Loneliness clutched her with an icy hand. She sat by the fire, knowing she would not sleep until dawn lifted the shadows from the cañon. The vast silence seemed freighted with unknown dangers. She almost prayed for some sound to break it. Then it came! And her supplication was instantly transformed into an earnest prayer that she might never hear that awful cry again.

She did not know what it was—except that it was made by some terrible beast of prey. It carried to her the same sensation as if she had scratched her finger nails across the rough surface of a sand rock.

It sounded again, this time close at hand, filling the cañon with its volume. The cry was charged with all the aching misery and loneliness of the ages.

A sudden bump at the door startled her horribly. It was followed by an eager whine and a furious scratching. She sprang to the door and let Flash in, barring it shut once more the instant he crossed the sill. The flood of relief that surged through her was like a blessing. She put her arms round the dog.

"Poor Flash!" she said. "Poor Flash! It chased you home. Did it nearly catch you, old boy?"

Flash did not seem troubled. On the contrary he sprawled in front of the fire and blinked contentedly up at her. His mood was mellow, for he had dined well; and his placid calm reassured the girl, for she knew that if danger lurked just outside Flash would be bristling and alert.

She spread her blanket on the bunk and the rough boards felt soft. The last sight that her drowsy eyes rested upon before she slept the sleep of utter exhaustion was the peacefully dozing dog before the fire. It was well for her peace of mind that she did not suspect the truth; that the soul-chilling cry had been his own imploring message to a long-lost mate—the summons to come and feast upon the elk he had torn down with his savage teeth.

She slept on soundly until the dog's restless wanderings about the room roused her to the light of day. Every muscle ached from the night on the hard bunk and her first task after breakfast was to carry spruce boughs to cover the boards.

Early in the afternoon she grew restless from inactivity and wandered down the game trail with Flash. Half a mile down she saw a dead elk in an open park. It had not been there when they came up the previous day. She could see the throat, gashed open by savage teeth, and knew that the elk had been killed by the beast whose cry had chilled her the night before.

She had no further taste for walking and hurried back to the house. Near evening she went to the spring for water. As she knelt to dip it Flash came creeping up from the opposite side. He moved with a stealthy crouch and there was a queer light in the yellow eyes. When within twenty feet he sprang straight toward her.

There was a sudden rushing whir of wings as a blue grouse took flight, only to be struck down by a big paw. The wings drummed on the ground as Flash held the bird down after beheading it with one nip.

For a full ten seconds she could only gaze fascinated by this wild picture, then jumped the spring and ran to him. Flash drew away, fearing he had offended her by this deed, but when she picked up the grouse and turned to him there was no reproach in her voice.

"Oh, Flash, it's a mean trick to steal your dinner!" she said. "But I haven't any meat. Beans and rice and biscuits are so dry, and I do love grouse. Will you share it with me, Flash?"

She carried the bird back to the cabin and dressed it, reserving only the white breast meat for herself and giving the rest to Flash. This female tyranny was no new thing to Flash. Often when with Silver he had killed some small-game animal or bird, only to have Silver deprive him of it.

The next day he foraged near the cabin and killed another grouse. As he pulled off the head and swallowed it a sudden thought struck him and he did not tear at the bird. He had been the main support of his family during the first month after Silver's pups were born, carrying food to the den each night. This wonderful shining goddess who had adopted him had taken his last grouse for her own.

He took the grouse in his mouth and trotted back to the cabin. From past experience with Silver, it seemed perfectly natural to kill and carry his prey to the den of this new companion. When he dropped the grouse before the girl the light in her eyes and thrill of love in her voice repaid him a thousand times.

"Why, Flash! You old darling, you're trying to feed me, aren't you?" she cried. "You're the smartest dog that ever lived. I envy that Moran. I think I'll steal you, Flash."

That night Flash once more scratched to get out. Soon after she heard the dreadful cry of two nights before. She did not know that Flash had pulled down a small yearling elk and that this was his joyful call for her to come and join him at the kill; for now, having killed food for her, his call was meant for her instead of the departed Silver.

Some way he knew that the girl would not come, and after eating his fill he sliced deeply into a hind quarter to tear it off. When he had cut nearly to the bone he seized the foot and wrenched the leg over the back at right angles, throwing the hip socket out of joint. He worked tirelessly, alternately cutting at the ligaments with his teeth and wrenching on the foot with all his strength until it was severed.

It weighed forty pounds, but was no heavier load than he had frequently taken home to Silver and the pups. He lifted the heavy end and started for the cabin, the foot trailing on the ground beside him. Every few yards the weight tired his neck and he rested, sometimes taking the foot and dragging the heavy end.

The girl sat in the cabin wondering at his long absence, when she heard a peculiar dragging sound punctuated with dull thumps as Flash wrestled the heavy quarter up the slope from the game trail, jerking it over and through the windfall jams. She opened to his scratching and he backed in, pulling his offering across the sill.

The frayed end of the meat was black with dirt and spruce needles and she drew back from this gruesome relic. She little suspected that Flash had killed this elk for her, but naturally supposed he had found a portion of some dead animal and brought it in.

Her eyes were bright with tears as she patted and stroked his head.

"You're a good provider, Flash," she praised. "You don't want me to starve on beans and rice, do you, old boy? There was never in this world another dog like you."

He reveled in the knowledge that his lovely mistress was pleased with him. At the same time he fully realized her distaste for this latest contribution. He knew that she relished some of the meat he had brought. Evidently she did not care for this kind. He was not critical of her tastes. She should have the kind she chose.

To his mind the animal world was divided into two classes, as far as food purposes were concerned: The first and by far the most important included the meat of all large animals; the second included all small animals and birds. Of this division there were some few whose meat he did not like and which only starvation would have driven him to touch.

His mistress seemed to prefer meat that came from the smaller species. For the next two days he hunted tirelessly as he had for Silver and the pups. The den must be supplied with meat.

The girl was between laughter and tears at the growing assortment of game he brought to the cabin. Grouse, rabbits, woodchucks, a marten, a pack rat and a whole family of little striped chipmunks were included in the list of small creatures whose lives were sacrificed through his love of her.

His intelligence seemed so nearly human that she hesitated to throw away these offerings lest he should take offense. When he was off on his hunts she dropped the undesirable specimens in deep cracks in the rock rubble that lay piled at the foot of the cliff.

In common with the majority of the human race she grossly underestimated animal powers of scent. Flash could scent a track made by a grouse two hours past. A rabbit has a half inch of hair on his feet, yet Flash could follow the trail one left on hard-frozen ground or even on glare ice as easily as a man sees its track in soft snow.

He had no need to go within thirty feet of the cliff to know accurately the exact spot in which each one had been dropped, and just which one it was.

In the old days with Silver he himself had buried meat in a score of places near the den after the family had feasted to capacity. That these caches had never been reopened mattered not at all. They were but reserves against the possible famine which never came.

It now seemed perfectly natural that the girl should bury her surplus meat. However, he preferred dirt to rocks for this purpose, and those of the victims he could reach he drew forth and carried to some spot of his own selection, interring them deep in the ground and pushing the soft dirt in place, tamping it firmly with his nose.

X

IN THE spring a bear's pelt is in its prime when the fur of all others slips. His hair has grown thick and silky during the long sleep of hibernation. In this high country the bear does not leave his den until sometime early in May, but even this is too early for men to bring horses across the lofty passes that lead into it.

The girl knew that this fact was intimately related to Dad Kinney's plans. The previous fall he had left supplies at the cabin, planning to come in on foot and collect many prime spring pelts to be packed out later when the passes were free

(Continued on Page 149)

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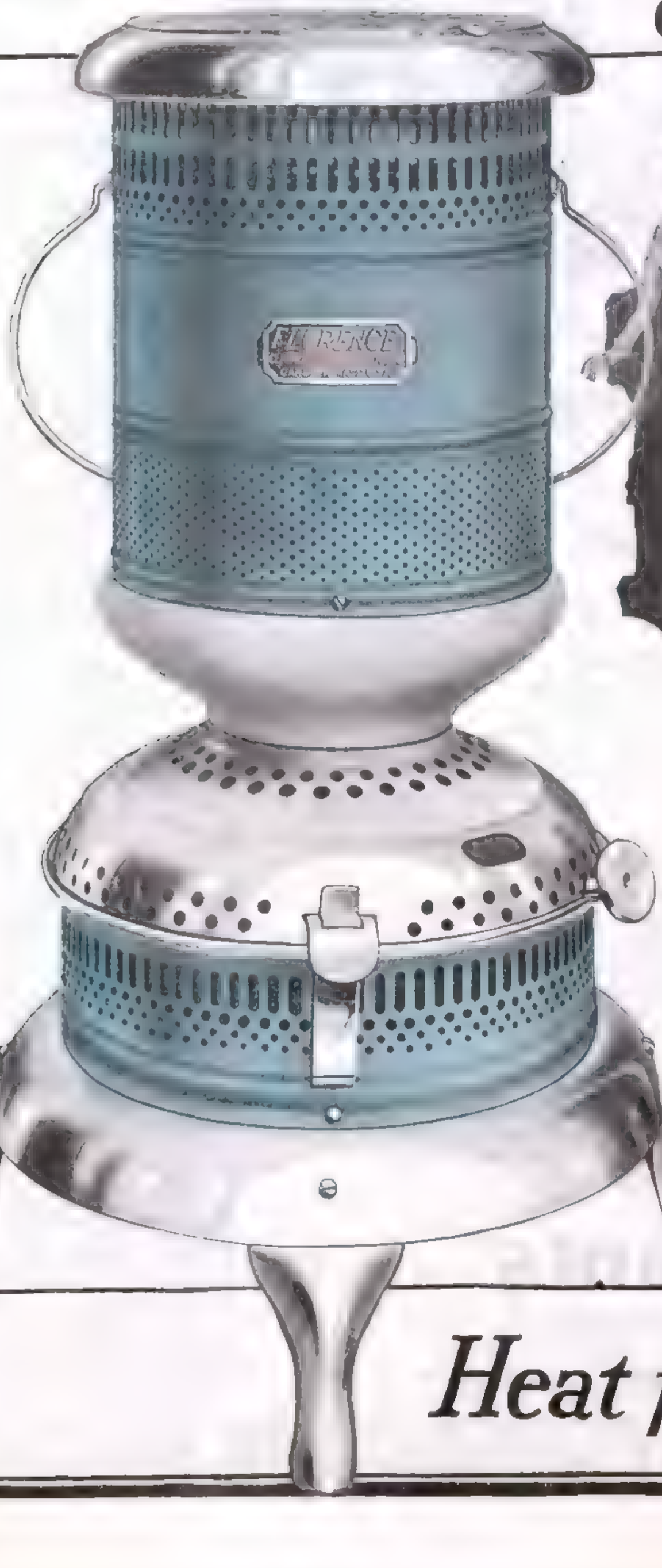

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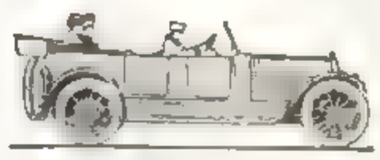

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AUTOMOBILES	1919 Models		1918 Models		1917 Models		1916 Models		1915 Models	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Allen	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Auburn (4 cyl.)							A	Arc	A	Arc
Auburn (6 cyl.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Auburn (8 cyl.)					A	Arc	A	Arc		
Autocar (Tractor-Hvy.)			A	Arc						
Buick	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cadillac (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Case	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chalmers			A	A			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (6-40)							A	Arc		
" (6-50)	A	A			A	A	A	A		
Chandler Six	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chevrolet	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" (F. A.)	A	Arc	A	Arc						
Cole							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Cunningham									Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Dodge Brothers	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	E	E
Dort	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Federal	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (Mod. S-X)			A	A	A	A				
Federal (special)			Arc	A						
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Grant	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
" Com'l	Arc									
" (Model 31)	A	A								
Haynes	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (12 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Hudson							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" Super Six	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A		
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
King									A	Arc
" (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
" Commercial			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Kissel Kar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (Model 48)							A	A	A	A
" (12 cyl.)			A	A	A	A				
Leppard Stewart			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (Mod. M)					A	Arc	A	Arc		
" (Mod. MW)					A	Arc				
Locomobile	A	E	A	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Madison			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (8 cyl.)					A	A	A	A		
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Maxwell	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Mercer	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (22-70)									Arc	Arc
Mitchell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (8 cyl.)							A	A		
Moline-Knight	B	A	B	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Monroe			A	Arc	A	Arc	E	E	A	Arc
" (Mod. M4)			A	A	A	A				
" (Mod. S)	A	A								
Moon			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	A	Arc						
" (Mod. 671)			A	A						
" (Quad)	A	A	A	A						
National	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (12 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Nelson	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Oakland	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl.)							A	A		
Oldsmobile 4 cyl.	A	A					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc			Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Overland	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Packard									A	Arc
" (12 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" Commercial	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Paige (4 cyl.)									A	Arc
" (6 cyl.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (6 cyl.)							A	Arc	A	Arc
" (5 pass.)					A	Arc				
" (6 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc						
" (Com'l)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc						
Paterson	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Peerless			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Pierce Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" Com'l	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Saxon	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Selden	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (6 cyl.)					A	Arc				
Simplex (Crane)			A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
Stearns Knight	B	A	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Velie (4 cyl.)									A	Arc
" (6 cyl.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (2 & 3½ ton)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc						
" (1½ ton)	A	Arc	A	Arc						
Westcott	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc
White	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" Sixteen Valve	A	A	A	A	A	A				
White (4 cyl.)	A	A	Arc	Arc						
Wills Knight	B	A	D	A	A	A	B	A	B	A
Willys Six	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Winton	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc

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(Continued from Page 146)

of snow. The days passed and Kinney failed to come. The girl often talked of this to Flash.

"He should have been here long ago." Each day she repeated this to the dog. "Even if he had changed his plans he would come the instant my letter reached him, Flash. He's a little late, that's all. He'll be here to-morrow sure." And as each succeeding night fell without a sign of him she bravely promised the dog that the next day he would surely come.

Many doubts had risen in her mind: the possible failure of her letter to reach him or the chance that some mishap had befallen the old man on his long trip across the treacherous snow combs of the peaks.

She still dreaded the cry that sounded every few nights in the cañon, but restlessness at last forced her away from the cabin in the daytime. She took long tramps with Flash, climbing to some commanding point from which she could scan the surrounding country. She explored their own immediate vicinity, but not until a week after her arrival at the cabin did she venture into new territory.

Then one afternoon she turned downstream. The cañon gradually widened until it shaded into another at right angles a mile below the cabin. Here the two streams forked into one. The girl climbed the high ridge on the opposite side and looked down upon a still wider valley. A sudden storm swept down across the divide and she sought shelter under an overhanging ledge. The rain fell in torrents and the lightning flashed and cracked until it seemed to play along the rocks round her. Even Flash shrank from the terrific reports that hurt his sensitive eardrums and he burrowed his head into the folds of her walking skirt to protect them. She read this move as one of fear and it added to her own misgivings.

She felt no active fear of the lightning itself, but it shattered the control of overwrought nerves and she buried her face in the dog's fur and sobbed wildly.

Flash was strangely affected by her grief. His own plastic nature, subject to all outside impressions, responded to her emotion and his soul was wrung with misery. For a time he whimpered in sympathy, but this mood was soon superseded by a desire to comfort her. He drew away and regarded her anxiously, then pawed at the arms which shielded her face. He confronted this, his first experience with a woman in tears, as helplessly as most men face a similar situation.

He wanted to help her—to fight for her, but he could not fight this intangible enemy. He snarled savagely at imaginary foes, clashing his teeth in vicious snaps. If the girl had not soon quieted he would have dashed away in a frenzy to kill the first living thing he met. She regained her self-control and felt better for having relieved the nervous tension of the last few days. Flash's mood changed with hers. He too felt better.

The steady downpour slackened to a drizzle. Heavy gray clouds scudded past, obscuring the hills beyond and the valley below. This in turn changed swiftly to a dense fog—one of the milk-white mountain fogs in which even seasoned hillmen hesitate to travel when in a strange country.

As the girl started for home the tree trunks loomed vaguely a few feet away. For all she could see of it, it might have been a forest of stumps, the trunks being invisible at a height of twenty feet. Flash kept a pace before her, heading unerringly for home, and she followed him unconsciously, thinking that she chose the route herself.

The fog seemed to deepen and turn to purple instead of white. With a thrill of apprehension she realized that night was settling down over the hills. Before she reached the foot of the slope night had completed the swift transformation of the fog from milky white to oozy black which shut her in until she was unable to see two feet ahead.

She groped forward, feeling her way. Her mind recoiled from the thought of the mile-long trip before her; every foot of it seemed fraught with perils. She remembered the one horrible night she had spent alone before Flash, like an answer to a prayer, had come to her on the second night. But then she had had a fire.

The wind was at their backs and not until they turned into the cañon and started up the game trail did Flash scent the menace ahead. His hair bristled and he turned back. But the girl was now sure of her ground and went on. Flash ran round in front of her, pushing to turn her aside. Not until he growled did she understand that there was danger lurking near.

The scent came plain and it was that of man. He could hear voices which the girl could not. A sudden thought assailed her. Flash must have detected the presence of the beast whose chilling cry she had often heard at night, but she hurried on. It was all she knew—to reach the refuge of the cabin at all costs.

Flash knew these scents and voices were those of some of the men who lived near Two Ocean Pass. To him they meant danger, even death, and as he followed her he bristled uneasily. That they meant danger to her he was not so sure. The ways of men with men had always baffled him. Men whom he trusted associated with those he knew to be dangerous in the extreme. Of the way of men with women he knew nothing at all. Perhaps these men who meant death to him would not harm his lovely mistress in the least.

The sounds which he heard so clearly did not reach the girl until she rounded a sudden bend in the cañon. She heard a man's laugh at the same instant that she saw the dim wavering light of a fire gleaming through the fog. It appeared far off, but was in reality only fifty feet. It meant but one thing to her. Kinney had come at last and someone else was with him.

In her relief at escaping the imaginary dangers of the night she hurried toward the very real one at the fire. The voices which covered the sound of her approach ceased suddenly as she appeared like a wraith out of the night. The group of half a dozen men round the fire stared incredulously. She too was startled by the unexpected number and the absence of any familiar face. Kinney was not there.

"I'm lost," she said unsteadily. And she saw the hungry gleam leap into the eyes of one after another of the group. The firelight revealed faces that were hard and desperate.

These men had long been denied the society of women. This appearance among them of a beautiful girl was like the smell of meat to starving beasts of prey. Not a man there but would have murdered his friend in order to own her.

From beyond the circle of light thrown by the fire a pair of yellow eyes watched this tableau. Flash sensed the menace to his goddess, satisfied at last that she was unsafe among these men.

There was one man whose cold brain never failed him in an emergency.

"Where are your friends camped?" he asked.

"I don't know," she said, some inner voice prompting her to lie. "But somewhere close. I stayed under a rock—and out of the rain—not far from camp."

As her voice trailed away the man rose.

"I'll take you to them," he offered. "Just come with me."

"Leave it to Harte to think first," said another. He rose also. "I need exercise. I'll just go along with you."

Every last man leaped to his feet and leered at her. These men stood in awe of Harte, but the beauty of the girl had inflamed them beyond caution. One man crowded closer to her.

As he moved a silent shadow out in the fog moved with him, crouching low to the ground.

Harte's own blood pounded hotly from her nearness and he knew that he could not control the lawless impulses of the others, yet his brain functioned as coolly as before.

"Think it over," he advised them calmly. "You know what it will mean to have a fight with a party of hunters in here. In a week we'd have posses scouring this whole country."

"What of it? The Hole is twenty miles from here," said one, his eyes resting hungrily on the girl. "I'll have a word with her before she goes."

He threw his arms round her and as he touched her a demon apparition with flashing eyes and fangs split the curtain of fog and drove straight for his throat. The teeth sank deep in his upraised shoulder and the force of the drive bore him to the ground.

The blank wall of fog had swallowed both the dog and the fleeing girl before a man of them fully realized what had occurred. Before she had run twenty feet up the game trail they were after her. The pupils of their eyes, accustomed to the firelight, were not readily readjusted to the velvety black under the trees and they stumbled blindly.

When the foremost man stretched forth his hand to seize her, something struck his extended arm with such force as almost to shear it off. He tripped and fell.

"The dog!" he screamed. "She's got a dog! Look out for him!"

The next man fell over him and pulled his gun as he scrambled to his feet. He bounded ahead—and teeth with the grip of death clamped his leg from behind and a backward wrench slammed him down across a log. As he fell the red spurt of flame from his gun streaked the night and the man close behind cursed him for a fool for shooting almost point-blank in his face.

Love transcended fear in Flash and in his rage against these men who would harm the girl he conquered his dread of guns. Always it was the man ahead, the one nearest to her, that felt his teeth. Human flesh could not endure against this silent, unseen fiend that slashed them and was gone. By common consent they had all turned back before the boldest had made fifty yards from the fire.

Retreat turned to rout, for Flash followed them back, striking swiftly and leaping away from the shot he feared would follow. They shot blindly after him, endangering their own lives more than his. The last man he heeled as he would a cow and threw him. When they burst into the circle of firelight they found Harte seated on a rock calmly smoking a cigarette.

"You're a bloody-looking crew," he observed. "I'd like to own that dog."

One man extended his left hand exhibiting a ragged flesh wound between thumb and forefinger.

"Some fool shot me," he growled. "It was either Seely or Cole."

Both men profanely denied this charge. Harte laughed scornfully as he looked them over.

"Mistaken identity," he jeered. "Clay Siggens, shot by a pal who mistook him for a dog in the battle of hide and seek."

They scowled down at him.

"I was out with Jarrat and Hanlin this spring," he went on. "Jarrat belongs in a coop for the homicidal insane and Hamlin's a thick-skulled brute—but even so, when it comes to brains they have this layout cheated seven ways from the deuce."

"You wanted the girl yourself," said Cole. "You aimed to take her off somewhere alone."

"What of it?" Harte shrugged. "I wouldn't have made a mess of it. Tie up those rents in your hide and let's go."

"Go!" Cole exclaimed. "Go where?"

"Anywhere," said Harte. "Do you poor brainless apes expect to bed down here and sleep? There's a hunting party of the girl's friends camped round here close. They'll have guides. When they hear the girl's story they'll be looking for us and pick us off like rats as we lay asleep round the fire."

As always, his logic was convincing. They started to apply what rough first aid they could to the deepest cuts. As they moved a beast with dripping jaws circled round and round the fire waiting for one to venture out into the night.

When they left they started downstream in the opposite direction from the girl. Flash let them go and went back to her. He followed her warm trail for almost a mile before he found her stealing cautiously along the game trail.

She believed Flash was dead. She knew he had fought desperately to give her time. He had not come back to her after the shots. It was a stunning shock when, without a sound to warn her, a cold nose was thrust suddenly against her hand. The eager whine which followed told her it was Flash, alive and safe.

She dropped to her knees and threw her arms about him, whispering her gratitude in broken sobs.

She started ahead once more, urged on by the thought that they still followed her. Flash turned from the trail and whined for her to come, and she felt her way through the down timber of the slope and entered the cabin.

As she closed the door behind her the rain began to fall, blotting out whatever trail she might have left. She lay on the bunk, straining to hear any sound of pursuit. She heard nothing but the rain, and near morning she slept from sheer exhaustion. When she opened her eyes it was light. Flash seemed calm and peaceful and she knew from this that the men could not be near. He scratched at the door and she let him out.

Flash started at once for the scene of the fight. He circled cautiously, testing the wind. The rank odor of the drowned camp fire was all that reached him. The rain had washed out all but the faintest trace of human scent.

As he drew near he snarled and bristled his back roach at the smell of blood that haunted the wet spruce needles where he had slashed at them the night before.

He followed their cold trail for a mile, then left it, satisfied that they were far away, and started on a hunt for meat. An hour later he turned up at the cabin carrying a grouse.

The girl would not leave the cabin again, not even descending to the game trail along the stream. The scant store of provisions was running low.

She could not help but associate these men with Dad Kinney's failure to arrive. Her worry over him inspired a like uneasiness about a man she had never seen—Moran, the owner of Flash.

On that other trip when Flash had crept up to her in the moonlit park Kinney had told her that the dog would never leave Moran, yet Flash now stayed with her. Her chief fear had been that Flash would leave her any moment and go back to him. But he had stayed. It now occurred to her that he would not so easily desert the man who had raised him from a pup. Something had happened to Moran. The thought persisted and she often referred to it in her conversations with the dog. The frequent repetition of Moran's name struck some chord of memory in Flash. He had by no means forgotten Moran, but his recollection of him was more of a vague longing than a definite picture.

Man's most dependable sense is his sense of sight, and he carries the memory of absent loved ones by a mental visualization of their faces. Dogs, instead of a mental likeness, retain a mixture of sight, scent and sound, the latter two being the predominating elements of animal memory. It is this which sometimes causes a dog to bark at the approach of his master, whom he can plainly see, but cannot recognize until some familiar scent or sound identifies him.

It was sound—the name of Moran—that stirred Flash. Each recurring time it came from the girl's lips it quickened the half-dormant longing that was in him. And it was sound that one day caused him to drop all else and investigate a distant note with a familiar ring.

He had rambled far up the slope of the main divide where he often hunted. Something beat faintly against his eardrums and he knew it was a far-off sound of man. His ears pricked forward and he moved excitedly from spot to spot. It was a man who whistled, and the air was one of the few little tunes that Moran had whistled endlessly as he wandered alone. Flash started swiftly along the hill in the direction of the sound.

XI

THERE was one man who had given many interesting facts to the world. He had unraveled the half-century-old mystery of the lost herd. All that men knew of the swift fox was through his research. He had definitely linked the buffalo gray with the so-called lobo wolf.

Great beasts had come down out of the North and it was rumored that for the first time moose had been seen in the beaver swamps of the Thoroughfare. This man was now on his way to the Land of Many Rivers to determine whether this new Western moose was a distinct type or merely a detached band strayed down from its Northern range.

Far up Seclusion Creek, Moran lay rolled in his blankets, his head propped up on one elbow as he listened to the night sounds which he loved so well and had not heard for so long a time. A cow elk barked from the timber; from far down the stream came the shrill staccato of a coyote and another answered from above. An owl on the rim rocks overhead hooted his whereabouts to a far-off mate. These sounds, the very essence of loneliness to most men, were the voices of old friends to Moran. He read in them more of primitive love and understanding than of savagery.

There was a sudden hush and for a space of minutes no living creature raised its voice. Moran had heard no sound to indicate the reason for this, but he knew that the wild things of the hills could hear things much too distant to be detected by the ear of man. This sudden suspension of all animal communications, the absolute cessation of every note, meant but one thing to

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Moran. As unerringly as if he himself had heard it, he knew that somewhere a wolf had howled. Yet Moran knew, too, that this high country was not infested with wolves. This one must be a straggler passing through.

Moran had stopped for the night at the lower edge of the snow line, and when he rolled his pack in the morning it took him less than an hour to climb out of the spruce belt above timber line. He worked his way on up the divide and before noon he stood in the Rampart Pass. The serrated masses of the Rainbow Peaks, the ragged saw teeth of the Tetons and the other distant ranges that walled in the Land of Many Rivers showed up in miniature, clear cut and distinct, broken only by the dark rents which marked each wild gorge through which the rivers rushed on their way to the low country.

The south slope of the divide was streaked with brown where the more exposed spots were free of snow. Moran chose a long ridge that swept down far below timber line, its bald crest looming above the trees and splitting the solid green of the spruce belt, and followed it down the far side of the divide.

When well down among the trees three jays flew above him, rending the air with weird squawks. He watched them pitch down into an opening in the timber. An eagle swooped grandly down out of the sky and a string of chattering magpies flitted from tree to tree toward the same spot. Two ravens winged down from a cliff face, one of them croaking hoarsely and the other emitting a series of clear tenor whistles, each note ending with a click as if a sharp rap on the beak had chopped the whistle short.

Moran knew what this feathered conclave presaged. The meat-eating birds of the hills were assembling to the feast. He would find some carcass in the opening, and he turned aside to investigate. The carrion hosts flapped away at his approach, protesting raucously at this interruption of their banquet. Out in the open spot he could see a dead cow elk.

Moran knew there were but three beasts in the hills that could kill an elk—the grizzly, the mountain lion and the wolf. The fact that the elk lay in open country eliminated the first. Few grizzlies are killers, and those that are invariably stalk their prey in dense down-timbered spots. They must creep close enough for a short rush and then tear and hammer down their meat by sheer strength. The mountain lion launches himself for the back, strikes his talons deep through skin and flesh and rides his victim to death, his teeth buried ever deeper in the neck.

As Moran drew near he had no slightest doubt as to the identity of the slayer. The severed hamstrings convicted the wolf.

The birds had hopped about and obliterated most of the other signs. In a spot of moist earth he could make out one track, and whistled in surprise at its size. He wondered if it was possible that one last buffalo gray still lingered in the hills.

He had come down from winter to spring. Here each open spot was green and the drifts lay in only the darkest, most sheltered spots in the timber. As he walked under the trees Moran whistled cheerfully.

He had a sudden feeling that something watched him—followed him. Many times he had tried to analyze this feeling. All men who live in the open are familiar with it. They variously speak of it as a feeling or a hunch. Others, slightly more learned, refer to it as intuition or class it as some mysterious subtle sixth sense. Moran strove always for some natural explanation of all things.

Often when hunting or rambling in the hills he had suddenly known that game was near him. He could not tell why he knew. At times he had even known the kind—bear, elk or deer as the case might have been. Later, upon investigation, he frequently found a fresh bear track or the warm bed of some elk or deer if the animal itself was gone. There is a strong odor that lingers for hours about the deserted bed of a large animal, and when very close to it even the nose of man can easily tell the difference between the scent of deer and elk. It was this fact that had first started Moran's mind working along one certain line until he had finally evolved a satisfactory theory of his own.

In the dim ages of the past, man had undoubtedly used his senses of scent and hearing as keenly as the beasts did, else he had not survived. From many centuries of disuse these senses had become dulled, yet they still functioned slightly. Some faint scent or sound, the snapping of a twig or the soft pad of a distant footfall, too elusive to make a distinct impression upon the consciousness of modern man, was communicated to some long-dormant brain cell which now only reacted sluggishly, and the warning was manifested by this vague feeling, hunch or intuition that all hillmen know.

This was Moran's solution, and as he walked he kept his face straight to the front, glancing to the right and left without turning his head, seeking ocular proof of the presence he felt. His patience was rewarded by one brief glimpse of a long gray shape that slipped between the spruce trunks a hundred yards up the slope, and that one instant enabled him to identify the animal as belonging to the wolf tribe. His thrill of satisfaction was accompanied by a shock of surprise.

Moran knew that the tales of animals who stalk men through the hills originate mainly in the too-imaginative minds of novices in the woods. Animals that had lived in localities little frequented by man had sometimes approached him out of curiosity. He had seen deer draw near and stamp excitedly at this strange two-legged beast—many such evidences as that—but to be followed was something entirely new. To be followed by a wolf, the one creature that avoids man scent like a pestilence, was almost incredible to Moran. It upset all the convictions formed by years of study.

This beast must be a dog. Moran turned back until he reached a long drift that stretched far up the slope along the sheltered side of a gulch, and started up to find the track where the wolf had crossed. The tracks of dogs and wolves are so similar that even experts cannot always be sure. The wolf track is slightly, almost imperceptibly longer than that of some dogs, but the large wolfish types of dogs incline also to that shape of track.

One thing Moran knew. A wolf's tracks would be evenly spaced and placed one directly before the other in a straight line and show no trace of the wavering, scrambling gait of the dog. But some of the wolfish breeds of dogs inherit this wolf gait, and the one glimpse had proved that the animal was of that kind.

Moran found the trail across the drift—true, straight and evenly spaced. Still he was not convinced. A sudden thought flitted across his mind.

"Flash!" he called. "Flash! Come out of it, you big gray rascal! Come on out here!"

He knew that Flash's body had never been found after the shooting at the Bar T ranch. The Wind River wolf had never reappeared on the range and it was presumed that Flash was dead. There was just a chance that he had survived.

Moran called again and again.

Out in the timber Flash thrilled and trembled. First, the sound of the whistle; then the familiar appearance of the man he followed and the scent he knew for Moran's; now the much-loved voice; all sense coördinated and Flash knew that this was Moran. He longed to go to him, but hard experience had taught him that all men, even former friends, now sought his life.

He circled several times clear round the spot where Moran sat on a log. Moran caught occasional glimpses of him through the trees. It was Flash!

Each circle was drawn closer. Flash heard the glad note in Moran's voice. Moran carried no rifle, but there was a holster at his hip and Flash had learned to dread all guns. At last he was in plain sight, standing rigid fifty yards away, down an aisle through the trees.

Foot by foot he approached. He whined, and this was the first sound Moran had ever heard from him. When he stood within ten feet of Moran his conflicting emotions were so powerful that he writhed his head from side to side and clashed his teeth in savage snaps to relieve the inner strain, baring his fangs terribly, but whining eagerly at the same time.

When at last Moran touched him all doubt was gone. In his frantic joy he abandoned his usual dignity and threw his weight upon him so recklessly that Moran braced himself to keep from being overthrown.

At the end of an hour Moran started on and Flash stayed so close as almost to touch him. When they reached a spot where several cañons branched off, Flash

(Continued on Page 153)

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trotted ahead and stood in a break in the rims through which a game trail pitched down over the lip of a deep gorge. He looked back expectantly at Moran.

"You think that's the best one to follow down, old boy?" asked Moran. "All right, we'll try it." And Moran started along the trail that tacked dizzily down the nose of the cañon. After striking the bottom it followed a tiny stream that grew steadily larger, fed by springs and melting drifts. After a mile of this Moran noted wolf tracks in the trail. It was padded thick with them.

"You old rascal, you've been holding out here for a long time," he said.

Flash turned aside and started up through the down timber of the slope. Moran was not surprised. He had a sudden hope that Flash was mated and that he would find the den under a windfall or among the rocks at the base of the cliff. It was late for pups to remain at a den, but wolves sometimes mated late. This was no place for a wolf den, but it was possible.

Flash watched Moran. The man kept on as if he had not noticed. Flash whined after him. He ran round in front and once more turned up the slope.

"What's up there, Flash?" asked Moran. "What do you want to show me?"

He smiled as he thought of the consternation his appearance would occasion a she wolf if the den were really there. He turned and followed Flash up the slope.

He stopped and stared incredulously at the cabin. It was old and moss covered. The occupant had left no tracks on the game trail. This must be the refuge of some hermit—some fugitive who avoided men.

XII

WHEN Teton Jackson tore away from between two guards and threw himself from a moving train he left no trail. The isolated mountain valley in the shadow of the Tetons from which as a boy he had led his Robin Hood band to prey upon three states still bore his name, but the world never again found a single trace of the man himself. The valley of his name was settled by ranchers. Some few of the earlier settlers remembered him—and kindly, for no struggling squatter ever had cause to complain of his treatment at the hands of Jackson and his men.

Among all the outlaws who escaped during the next quarter of a century there were but few—perhaps a score—of whom no trace was ever found. In prison circles rumor linked the names of these men together and there were whispers of some phantom rendezvous called The Hole. No man seemed possessed of knowledge as to the whereabouts of this place. Stool pigeons heard naught but rumors. These rumors were persistent, and it was recalled that the majority of these vanished ones were of the outdoor type of bandit. At last the authorities inclined to the belief that some of these men were banded together somewhere beyond reach of the law.

As Moran viewed the cabin these things flitted through his mind. He recalled tales that men told of signal lights flashing from peak to peak. One sportsman, who could read the wigwag alphabet, claimed to have caught a portion of one message. Among the words he made out were the names of two men—the names of two of the most desperate escaped criminals alive. Moran dismissed these thoughts as absurd—absurd at least in so far as they concerned this particular spot. A number of men could not help but leave numerous telltale signs of their presence. This was the home of some lone hermit.

Flash preceded him and scratched at the door. It opened—and the scene was transformed for Moran. Any man would have pronounced the girl's beauty exceptional, and perhaps Moran's surprise at this vision in the door added to his estimate of her. He was instantly aware that he had never seen anything so intensely beautiful as the girl who stood there, vivid and alive, in this wild setting. She looked up and saw him and the color fled from her face, leaving it white and drawn.

"I startled you," said Moran. "I'm sorry."

She gazed at him without a word. Flash moved back to his side, his big tail waving proudly. Moran placed his hand on the dog's head and from this move the girl divined the man's identity.

"You're Clark Moran," she said. He nodded, surprised that she should know his name.

"Then they didn't kill you after all?"

"No," he smiled. "I'm very much alive."

"Flash brought you here?"

Again he nodded.

"Did they get Dad Kinney—is that the reason he hasn't come?"

"I saw him a few days ago as I came up the Shoshone—stayed at his camp overnight," said Moran. "He's alive and well."

"Then he didn't get my letter," she stated positively.

"Probably not," said Moran. He sensed that there was some connecting link of thought between each disjointed phrase and he tried to understand it all

"I can get him for you," he offered. "I can make his camp in three days—two days on a forced hike—and have him back here in five—that or any other way in which I can help you."

The reaction to her normal self was swift. It occurred to her that this man was wonderfully self-controlled. He was passing off a strange situation as if it were no unusual thing for him to find a girl in a secret cabin fifty miles from the nearest ranch. Her remarks must have sounded incoherent; she had spoken of things he had no way to know, yet he showed no excitement or curiosity. She liked his level gaze—knew she had nothing to fear from him.

"I'm here alone, waiting for Dad Kinney to come. Please come in," she said. "I'm starting dinner. As I work I'll try to decide how I can take advantage of your offer to help."

Flash prowled continuously between the two, his toenails clicking across the floor as he tried to keep within touching distance of each one. He sensed a certain constraint, an air of strangeness between them, but he was too well pleased at having brought these two together to pay much heed to so trifling a thing as that.

When Moran picked up his ax Flash followed him outside. Moran selected a tall dead pine, sized it up with an appraising eye and notched the trunk.

"We'll cut some regular wood for her, old boy," he said. "She's been burning squaw wood—limbs and scraps. I wish you could talk and tell me what it's all about. She's had something happen which has upset all her little world—and she's run away from it. Her plans didn't work out right and she's had a tough time of it. Who is she, Flash, and how did she happen to know about this place?"

He had carried a dozen armloads of wood before she announced the meal. The shadows were lengthening in the cañon when they had finished and Moran picked up his blanket roll.

"I'll camp somewhere close at hand," he said. "I'll hear you if you call. You can decide in what way I can help you and I'll hear the verdict in the morning."

"Oh, don't go!" she said. "Stay and talk to me. I've been alone too much. There's some horrid beast that screams here in the cañon nearly every night. I want you to tell me what it is."

Their conversation had been a little trite, limited to formal remarks, and Moran now welcomed the opportunity to break the ice by speaking on this familiar topic, which was almost a hobby with him. He opened the door.

"Let's sit here," he said. "The wild things will soon begin to talk. I'll try to interpret their notes as they come. There's probably one man out of ten thousand who really understands half of what he hears in the woods at night."

They sat together on the sill and Moran told her many things. He realized that the girl had stayed there night after night alone, assailed by all the imaginary dangers that beslege the mind of each novice in the hills. He explained away many man-made superstitions surrounding the creatures of the wild. Flash wedged in between them and as they talked he felt the dying out of that strangeness, the lessening of restraint between them.

"It must be a panther, I think," she told Moran. She noted the almost imperceptible shake of his head. "Why not? Don't they live here?" she asked.

"Yes—only they're called lions here," he said. "The panther, puma, cougar and the mountain lion are the same animal, only differently named according to locality. I've known and studied them under all four names. I've lived in hopes—but I've never yet heard a panther scream. I have inquired of scores of reliable, observing men who have spent their lives in the Northwest where the lions range; in the deserts of the Southwest, the range of the

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cougar; the swamp and hardwood country of the Eastern panther; and in Mexico, the home of the puma. A very few of them have told me that once or twice in their lives they had heard a note which they believed to be that of the panther. Even they could not be sure."

Flash suddenly pricked up his ears and attempted to squeeze past. Moran pushed him back as a low wail issued from the timber.

"Flash knew there was a tragedy going on out there. Guess what made that sound," he urged.

"A wildcat," she guessed.

"A rabbit," said Moran. "That was his dying scream of fear. Few know that a rabbit makes a sound. Most men would have guessed as you did. That cottontail was probably struck by a weasel or by an owl."

A weird, unearthly squall floated down from the bald ridge that topped one wall of the cañon.

"There!" said Moran. "Try again."

"A lynx," she said.

"A fox," he corrected. "Long ago some curbstone naturalist who owned a poodle dog announced to the world that the fox note was a yap. They've been yapping ever since. That long-drawn maniac squall is their real note—call it a yap if you like. I rather thought we'd hear a fox and that it would prove to be the sound that had worried you. That wasn't it?"

The girl shook her head.

"Not in the least like that," she said.

"I can't imagine what else it could be."

Moran was puzzled. A sudden thought struck him. He remembered the dead cow elk with the severed hamstrings, recalled the sudden hush and cessation of animal sounds that had occurred as he lay on the far slope of the Wapiti Divide—the silence that had told him of a distant wolf howl. He looked round for Flash, but Flash had squeezed past on the other side of the girl and was gone.

"I think I can make a pretty accurate guess as to the source of that sound," he said. "Our old friend Flash has been out with the wolves and found his voice. If he inherited his father's cry it was the lobo call you heard."

"Flash!" she exclaimed. "Why, Flash couldn't make such a hideous sound! Oh, surely it wasn't Flash!"

"I'm inclined to believe it was," he said. "You see you've had the most dangerous beast in the hills right with you all the time."

"Flash dangerous!" she cried. "Why, he's not dangerous! He's the smartest dog alive."

"And for that very reason he is positively the most dangerous beast within five hundred miles. Flash has all of the killing power of a lobo wolf, but without a wolf's blind fear of man. Flash fears men intelligently, can gauge their power for harm. He knows their tricks. Instead of fleeing in a panic from the first taint of man scent he investigates it. Then he knows! Of course Flash wouldn't attack men indiscriminately—he'd have to be spurred on by some strong dislike of one individual, but if he held a grudge against some man—well I'd hate to be that man and have Flash find me somewhere asleep or traveling through the hills at night."

"It doesn't seem possible that he could harm a man with only his teeth to fight with," she insisted.

"Only his teeth!" Moran exclaimed. "Yes, that's all. You've not the slightest conception of what those teeth of his can do. They cut like knives through the hide muscles and even the hamstring cords on a bull elk. I've known him to kill elk, deer, antelope and mountain sheep. Only a few months ago there was a five-hundred-dollar bounty posted for the scalp of the worst lobo that ever struck Wind River. Flash was that wolf. I shouldn't have left him. Ask Kinney. He tracked the Wind River wolf more than a hundred miles on a new snow and found Flash at the end of the trail. You and I are the only ones who know he's alive to-day. What chance would a man have against a killer like that if he didn't have a gun?"

The girl's mind traveled swiftly back to a certain night when she had heard screams and oaths behind her as Flash fought half a dozen men to give her time. She had had a vague idea that his snaps and snarls had retarded them until she was out of hearing. Now for the first time it occurred to her that he had struck them so savagely that they had feared to follow her through the night.

"Would you sell Flash at any price?" she asked.

"No," Moran answered instantly. "He's yours. I lost my title to him when I left him behind. I knew he would hate it in the city and I expected to be away but a week or two. He turned outlaw, was hunted all over the range. He showed up here and attached himself to you. I have no claim to him. He belongs to you."

The girl held out her hand to him.

"Kinney told me that all men like you," she said. "Now I know why. 'They don't make 'em any whiter than Clark Moran,' was what he told me. I indorse his statement. And I want you to know that I consider that the very nicest present I ever had."

"That repays me," he said.

"And thank you for talking to me—instead of questioning me. Of course you know that I have a definite reason for being here. I'd tell you if I could. I think I know now how you can help me if you will. If you will stay near here until Dad Kinney comes, then send him here to me—is that too much to ask?"

"I intended to camp within a few miles of here," he smiled. "So you're asking nothing but what I would have done in any event. Just one question, please?"

She nodded assent.

"If I'm to camp here—how shall I address you? As an aid to conversation, you understand."

"I'd rather you didn't know my name," she told him frankly. "At least not all of it. One of my reasons for being here is to try to forget who and what I am until I can reason things out coolly. That's why I don't care to hear my name spoken over and over again. But as an aid to conversation—Betty is the only part of my name I care to hear. You may call me that if you like."

"Thank you," said Moran. He picked up his blanket roll. "I'll bunk just outside."

"If it storms come inside," she said. "Circumstances alter cases and I'm not priggishly conventional, you know. Good night."

Moran knew that there was no least touch of coquetry in this permission to use her given name. There was some deep-rooted reason why she shrank from hearing the rest of her name. When he knew that reason he would know why she was here.

He had scarcely spread his blankets when a sudden shiver shook him as a cry rang out from the rims above—the lobo cry, the most chilling sound of all the wild. It was tossed from wall to wall of the cañon, its echoes dying slowly away among the peaks as the diminishing ripples caused by a thrown rock die out against the far shore of a quiet pool. Moran heard the girl call softly from the cabin.

"Do you still believe Flash could make a sound like that?"

"I'm sure of it. That was Flash—no other."

"It's rather a dreadful sound for so lovable a dog to make," she said. "But now that I know it's only Flash I need not shiver when I hear it again."

She heard Moran laugh softly.

"You are mistaken," he said. "If you live for a thousand years and hear it every night it will always be the same. You may not fear it—but the wolf shiver will shake you each time it sounds."

For the first time since her arrival the girl failed to bar the door at night, but left it swinging open—mute evidence of her absolute confidence in Moran.

Half an hour later Flash touched Moran's hand with his cold nose, gave one brief sniff and went inside to the girl. He sat beside her bunk, his chin resting on the edge while she stroked his head.

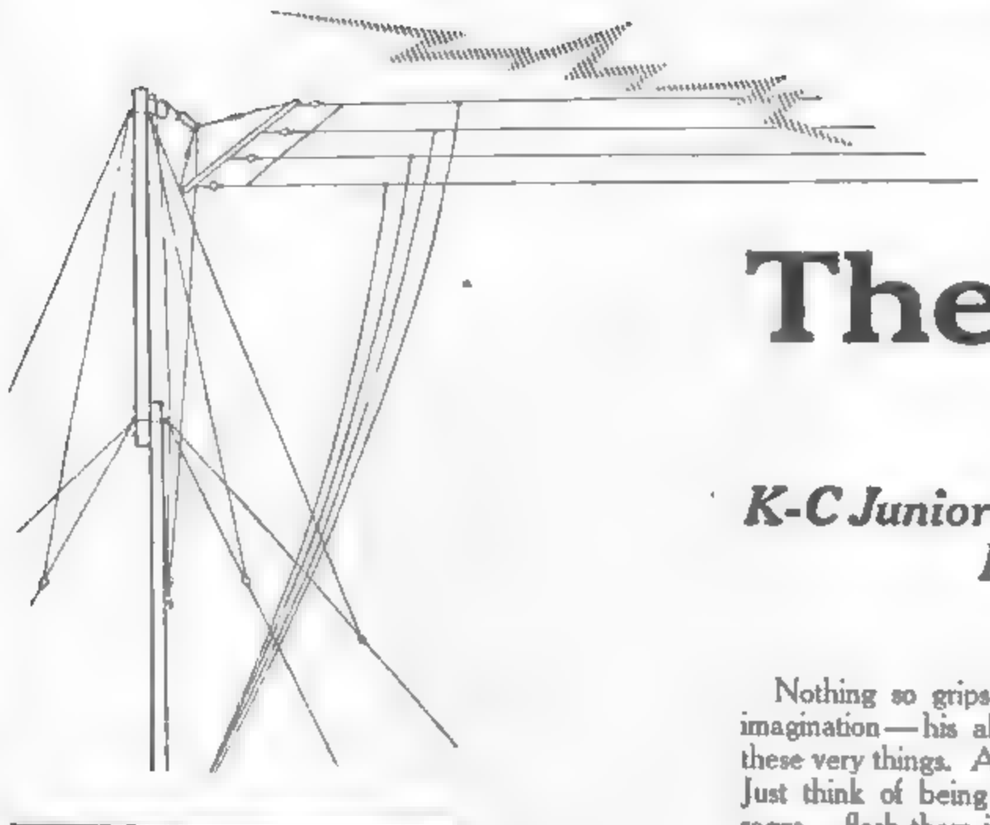
"Flash," she whispered. "Flash, why couldn't it have been a man like the one out there—like Clark Moran?"

Flash trotted outside and lay beside Moran.

"You old rascal!" said Moran. "Just look what you've led me into now! I believe I've found her, Flash—I know it. Isn't she a little beauty? Don't you dare tell me you ever saw a woman who could compare with her! Any girl I've ever met would seem drab and commonplace beside her. What do you think about it, Flash?"

Flash only thought that he was vastly contented. Nevertheless, he was restless and spent the main part of the night in prowling uneasily back and forth between Betty and Moran.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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The heroes in many of the biggest events of the last several years have been Radio experts. And as Radio development progresses, their opportunities will increase. They will figure in thousands of world dramas. Many of them will win lasting fame. History will record the names of many. Lives, ships, commerce, business firms and perhaps even nations will be saved by them. Where is there a regular boy to whom this does not appeal?

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Radio development is still in its infancy. But a fraction of its multiplied uses has been found. We know this through operating the largest plant in the world for the manufacture of Commercial Radio. And that is why we are producing and selling K-C Junior Radio at prices that do not permit a normal manufacturing margin. We prefer to invest in the boys of America instead of increasing our experimental facilities. For our contention is that the boy brains of this nation, when placed behind Radio, will greatly speed up normal developments—make accomplishments possible for this age that ordinarily would come in the far distant future. And to aid in this work, the earnest cooperation of parents is requested. We have made K-C Junior Radio available. And now, no father or mother, we feel, should require much urging to get a set for their boy to experiment with and study.

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K-C Junior Radio resembles large commercial apparatus. Please do not confuse it with the flimsy toy outfits you may have seen. K-C Junior Radio is practical through and through. It must be set up—a thing any bright boy can do. This is to familiarize him with the fundamentals of Radio practice—the finest possible exercise for the mental faculties. A set of K-C Junior Radio will develop a boy in ways nothing else can—a factor no parent with a real interest in his boy consistently can overlook.

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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 40)

covering other sciences. For example, the war showed plainly that we know too much about poisons and explosives and too little about democracy and coöperation. Science is all very well, but with an understanding of physical science we must likewise have a knowledge of political science to control the wonders we create. Some of our recent inventions are marvelous, but they will prove to be nation destroyers unless we pay more attention to mastering the facts and principles of human relationships.

"Everyone knows that social conditions throughout the world are not perfect, and only a fool will argue that they ever will be perfect. However, it is inconceivable that modern intelligence will fail to reduce greatly the number of human miseries that now afflict us. The fact that 33 per cent of all the people who reach the age of 25 die before they are 60 is purely a sermon on health, but a further fact which shows that of every 1000 men who reach the voting age only 115 are self-supporting at 60, and the remaining 535 still living are dependent on charity or relatives, is a stern condemnation of the social system we live under.

"Over in Egypt 4000 years ago decay of the teeth was as rare as decay of the bones. To-day we can soar through the clouds, but we wear false teeth. This evolution of our chewing apparatus is somewhat of a puzzle to me, but the evolution of management from the days of serfs and slaves to the present time is as simple as mush. The trouble is we don't seem to want to understand. We see a lightning bug and mistake it for a conflagration. Somebody hollers fire and we try to dig a well to put out the blaze.

"The big problem to-day is not equipment or salesmanship, but the fitting together of boss and worker—employer and employee. The future of all our industries hangs upon the human factor. We can go ahead only upon a new basis of complete coöperation. Everyone must have his fair share of present profits and future opportunities. These are fundamentals. Those who deny them encourage the preachers of revolution and strengthen the hands of violent radicals who would proceed along lines that are neither sound nor economic.

"Don't mistake my meaning in saying that salesmanship is not so all-important. I know as well as anyone that you can't work if you haven't markets, and the bigger your market, all things considered, the more time you will work your plant each year. The other day I was talking to a man running a so-called seasonal factory. The periodic nature of his business rendered it difficult for him to keep his forces together in the off-season periods. Did he throw up his hands? I guess not! He sent a man to Australia, where the seasons are the reverse of what we have here. When we are wearing our white flannels they are going about in their ulsters. My friend is on the right track, and soon he will be filling Australian and South American orders during his dull season. Such foresight counts. But the fact remains that the biggest thing is a sensible, just and progressive program of management.

"Just because strikes nearly always were based on wage demands most of us were led to believe that money was really the cause of these labor troubles. Now we know that the dissatisfaction was frequently caused by something else—wages were only a pretext. Strikes are at present taking place in industries where the employees themselves concede that the wages they receive are as high as can be paid. What they now want, and what they have always wanted, is a place in industry equal in dignity to that of the employer. With the introduction of steam the laborer felt that he lost caste, and he now demands that this fancied loss be made good. Only a small percentage of recent industrial plans based solely upon the policy of paying higher wages has increased the worker's interest or lessened his discontent.

"One of the unfortunate things is that our American-born citizens fight shy of the trades. They take to the farms and offices or engage in small individual enterprises. Seldom do you find a native-born son at a machine in a big industrial plant. I do not mean that this kind of work is not done by American citizens; it is, but frequently they do not speak English, and their loyalty though often requisitioned is too commonly of a platonic international character. When the machine itself became the real worker and the man became the assistant to the mechanical device the native American got out. It used to be that we had all-round machinists; one of them could build an entire engine if you gave him the tools and the time. But at present no one man builds even the smallest part of a truck or a tractor; instead of the general worker we have a series of skilled machine assistants.

"When employers commenced to discern that their men were without interest in their work they looked about and made the discovery that though their machines were automatic their factories were not. One friend of mine found that he was hiring 2500 people each year to maintain an average working force of 900. He investigated further and learned that it cost him $85, on an average, to break in each new operator. In other words, his labor turnover was costing his company more than $200,000 annually. Other owners made similar discoveries. Remedies were sought. Some decided to pay their men on the piece basis, rewarding them for what they did, not for the time they worked. Other managements tried to increase the interest of their employees by providing better living conditions. A few evolved stock-purchasing plans and profit-sharing schemes. Some of these plans helped, but all of them together were not a cure-all.

"I am an old-timer in the industrial game and have managed many thousands of men. One thing at least I have learned: There is no worth-while industrial policy to-day but coöperation. No other basis is either sensible or safe."

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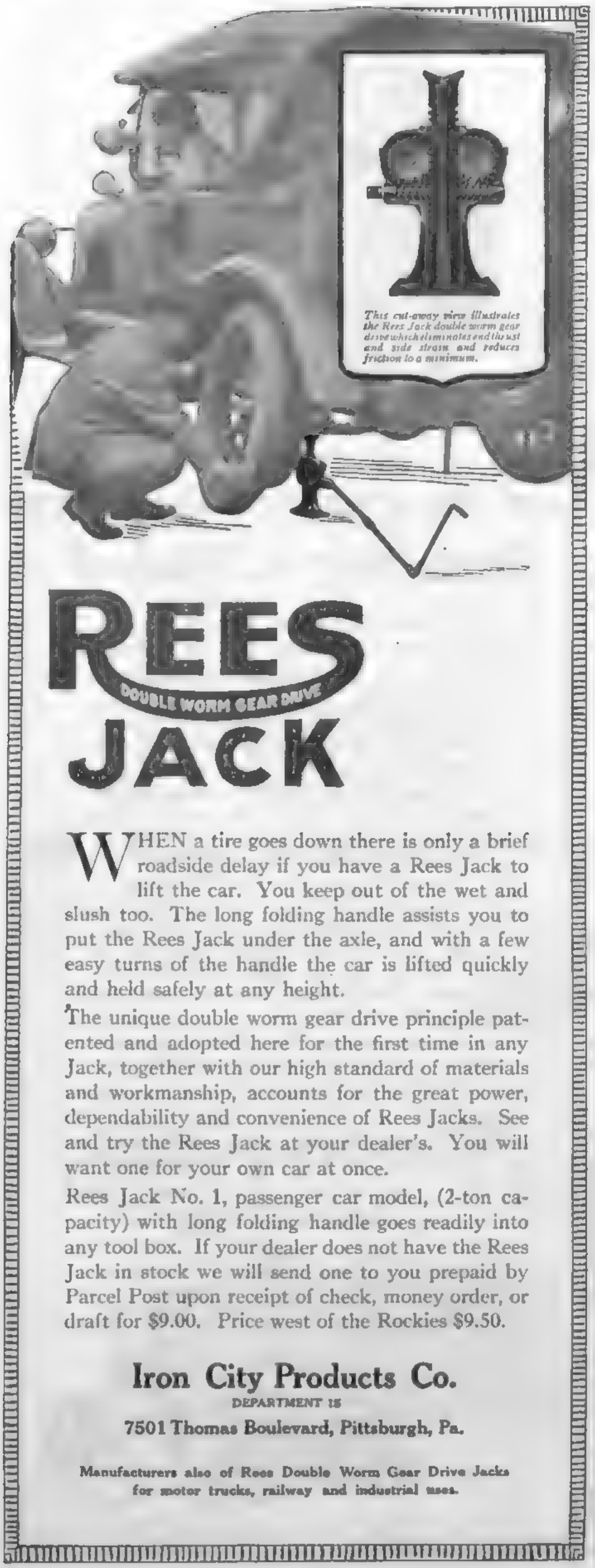
This cut-away view illustrates the Rees Jack double worm gear drive which eliminates end thrust and side strain and reduces friction to a minimum.
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Manufacturers also of Rees Double Worm Gear Drive Jacks for motor trucks, railway and industrial uses.

ONE THOUSAND DIAMETERS

(Continued from Page 22)

Spiders were good for malaria. If you have had any doubt in your mind as to what spiders are good for, now you know. Most people think spiders are good for eating flies and that flies are good for feeding spiders, but here is a use that perhaps you did not suspect. They are good for malaria. Just how they were taken, whether "drunke" or swallowed whole, was not mentioned, but you may depend upon it, whatever was particularly loathsome was good for something.

"A good pouder for the jaundice is as follows: Take earthworms and cut them small and braye them with a little wyne so that ye may swallow it; drinke same fasting."

The last direction must have been a mistake. It should have been: "Drink the same fast!" It is possible that the doctor himself did the "braying."

And then there were snails. Fine ladies had their footmen gather snails in the garden before breakfast. It had to be before breakfast; after breakfast would not have done. These snails were pounded, shells and all: "To be swallowed for a consumption."

Disease was thought to be a thing, an entity, something that entered into the body and must be driven out again by a remedy stronger than itself. Perhaps this idea had something to do with the size of the prescriptions. Some of them contained more than one hundred ingredients. They were built up by succeeding generations of doctors. Each doctor had to add one drug or more as his contribution to medicine or realize that his life had been wasted. After worrying about it for years, possibly, one day he would exclaim: "Gadzooks," or "I' faith," or "By my halidome, I've got it!" Then he would put into the prescription something more terrible and loathsome than all the rest, and having done so, when his time came he would pass the mess on to his successor before he himself passed on, content that his life had been well spent.

Cure by Royal Touch

Those were fat days for the druggist. In 1676 Dr. Gideon Harvey, physician in ordinary to Charles II, wrote:

"I have oft seen bills of Apothecaries risen to twenty pounds and sometimes thirty pounds in the time of a fortnight. Not long since an Apothecary of our suburbs brought in bills to nine patients for less than three-quarters of a year's physick amounting to fifteen hundred pounds."

That would have been equivalent in purchasing power to about forty thousand dollars at the present day! All of which goes to prove that compared with his ancient prototype the modern druggist is a piker.

And then there was blistering, a favorite method of torture. It was probably the first crude experiment in New Thought treatment. It took the patient's mind off his other troubles. Being so occupied with the new sensation he had no room for the old ones. Sometimes the desperate victim refused.

"You must be blistered or you will die!" said her physician to the Duchess of Marlborough.

"I won't be blistered and I won't die!" said the strong-minded old Sarah, and she kept her word for many years.

Scrofula was called king's evil and was cured by the touch of the king. For hundreds, perhaps thousands of years people had clung to this belief, which was probably fostered by monarchs to strengthen their claims to divine right. Dr. Samuel Johnson was touched by royalty at the age of four, but it did not rid him of his taint. Between May, 1662, and April, 1682, or twenty years, Charles II touched ninety-two thousand one hundred and seventy persons. One day a week, Friday, was given over to this touching ceremony, so he must have averaged a little more than eighty-eight persons at one sitting. On some Fridays, when it was necessary to make up for lost time, he exceeded the speed limit, touching more than two hundred and fifty victims of scrofula. But he himself was touched also, for it was the custom to give to each a small piece of gold, called the "touch coin."

Another favorite was bleeding. This was the first, the middle and the last resort. If the doctor did not know what ailed one—and mostly he did not—he bled him. If he did know he bled him anyhow. A consultation resulted in more bleeding. Either the lancet or leeches were used, most probably both—and often.

Louis XIV was bled generously nine times for scarlet fever. In 1765 a London mob attacked the Duke of Bedford's house. This probably caused the duchess to have an hysterical fit, for the next morning the doctors bled her. George Selwyn was dining one night at the home of Lord Coventry and fell, striking his head upon a marble table, causing a wound which bled profusely. When the surgeon came did he lay George down, stanch and dress his lacerated wound? No, that would have been too simple and obvious a method for those days. He bled him, though Nature was doing the same thing herself!

Abominable Prescriptions

Ambroise Paré was a celebrated surgeon of his time—earnest, painstaking and indefatigable in his search for truth. But truth held her face averted. Paré having heard that an Italian surgeon had a wonderful dressing for wounds determined to get the secret. He gave up his practice, left his home and served a two-years' apprenticeship with the Italian. He says: "In the end, thanks to my gifts and my presents, he gave it to me. Then was I joyful and my heart made glad that I had learned his remedy."

Triumphantly, his soul filled with high enthusiasm, he took it back home with him and no doubt used it upon wounds thereafter for the rest of his life. This marvelous remedy, to learn which he had served two years and given presents and gifts, might have been used upon Johnny's foot if he had lived in those days. It was composed of "Young puppies, boiled in oil of lilies, and earthworms prepared with Venice turpentine."

But most probably the attending surgeon would have used a "sympathetic" powder. A sympathetic remedy is one that heals by sympathy. That is, it does not come into contact with the wound at all. One removes the bandages that have been applied as a first-aid dressing and dusts them with the sympathetic powder, then lays them away in a corner cupboard and the wound begins at once to heal.

You don't believe it? They believed it in the seventeenth century, as the following narrative will attest: In 1687 a certain knight attempted to stop a duel by stepping in between two adversaries. Like many another well-meaning go-between before and since he got the worst of it, of course, receiving a serious sword wound in his leg. Then he promptly sought the attention of a surgeon, who treated him for some time without accomplishing anything. In fact, under the treatment the knight grew so much worse that he began to fear for his life; also he began to think that he was not getting the right treatment. So he paid off and discharged this surgeon and called in another.

Under the treatment used by this second surgeon the wound began to heal and eventually our knight became entirely well. But when the second surgeon presented his bill for the treatment the knight refused to pay him, though he had paid without question the bill of the first surgeon, who had not benefited him. Naturally, the second surgeon entered suit to recover his fee. And we should be grateful to the knight for his obstinacy, because the records of this trial—and especially the judge's charge to the jury—give us a most interesting account of the medical knowledge of that day.

The judge was one Sir Thomas Street, Knight, Justice of the Common Pleas Bench. If Sir Thomas never did anything else in his life, he made his fame immortal by his charge to the jury in this case. In those days a physician's calling was too honorable for him to receive a fee for his services. He could accept an honorarium, which was whatever the donor wished to give, but never a fee. He could not sue, even if the patient refused to pay anything. But a surgeon's calling was lower than that of a physician, consequently the judge decided in the beginning of the trial that the surgeon was entitled to sue. There is nothing further in the records to show that our

(Continued on Page 161)

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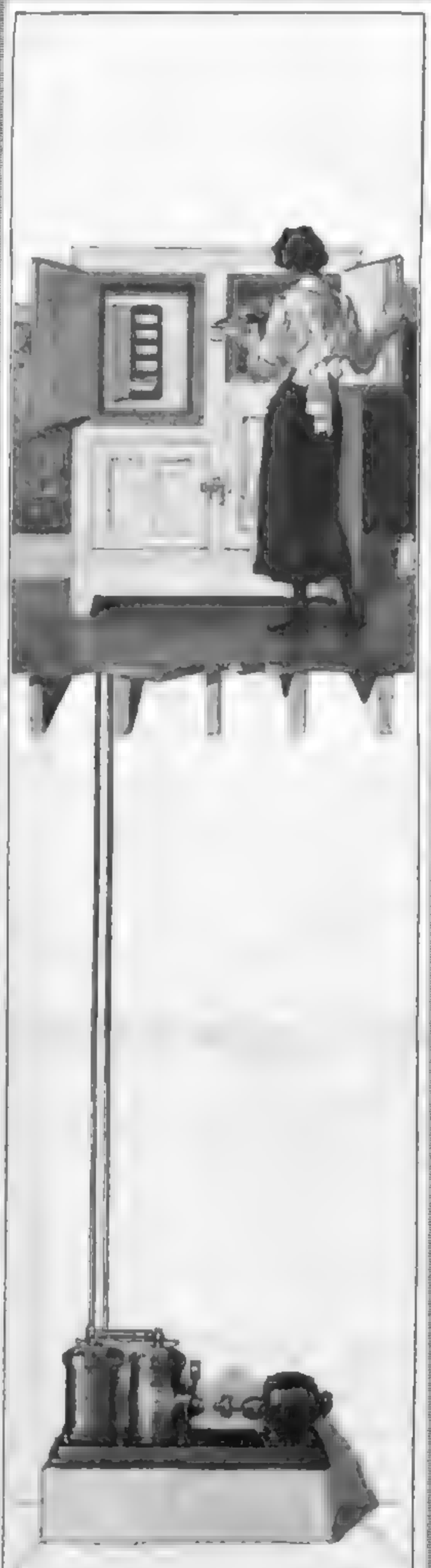

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ISKO

Fits Any Ice Box

(Continued from Page 156)

surgeon had a single other decision in his favor.

This being settled to the satisfaction of the plaintiff, the case proceeded. All the evidence having been presented on both sides and the attorneys for both plaintiff and defendant having delivered their addresses, the judge charged the jury. Reviewing the facts as established, he recited that the knight had been attended by the first surgeon, who used one of two approved methods of treatment. That is, approved by the medical profession of that day, which of course established them as "the usual and ordinary practice," according to legal terms. Not improving, the knight had dismissed the first surgeon and hired another one, "expecting to be treated by the second method."

Sir Thomas goes quite fully into both methods of treatment, but the second method is interesting, because it is difficult to believe that anyone could have had faith in it in any age.

"It is of Roman vitriol, powdered and dried in the sun, and is not applied to the wound at all. The surgeon procureth a garter or bandage with which the wound was first bound up, and sprinkleth the powder upon the blood which is upon the garter or bandage. And the patient thereupon feels an intolerable shooting and penetrating torment; but this soon vanisheth—thenceforth all previous evil symptoms departeth; the part recovereth its original lively color and manifest incarnation and consolidation ensue. This is by reason of the sympathy maintained betwixt the blood extravasated and that yet conserved in the veins and of the sovereign balsamic faculty of the vitriol. This is not applied to the wound, but is allowed to have its perfect work apart. The garter is laid away in a cool place."

There you are, simple and rational. We have the authority of Judge Street for it that it is also effective. But the ignorant, obstinate surgeon would have none of it, though all his professional brethren sanctioned and approved it.

"Now the plaintiff did naught save wash and tend the wound. He used no sympathetic powder or ointment."

In the Age of Theory

No, he said that there was no such thing as a magnetical remedy—in spite of his medical brethren. He said that Nature would do the work herself if she were let alone and the wound merely kept clean. But he put himself far beyond the pale of the profession when by pure reasoning he forecast the germ theory.

"He even hath in his mind some crochet that pus is engendered by some animal or plant; some bug or grub or beetle or fungus belike, though he saith he cannot prove the existence of such creatures."

Sir Thomas was facetious there; a bit sarcastic. One can imagine the smiles and smirks on the faces of the court attendants and the jury. But now his brow darkens and in sympathy the features of all the jurymen and the tipstaves grow hard and stern:

"It might be well for the plaintiff to take heed, lest he be condemned by the Holy Church!"

Guilty not only of medical iconoclasm but of religious heresy. Of course the decision was for the defendant. The judge said the surgeon did not deserve a fee anyhow, because by his own admission Nature had done the healing, and consequently Nature—not the doctor—should have the credit.

The most interesting part of this record is that a surgeon in 1687 should have had a germ theory of his own invention, though germs were not discovered until after the middle of the nineteenth century.

Doctors were no more ignorant than those who pursued knowledge by other paths. If in the seventeenth century the liver was supposed to be the seat of anger, the spleen the home of envy and the heart the habitat of love and courage, other scientists believed in the transmutability of metals, in the elixir of life, in astrology, in magic and witchcraft. One year before the founding of Harvard College, or in 1635, a scientific work was published in which gold was asserted to be a combination of quicksilver and sulphur.

The Witch Statutes of the English Penal Code, which were enacted during the reign of Henry VIII in 1542, were not repealed until 1736. Mackey, in his memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions, estimates that in Europe during the seventeenth century more than forty thousand persons were condemned and burned at the stake for witchcraft.

The advance of knowledge was retarded not only by the lack of scientific instruments, but very largely because of the haphazard, speculative methods of that day. This is well shown by the following anecdote:

Once King Charles II asked his courtiers "whether a vessel full of water weighs more if a fish is put into it."

This profound question started long and heated arguments lasting weeks. Finally it was decided that a live fish would not increase the weight, but that a dead fish would. This conclusion was reached by the path of speculation. A long time afterward it occurred to someone to find out by putting a fish into a bowl full of water. That was the path of experiment.

The occasional genius who had the temerity to contradict the fathers of medicine met with very little encouragement. Tradition died hard and truth had a difficult time of it.

The great friar, Roger Bacon, is said to have invented spectacles and to have constructed microscopes and telescopes. He was rewarded by ten years' imprisonment.

First Knowledge of Cell Life

Vesalius, the great anatomist, was twenty-eight years old when, after laboring five years, he published his book, The Structure of the Human Body. But he had dared to contradict Galen and he brought down upon his head a storm of indignant protest. In disgust and disappointment he destroyed all his unfinished manuscripts, gave up his studies and left Italy, never to return.

Harvey published his discovery of the circulation of the blood in 1628 and the result was a cataclysm of abuse and ridicule. Medicine was still struggling blindly in the fog of metaphysics. Haller, an eighteenth-century scientist, says in his book on Physiology: "Our body is gradually built up of gelatinous or slimy fluid." And of such "gelatinous and slimy" materials were the theories of medicine built up.

"Up to the year 1830," says Oliver Wendell Holmes, "Nature had kept over all her inner workshops the forbidding inscription, 'No Admittance!'"

It was in that year that the compound microscope was perfected. Then men began to see for the first time the minute structure of the body and that we are all commonwealths of cells of various kinds and functions.

Virchow, in 1858, went further still. He proved that all forms of life, whether animal or vegetable, are made up of cells. Think of it! Whether germs or Germans, parsnips or potentates, all are single cells or bundles of cells.

The microscope has revealed much more than the minute structure of our bodies. It has given us the germ theory—which is a theory no longer—of the origin of many diseases.

It has disclosed the warfare that is waged continuously within us in the struggle for existence. Now and then in the past a visionary like our surgeon of the seventeenth century hazarded a guess. But until the past four decades each was forced to say with him that he "could not prove the existence of such creatures." Now for the first time in all the centuries we can see our foes, and seeing, we know what weapons to use against them.

Most disease germs belong to the lowest orders of vegetable life. They are infinitesimal, and yet they possess all the properties of the vegetable kingdom.

Being fungi, they grow under the same conditions as others of this group of plants. Needing a soil, they thrive best in poor soil, and their soil is animal tissues broken down by previous illness or any of the many conditions that lessen the resisting power of the body.

In the blood stream float little protoplasmic bodies called white corpuscles, which resemble the gelatinous form of animal life—the amœba that floats in stagnant water. Like the amœba, the white corpuscles have a peculiar power of locomotion which is achieved by projecting a small part of their bodies and gradually pulling the

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rest after it. They can penetrate the walls of the smallest blood vessels, the capillaries, and wherever there is trouble there they congregate in great numbers, because they constitute the army of defense. Between them and disease germs, or bacteria, is waged the ages-old war for supremacy.

Bacteria enter the body by one channel or another, get into the lymph stream, or the blood, and finally into the tissues; or they may gain entrance directly as the result of injury. Their presence sets up an irritation and the intelligence is flashed to the nearest headquarters. At once the local blood stream becomes congested and battalions of the defensive army hasten forth.

What really happened when Johnny cut his foot? It is all an open book now, because the microscope has revealed it many times. Four things occurred in rapid succession—redness, swelling, heat and pain. This combination of events is called inflammation and is usually regarded as a sinister process, though it is really the result of Nature's attempt to guard us against destruction.

Here is the sequence: The injury caused an irritation of the nerves of sensation and they communicated with the nearest nerve substations. From these word went out to send immediate assistance to the frontier. Then the streams that transported the army of defense became dilated, more blood was rushed forward and with it the troops—the white corpuscles. As they approached the spot they left the main current and adhered to the capillary walls. Then gradually they penetrated the walls by that curious power of locomotion which they have and assembled in battle array to repel the invaders.

The redness, swelling and heat then were caused by dilation of the capillaries, exudation of blood and corpuscles into a confined space. The pain was the result of the original injury to the nerves and of the pressure upon them in the swollen tissues.

Wherever an injury occurs to the body, whether there is an invasion of germs or not, the same defensive mechanism is set up. Pain, however, is not so constant or so severe in the interior as upon the surface, because the frontiers are crowded with sensitive sentinels—the nerves of sensation. These may be entirely absent from the inner citadels.

But dirt was introduced into the wound and with it certain bacteria. Johnny's mother removed all she could by scrubbing and she applied iodine to destroy the rest, but obviously she could not destroy them all. The remainder must be attacked by Johnny's defensive army. This fight is called phagocytosis.

The Conquest of Malaria

In such a fight the home-defense soldiers engage in single combat like the knights of old. Meeting a germ enemy, the corpuscle enfolds it just as the amœba surrounds its food and a struggle begins. If the corpuscle is the stronger, the germ is destroyed and digested. But if the latter is especially virulent or our champion weakened by one cause or another, victory goes to the enemy. The germ then begins to subdivide, increasing in numbers until finally the corpuscle disintegrates.

Multiply these single combats, which the microscope has enabled us to witness, by hundreds of thousands and you may understand the battles royal that occur in our bodies when our army is called upon to defend us.

With some of the myriad forms of bacteria we rarely come in contact; with some we are frequently in conflict; and others—like the poor—are always with us. The fact that we have survived implies that we have within us a resisting power that has given us innumerable victories. This resisting power or immunity may readily be broken down by improper living, worry, overwork, undernourishment, insanitary surroundings; by dissipation of any sort, whether mental or physical. When our immunity is weakened the white corpuscles have an unequal fight and the processes of disease make inroads upon our health.

This knowledge of the causes of infectious diseases has enabled us to bring another weapon of defense to bear upon them, because we have learned also their methods of transmission. This weapon is prevention.

Until 1880 malaria was supposed to be caused by a miasma, a vapor rising from swampy ground after sunset. But in that year a French physician, Laveran, found the germ, a low form of animal parasite. But the cause of its transmission, the anopheles mosquito, was not discovered for years after. Also the transmitting agent of yellow fever was found to be another kind of mosquito. Since these discoveries destructive campaigns against mosquitoes have gone forward and mankind is free.

One of the plagues sent down upon Pharaoh as a punishment is supposed to have been bubonic plague. It has always ravaged Asia and at times it has swept over Europe. A peculiarity of this disease was noted as far back as Herodotus. An outbreak was always preceded by a similar epidemic among rats.

Not until the year 1890 was the cause found, the bacillus pestis, a small rod-shaped vegetable germ. But harder still to discover was the connection between the rats and the plague. But this is the sequence of it: The rat has his own kind of flea. If the rat has the plague the fleas become the temporary hosts of the germ. After the rat dies his body becomes too cold to be a habitat for the fleas and they seek other scenes and pastures new, sometimes human bodies. The germs of plague are so virulent that it is only necessary to crush an infected rat flea against one's body to acquire the plague. And this—to paraphrase a celebrated classic—is the sequence of the transmission:

This is the germ of bubonic plague.

This is the rat that had the germ of bubonic plague.

This is the flea that bit the rat that had the germ of bubonic plague.

This is the man who caught the flea that bit the rat that had the germ of bubonic plague.

Simple enough now to exterminate the plague by destroying rats!

One by one the lurking places of disease have been disclosed and their strongholds stormed and taken.

Give Nature a Chance

For us bubonic plague and typhus fever have merely historic interest. Even smallpox has lost its destructive power. There are thousands of doctors in the United States who have never seen a case. Typhoid fever—thanks to sanitary measures and to the use of typhoid vaccine—has ceased to be the menace that it once was. The mortality from diphtheria is rapidly reaching the vanishing point. And so one might go on enumerating the former enemies of mankind that have been vanquished—until one comes to tuberculosis.

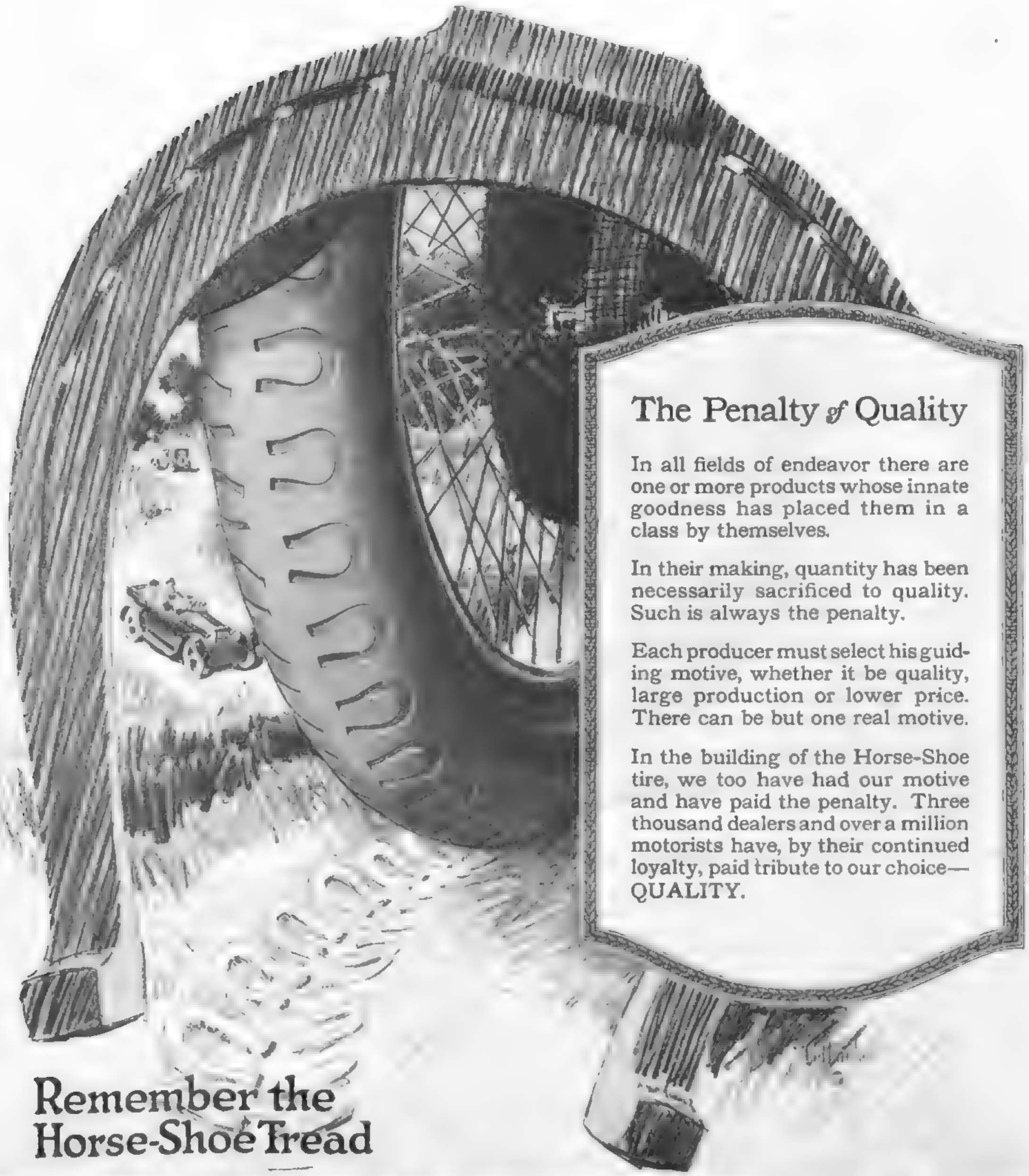
Will tuberculosis ever be stamped out? That depends. The difficulty is greater because the common carrier of the germ is man himself. He cannot be destroyed like rats and mosquitoes, so he must be taught. But with this disease, more perhaps than with any other, there is one mitigating fact. Everyone, or almost everyone, has been in conflict with the bacillus tuberculosis. Having survived to adult life, he has repelled—or his defensive forces have repelled for him—many times the onslaughts of the enemy, and by his victories he has acquired an immunity that must be broken down before he is vulnerable. The breach in one's defense may be caused by other disease through no fault of his. But more frequently it may rise from improper living, overwork or dissipation.

And so, due to the microscope, the causes of disease have been discovered and the means of prevention disclosed—and all this within forty years. But the fact which should especially interest all of us is the doctrine of immunity—that we have within us certain defensive forces against these enemies, forces that we can strengthen or weaken as we choose. In many cases the fight will go for us or against us, depending upon what we do.

A whole epistle upon this subject could be condensed into two words: Live right! Not too hard, not too easy; not too fast, not too slow—temperately, moderately, happily.

Bromidic? Surely! But so are all great fundamental truths. Nature is the great preventer, the great restorer—that is, the force within us. In that seventeenth-century trial quoted at considerable length in this article the physician had asserted that Nature had done the healing; that he had only kept the wound clean. Judge Street remarked with sarcasm but with greater truth than he knew, "Then Nature deserves the credit!"

Very well, give Nature the credit! But give her a chance!



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THE FIRST LADY OF CRANBERRY ISLE

(Continued from Page 19)

what she is capable of. It will take a better man than Whalen to cross swords with Hat Tyler, once she's cleared for action. He ain't got the reach; no, nor he ain't got the chest measurements."

"I hear she don't wear no support of any kind."

"She don't need no support. Look at that arm, for one thing. It hangs to her knee, I was going to say, and all clear yellow fat and muscle larded on all the way down. Yes, sir, she's got one of those arms that if there was hair on it, except here and there a little brine fuzz, you would think a gorilla had hold of you, hugging you."

"If spots count for anything," said Mr. Furlong, interested, "she's got more the complexion of a leopard. She's got freckles on her shoulders as big round as a quarter of a dollar, my wife tells me. But why is it, will you tell me, that somebody has to be in hot water with her the whole blessed time?"

"It's just her way. Hat's real good company when she isn't on the rampage," said Elmer thoughtfully. "I know when we used to go to the same parties—she was an awful solid girl even then, but she hadn't been to sea at that time, and it warn't to be expected she'd have the development she's got now, with that five-inch chest expansion and the rest of it—well, she'd sit there taking it all in, and when it come time to laugh she'd laugh as hard as anybody; but how she did it, she'd open her mouth wide as she could stretch, and there wouldn't a sound come out of it. She warn't ever one of these women to go round with a goosy smile on their faces the whole time. She didn't say much, but she hit the nail on the head every time."

"She's as strong as a seine heaver," said Mr. Furlong solemnly.

"Strong? That woman is as strong as Adam's off ox," replied Elmer. "And she sees to it that she stays strong too. It ain't nothing for her to slip off the rocks, nights, and swim three or four times round Cranberry Isle for the sheer fun of the thing."

"I know Zinie Shadd was telling me how he got an awful start here two or three weeks ago," Neeze contributed. "It seems he was coming in from Halfway Light, and going slow on account of some weed being tangled up in his screw. There was a new moon and not much light on the subject, I gather, and Zinie heard this sound like an exhaust, and he saw this object going through the water, and he thought he was running up on a porpoise or a grampus, and he up and stopped the engine dead. And right off sure enough he saw this monstrous great back shining and curving up there and breaking the water not a biscuit's toss on his port bow. Well, say, it warn't till he was well past that it come over him in a flash that a porpoise or a right whale would look *black* going through the water, and then right on top of that he heard Hat coughing and bellowing back at him: 'That's right, walk right over me! I would if I were you'; and she three miles offshore then and going out to sea all the time."

"She's a heave-jo of a woman if anyone should ask you," was Elmer's last word on that subject.

"Still it seems hard to put an old man like that out of house and home on account of there being a small open account between them," objected Neeze. "Just because he couldn't lay his hands on hard cash at the moment. You take Pat, there's money owing him, and then he is liable to win this next fight. A man in business like that, he is a good deal like a big wheel, I say, and if you leave him to turn it over slow enough you'll get back ninety-five per cent of what you have out; but if somebody comes along and gives it a shove and begins to roll it downhill there's no stopping it at all."

"Hat has put her shoulder to that wheel with a vengeance," said Elmer. "I understand now when he's not drinking to drown the shame he does her errands and helps out round the scow."

Mr. Furlong groaned, for seeing how that man had sunk so low he was fearful of contingencies yet to come. When once a stone has been dropped in the ocean of one man's troubles the ripples widen to the world's end.

"I suppose we might as well laugh as cry," he said presently.

"Have a laugh now and then, regardless of all, I say," said Elmer, yawning.

Three days after the evacuation of his scow by Patrick Whalen, the Assassin, his affairs were very much *in statu quo*. Mrs. Tyler, according to all reports, was still holding the fort, putting out her pots, mornings, and band-lining off the rocks, while Mr. Furlong was still taking her catch from the Assassin's defeated hands, and finding a market for it with fear and trembling. He burned the shells under cover of night as fast as he received them, and shook the meats out, well minced, into the jar marked "Leeches"; but he felt, and with reason, that everything was hanging by a hair.

"Where is Jim Rackby all this time?" inquired Elmer, who was still keeping bachelor's house. "Can't someone prevail on him to have a second thought and get that woman back on the high seas again?"

"As luck will have it, Rackby and I are off the hooks a little, on account of my putting that point," said Mr. Furlong. "I don't know why it is everything has to come all at once. He was my star boarder too. You know he has always been a great hand for coming in with a little something in his hand, like a halibut fin, maybe, and getting me to slip it into the pan for him. That's one of his expressions.

"'Just slip this into the pan, Neeze, and brown it up a little,' he says, like as if it was an accommodation to the fish or sich a matter."

"He's one that he dwells on his food more'n a little too," Elmer said. "Say, he confessed to me once that he wakes up in the night and plans it out what he will eat the next day, meal by meal."

"He studies on it," answered Neeze. "He thinks nothing of coming in here with a codhead to be fricasseed, or more likely a shad to be cooked in pork scraps, and he eats clear down one side of the spine and gives me the other side—to disarm me, see, when that it comes to paying a price."

"I understand he's tighter than a miser's dream of heaven."

"Well, he come that racket once too many times. He creeped in on me the other night with a parcel of tripe, and I soaked it in vinegar, and later I used up six clean napkins pounding it, to get it where a man could edge his tooth into it, and two more napkins for under a hot plate. And say, that old cruiser was wandering round here, foot loose, all the while. I watched him out of the tail of my eye while he was lifting up the lid of the ice chest and cutting himself a little strip of smoked shoulder. I set out to say something then, but I thought better of it.

"Well, say, he was smacking his lips over that good when he see me making an egg batter to fry that tripe in—you know, to get that nice golden brown—and he sings out: 'Hold on there, I didn't mean for you to go to all that trouble on my account.'

"'Trouble?' I says. 'That ain't no trouble at all, Jim; that's what I'm here for.'

"I could tell as well as I wanted to that he was miserable as a dog over it—thinking what it was going to run into in money, see; because outside of half a dozen ships, three and four masted vessels, he ain't got scarcely anything that he can call his own; so to kind of set his mind to rest I said I was making the batter anyway, and it wouldn't use much up on what tripe there was there.

"So then when it come time he skewered a piece of that tripe on the point of his knife and he pushed it across the bottom of the spider, and he says: 'That is yours.'

"'Thank you,' I says. And later I figured up, so much for the biscuits, so much for the tea, so much for attendance and napkins. 'And I match your tripe against my custard pie,' I said to him.

"Well, say, open his eyes come!

"'Custard pie?' he says. 'What are you giving us? I didn't have a piece of custard pie.'

"'Oh, excuse me,' I says. 'I see you forging into a piece of it a minute ago; but I guess you brought that in your pocket.'

"'Oh, that?' he says. 'That was only gape and swallow. I just cut me a sample sliver to see what it was like.'

"'Oh,' I says. 'Was it good?'

"'Well, yes,' he says. 'I don't know but what it does taste a little moreish.'

"'There's more where that came from,' I says.

"So he shook his head and says: 'I expect enough is as good as a feast. No,' he says, 'I better not humor myself. It might be jest another case of sweet to the mouth, but to the belly bitter.'

"Warn't I mad?

"As it was, I hadn't had it out of my mind for days that that man was at the back of all my troubles; and there I was fresh from Whalen telling me Hat would expect an increase of three cents a pound on the next lot, and as it is she has been sending over counts and shorts galore, regardless, and jamming them right down my throat. The consequence is I've got all haired up, and I don't know half the time whether I'm coming or going.

"'Oh,' I sings out, 'that's what the man said that tried to swallow Hat Tyler whole.'

"'Don't you talk Hat Tyler to me!' he yells. 'I've had enough and to spare of that woman. I'm sick and tired of the very name.'

"'You'll have more to do with her before you're done,' I says. 'You'll make a meal where you was only calculating to take a bite, Mister Gape and Swallow. Wherein,' I says, 'if you would bow the head and put her back on board that ship we could be waving our handkerchiefs to her by this time next week.'

"Say, down come his fist on that table, and up jumps the cruets like a squad of soldiers, and he sings out: 'She'll never walk the deck of my ship again while I am in my right mind!'

"'If that's your story,' I yelled back at him, 'you hunt up a new boarding place, mister, jest as quick as the Lord will let you.'

"So out he bounced, in a regular old-fashioned taking, and I haven't seen hide nor hair of him since."

"It's jest as my daughter says," was Elmer's comment. "Everything is at sixes and sevens with these new ideas about women's places in the sun. It warn't a week ago she said to me: 'Women are going to be the rock men split on if they ain't careful'; and I don't know but what she is right."

"I was reading not long ago," said Mr. Furlong moodily, "that they are gaining up on the men in strength. I been noticing these cases of husband beating, too, every once in so often. Mrs. Kidder was telling me Hat says she can lift a thousand pounds if the weight is set to come on her legs; and I wouldn't doubt it."

"I've seen her come up a short ladder with a cookstove on her back," said Elmer, "and not quiver."

Mr. Furlong only sighed profoundly.

As luck would have it, it was on this very evening that Elmer, returning home, spied Mrs. Tyler fishing for cunners off the end of the Assassin's scow. Since he was keeping bachelor's house he saw no harm in resting on his oars a moment and contemplating that heavy-handed woman as in the days of yore. The tide was at the slack; the sun glared through the pines like a coal through a brazier; and a slight current of air carried him by degrees into the cove where sat his one-time love and skipper, fishing. All circumstances were favorable to the touching of that chord again, which had been broken off so bitterly short so long ago.

"This is jest a sort of a dooryard call, Hat," he said as he was drifting down upon her.

"I understand you are keeping bachelor's house," said the lady without looking away from her line.

"Yes," Elmer replied. "It feels good, for a change."

Mrs. Tyler indulged in one of her soundless unfathomable laughs.

"I'll bet it does," she said. "Well, Elmer, you've only got yourself to thank. Everything might have been different once upon a time."

"I little expected to see you the first lady of Cranberry Isle at that time," said Elmer, smiling in his turn. "I know that night when you bashed our house in with that ship of yours, and I glimpsed you standing there clad in your unmentionables, I said to myself: 'If anyone had told me in the old days that this was how it was going to be I would have told them they lied when they said it.'"

During this lyric passage Hat had let her line run out, and sat stroking her meaty white forearm, thence letting her fingers wander to a manipulation of the muscles of

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"You and I could have set the world on fire, Elmer, at one time," she said presently in low tones.

Pleasantly thrilled, Elmer seized the oars, which were sliding out stealthily between the tholepins, and grinned his grin of married-man remoteness.

"Well, the wheel won't turn with the waters that have passed, Hat," he said. To ferry himself over to less questionable ground he immediately continued: "I understand Whalen is going round saying that the littlest man in the world can lick the biggest woman, if he puts his mind on it."

"Talk is cheap," said Hat.

"As a matter of fact," continued Elmer, "I happen to know personally that he would like almighty well to leave town if it was so's't he could. He has got to do something to get over this political hitch before they will allow him to fight."

"Political hitch," repeated Hat ruminantly. "Well, Elmer, you ought to be able to find a solution of that. You are getting to be quite a politician yourself." Her eye beamed, she turned toward him, putting the flat of her hand on the scow's deck. "As a matter of fact," she added, "I am getting sick of this dangling off the end of nowhere myself, and I have just thought of a way to string them all on the same string. Let me whisper in your ear."

Half an hour later Elmer, fully instructed, rowed away from the scow with a rather serious expression, for he had been sent upon an errand. The nature of this errand, or mission, will best appear in its upshot, which was a joint visit by Mr. Rackby and the Assassin to the Sea Grill.

Mr. Furlong, in truth, had not been the only one to suffer from Mrs. Tyler's tactics. By diabolic indirection they had at last struck home at the object of her hatred, and through his most vulnerable point, his stomach. Mr. Rackby was now suffering the torments of the damned. Mr. Furlong was the only man in town who seemed able or willing to cook to dictation. The old cruiser in his exile remembered those delightful hoverings round the stove in the days when he had had the freedom of the shop, those testings and consultations and culinary crises. He remembered how after he had eaten he would sit picking his teeth and humoring his works, for his digestion was perfect, and the pleasure he had in that was second only to that of the actual operation of eating. His hands were then wont to fold themselves over his paunch cherishingly, and he seemed to suspend his being as if a sleepy charm possessed him. Wharf's end was then the thing he sought.

Alas for him, his food no longer sat well on his stomach. He sharked it up as best he could, and boarded round among the different eating places, but all the time he hungered and thirsted like a lost soul for Furlong's cooking. By broken glimpses he had come to understand that Hat Tyler was the foundation of his misery. He felt her walking up his back like a force of Nature. Perhaps she had been less a menace when in harness than when loose, as the current in the wire is more easily fought shy of than the lightning stroke. He would have had her back on the ship a dozen times, but he feared the jeering comments of the Tall Stove Club.

Hence he counted it a piece of great good luck when the Assassin approached him with a proposition the gist of which was to recognize that they, together with Mr. Furlong, were in the same boat, and ought to pull together.

Mr. Furlong looked slant-eyed at them when he saw them coming in; but he allowed them to take chairs, and even, on Mr. Rackby's solicitation, plumbed the depths of the jar marked "Leeches," and came back with two good helpings, for the shipowner confessed to feeling a little sharkish, he knew not why.

"What I am coming at," said the Assassin, putting a luscious naked meat out of the big claw into his mouth—"here are three of us in the same boat, I take it."

He began to chew slowly, as the wheels of an engine start at a scarcely perceptible gait in their first revolution. "You all know how I am situated with regard to Hat Tyler. I owe her money; and where she is concerned I have been stepping along like a cat on a shelf of crockery, but the thing has got to stop."

"I was thinking that same thing," said Mr. Furlong.

"I've stood all the nonsense from her I'm inclined to myself," said the shipowner.

"Well, those are my sentiments to a hair," submitted the Assassin. "I've put up with her antics about long enough, and I'm going to call a halt. What I am saying is we might as well be killed for a sheep as a goat. My idea is to have a lobster picnic off the rocks there, early this evening, for a starter, just to get us feeling tuned up, and then rush the scow and use the power dory to tow it out into the stream. Leave the woman on Cranberry, if necessary."

Mr. Furlong paled.

"Isn't a good deal being left to chance on this proposition?" he inquired. "Of course I'm not denying that you may be as physical as she is, when it comes to that ——"

"You let me alone for that," said the Assassin, beetling. "You bring along lobsters to fortify us, and a little something for priming, and that'll be all that's required of you, except I want witnesses that I handle her as a lady should be handled."

"She wants to be handled with gloves if I'm any judge," said Mr. Furlong.

"I'm the best man with four or six ounce gloves in this state at the present moment," said the Assassin. "That's the point. See? My wife has got sparring partners for me, and if we can get over this political hitch the bout will be pulled off early next month."

This proposition was addressed to Mr. Furlong at a moment when his moral reserves were all but exhausted. He was willing to go to the very edge of things if need be, to get himself out of the clutches of Hat Tyler's embarrassing patronage. As it was now, he ran all the risk of being caught with the fruits of Hat's sea labors in his possession, and she had run her prices up until he no longer made even the shadow of a profit out of Whalen's deliveries. Furthermore, his part would be passive, as the Assassin had suggested: a witness, nothing more.

"Hat is one that she can stand a lot of grief, though," he suggested dubiously.

"It's well for her she can," replied the Assassin.

Early night, therefore, found the three conspirators in the lee of Cranberry Isle, but approaching it from the south side. Neeze, reaching into the water at the tail of the boat, plucked out, dripping, a crocus bagful of lobsters, which he had been trailing astern.

"Here they are, the beauties," he murmured. "And these are lobsters that *are* lobsters—not that city kind that have to have elastics twisted tight round the joint in their claws, you know, to give them that nice look of being right out of the water, the way I have seen some of that tribe conjured with in times past."

"There's tricks in all trades," answered the Assassin.

"I expect yours is no exception," Mr. Furlong threw out with a searching look ahead. A little sea beach had rifted in here, and a dock was situated at its western end.

As he was making fast his painter to a cleat here Mr. Rackby said after clearing his throat: "What part of the island did you say Hat is living on?"

"She's away up at the north cove," answered Neeze. "It ain't likely she would come through them woods at this time of night to see what was in the wind."

They stepped ashore rather gingerly, notwithstanding. The lobster oven consisted of two blackened bowlders set a foot or two apart and topped by a large square of sheet iron. A length of stovepipe rose at the rear. Mr. Furlong, throwing the crocus bag on the sands, called upon his associates to cast about for driftwood while he started a fire in the oven.

But he had no kindling. Now at the top of the beach and at the center of its arc stood a row of abandoned little bathhouses, six in number, a leftover from the days before the hotel on Cranberry Isle had burned to ashes. The padlocks had rusted off the doors, and in some cases the staples had even pulled out, and the doors hung warping on their hinges and could not be closed except with difficulty.

Thinking that he would probably find cast-off wrapping paper in one of these rooms Neeze dodged in at the first door that came to hand and reached out to the wooden seat which he knew to be situated against the backboards. It was as black as pitch there, but he was no sooner in than

(Continued on Page 169)

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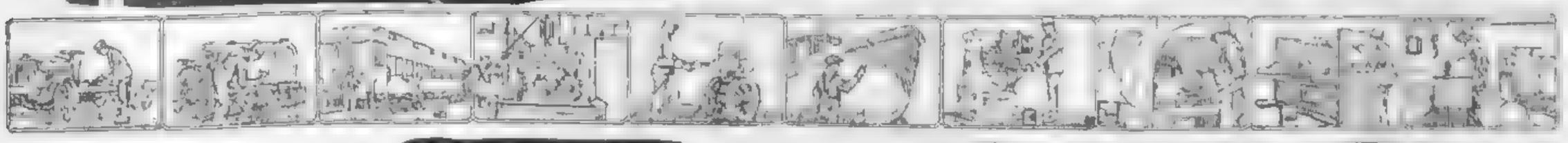

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(Continued from Page 166)

he had the sensation of being in the vicinity of a damp body of some description, and, indeed, divers psychic flashes apprised him shortly that a human personality was lurking at arm's length.

Though thus in a measure forewarned, his amazement was none the less genuine to feel the palm of his hand slide against a cold, wet round of arm stationary there, and rigid as a bar. Appalled, he drew back. The proportions of this arm left him in no doubt on the score of identity. It was the dreaded property of the first lady of the island beyond a reasonable doubt. Hat Tyler had manifestly slipped in here at the conclusion of her evening swim.

Before he could collect himself so far as to cry out or let the least syllable escape him the invisible lady contrived to seize him by the ear and hiss into it: "You let on that I'm here and your name is Dennis!"

He found himself outside, on the sands again, and shaking like a leaf. At recollection of the clammy enormousness of that impending divinity Neeze Furlong felt the chilly bumps rising all over his lean frame; and to dispel this quaking fit he began to run hither and yon, gathering wood at random from the drift line, with his knees knocking together. Hat was not, as Elmer had already said, one of these goosy women who go round acting on some silly impulse, and he knew that she would be as good as her word.

He fanned up a blaze abstractedly, while Rackby and the Assassin were tearing rockweed from the rocks, which they then laid on the hot sheet iron in great shining bunches. Fine puffs of steam went up. Presently Mr. Furlong slid the contents of his crocus bag into the bed of crackling weed, shaking the empty bag like a magician on a magic shore. He then carefully buried the writhing crustaceans under another thick layer of weed. Now he dropped in clams, now another layer of weed; on top of this a dozen ears of smiling yellow bantam corn, and a blanket of weed over all.

Now from this dome of wet weed a smell of cooking rose, the effect of which on Mr. Rackby was to stir him like a romance. When he knew by that savor in the steam that the lobsters were fairly in the weed he drew his watch and sat down beside them, for this was their last bedside. Full twenty minutes must pass before he could rake away the weed and crack his way to the substance of those steaming mandibles. He sat holding his watch with the massive hunting case sprung open. Glints and gleams darted from the solid cable that moored it to him as his breath went and came, and his charm twirled under an agitated paunch.

Presently Mr. Furlong, who had his head under the sheet-iron cap puffing up the fire, heard the hunting case snap to. Instantly Rackby seized hold of a clam rake and bent over the mound of weed.

"Give it another ten minutes for good measure; what do you say?" said the Assassin, who began to think of that part of the program that followed the meal.

"Nonsense! These lobsters will never be any better than they are right now," retorted Rackby, slavering. "I may drop dead of heart failure in the next few minutes."

"Many a true word is spoken in jest," said Mr. Furlong. His troubled glance wandered to the line of bathhouses.

"Come, man, don't put a damper on the whole party," said the shipowner.

Shaking off the other's clutch he stabbed at the blackened fringe of weed and dragged out a lobster, whose hue had changed from slimy bronze green to that most alluring of vermilions. In all his twenty segments, his mandibles, his red antennæ, foot jaws, fish claws, quick claws and numb claws, he was calculated to raise an epicure into the seventh heaven.

"What do you think of him?" cried Mr. Rackby exultantly, waggling the swimming legs. "Just smell that smell. They never taste so good as when they are cooked in the weed here and get that little smoky taste into them. Fall to, gentlemen. It was a brave man that ate the first lobster, what? But he was performing a service to humanity all the same, just as much as Columbus was in coming to America. Ain't that lapping good?"

He had laid one of the giant red mandibles on a white bowlder and was lifting a smaller stone to crack it when his eye encountered the Assassin's. At once a premonitory quiver of mistrust ran through him. The wind was in a new quarter, he perceived. Mr. Whalen's mood of geniality had dropped from him like an outworn garment. His eye smoldered and his jaw was thrust out. Moreover, he had got between Mr. Rackby and the dying fire, and the fact that one of his ears was bigger than the other had never before been quite so disagreeably conspicuous.

"I'm sorry to see, gentlemen," he said in thick tones, "that these are short lobsters."

"Shorts, yes," gasped Rackby. "Did you expect us to bring count lobsters on a frolic of this kind?"

"I don't know whether you know the law on this point," said the pug in still more hostile accents. "Well, anyway, ignorance of it is no excuse, the lawyers say. The penalty is a fine of five dollars for each lobster, and sixty days for conspiracy to defeat the statute."

"Oh, is that all that is bothering you?" said Rackby, relaxing. "Don't worry on that score. There is nobody within five miles of here to raise his voice if we pulled every short out of the ocean."

"Is that so?" queried the Assassin in deadly tones. "As it happens, there is somebody within five feet."

The pallor of Mr. Rackby's face was brought out strongly by its contrast with the color of the huge claw he had just withdrawn from his lips.

"The man must be mad," he said, turning to Furlong, who merely sat back in the sand, clasping his knees and murmuring: "I only wisht I thought so."

"He is out of his head," continued Rackby. "Why, he is in the same boat with the rest of us, for the matter of that. Hasn't he been delivering you shorts himself for days?"

"Where are your witnesses?" inquired the Assassin ironically.

Hat's hand may now be seen in this. Elmer was publicly known to be in good standing among the politicians. At Hat's instance Elmer had represented to the Assassin that if he wanted a license to put on his boxing show he must first do a little sleuthing. The politicians were banded together in an effort to save lobsters of any and all kinds—perhaps through recognition of the fact that they so largely depended upon them for votes. A test case was needed, Elmer had suggested plausibly. He had even pointed out to the Assassin that the lobster party would find Mr. Furlong in a more receptive frame of mind if coupled with a proposition to rush the scow. This astuteness was not Elmer's. It was he who had outlined the frolic and its termination to the Assassin, but it was Hat who had outlined it to Elmer. Hat had even empowered him to hint that she could be moved to let go her hold on the scow by the same benevolent powers who were now at the helm of the ship of state.

"How is this?" whispered Rackby. "You mean to say you have got us out here under false pretenses? What was all that talk about rushing the scow—moonshine? You can't mean that you are just a common spotter?" he concluded, going cold all over. "Why, you have been selling shorts yourself galore."

"Where are your witnesses?" inquired the Assassin once more in blandest accents.

Appalled silence followed. The fire had got down, the moon had slid behind a cloud, darkness had flowed into the little cove, and a swirl of moist steam and live-lobster-laden smoke filtered among the astonished and relaxed limbs of the spotted parties. At this moment, which marked the extreme ebb of their zeal for lobster frolics, all present distinctly heard the snap of a dry stick behind them.

"Did somebody call for witnesses?" cried Hat Tyler, coming forward.

She had stepped out of the bathhouse just as she was, in a blood-colored Adam suit which revealed her menacing proportions as nothing else could. Nor were the fears of the three frolickers assuaged by that single feminine touch of an insertion of narrow orange ribbon at trunk edges and arm outlets and at the deep V on the tanned bosom. She floated over the black drift line at the top of the beach like a thistle in the wind, for as Elmer said she was wonderfully light on her feet for a woman of her measurements. Swimming had done wonders for her in the way of conditioning, and she was now probably near what would be considered a good ringside weight for one of her physique. She had just padding enough to shield the deeper-bedded muscles from bruising and paralyzing contacts.

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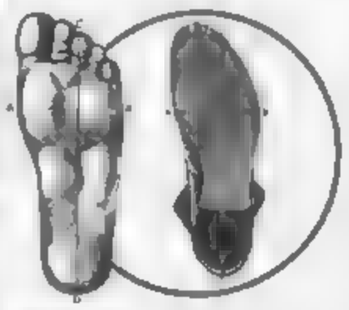

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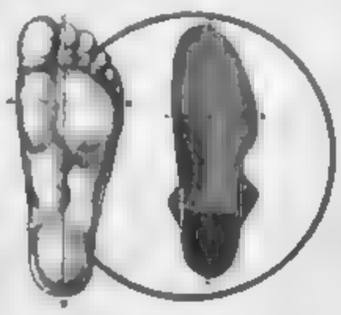

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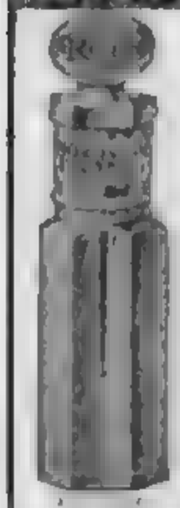

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A spurt of flame, as she drew near, showed the solid pallor of her arms stippled by a dazzling universe of freckles. A perfect spatter of these charming blemishes was visible on those notable deltoids aforecelebrated, for example.

Her knees were as square as a centurion's, and red as coral into the bargain, where she had been hand-lining off the rocks for cod and kneeling on the thwarts of her dory to hand in the fish. On that bathing suit, the color of blood welling from the heart, phosphorescence appeared in millions of tiny silver sparkles as the woolen fabric yielded to that chest expansion, which, according to Elmer, scarcely fell short of five inches. It was at any rate nothing short of phenomenal for a woman, since women are reputed just to sip the air by breathing with the upper lung cells only.

"Do you mean to tell me," she cried, "that you two grown men are going to stand there gawking, and let yourself be taken up by that looking thing without so much as raising a hand in self-defense?"

Neeze could hardly say, though he wanted to, that the man who had them in charge was the very man they were relying on as a bulwark of defense against her own aggressions because of their daring thus to come poaching on her preserves.

He contented himself with saying: "He's got the goods on us, Hat."

"I'll see if he's got anything on me," said Mrs. Tyler rudely.

She took a step forward. The Assassin, in whose direction she had taken it, could not help looking piously just back of her bare heels at the dents made in the sand.

He moistened his lips and uttered discreetly: "I hope you're not going to make it necessary for me to resort to force, ma'am."

The evening's developments were as unexpected to him as to his associates. He was not at all reassured by hearing Jim Rackby suddenly yell: "You was going to rush the scow, Pat. Rush her now!"

"All right for you," said Hat without turning. "I'll attend to you in a minute, you creature, you! As for you, Pat Whalen, just what are your intentions?"

The Assassin, with an affectation of sangfroid which he was far from feeling, merely said: "That's for me to consider, Mrs. Lady."

"Well, so is that," Hat said, and without shilly-shallying further she poled her left into the cleft of his jaw, and he crashed, after spinning round like a whiffletree. "You've been aching and itching for it, and now you've got it," she cried.

Mr. Furlong, who had been looking through her elbow from behind, could not have told when the blow started, so sudden was it and so nicely calculated. The Assassin, when revived sufficiently to have an opinion, swore that it took its rise right down in her heel calluses. He testified that the sensation he had when he was crowned in that unexpected fashion was more that of being stamped on by a hoof than poled down by a human arm. Springing up like a strong fountain through those swelling calves and those considerable thews and sinews, the blow thence descended through her arm in a fine flashing spray of many-jeweled lights, mingled with phosphoric darts which her rapid breathing had stirred up in the brine-soaked Adam suit.

"I guess that's first blood!" Hat shrieked. She began to shake and shiver with the reaction that will sometimes follow the first heat of battle. She told Lena Kidder later that that man declared to goodness, as soon as he could come to any kind of a realization, that he had been stabbed, and what gave him that notion was blood dripping off his chin, but it seems that was where Hat's engagement diamond had cut him. It was a small stone, but it had been recut and given an up-to-date girdle, and as she said herself it was then for the first time that her satisfaction in it was pure and unadulterated since the distant day when Tyler had first, with might and main, forced it past the second joint of her ring finger.

The Assassin, lying back in the sand, coughed feebly and said: "Ma'am, you certainly do pack a punch in that left hook of yours."

"Do I so?" said Hat satirically.

"Yes, you pushed across a haymaker for fair."

"Well, there's the mate to it, then," Hat retorted, and she brought round her other fist into view, with those mortal great fingers doubled together, and that ring with a cut stone in it, which according to Elmer's version, in speaking of the affair to Pearl on her return, was about the bigness of a young toad. "Come on now," she said, "will it be tame crow or more punishment? I warn you, before you start, the man that runs foul of me in the frame of mind I am in now is liable to strain his manifest. Don't you dare hit me back!" she shrieked, for the Assassin had begun to dabble in the sand with his fingers and make an effort toward rising. "You good-for-nothing things, you, are you going to stand calmly by and see him hit a woman?"

But the Assassin had sunk back again supine.

"It might be a different story if I could get on my two legs again," he groaned, "but I can't, and I guess it don't make any difference who knows it."

"He would have," Mr. Furlong told his wife afterward, "if only he hadn't got that special twist into him falling down the way he did, and jest at the time he did. She catched him jest right for once, with one foot hooked back of the other."

"The very idea," continued Hat, "of a thumping great man like you coming down here and rounding on these defenseless people with any such bag of tricks as that. Serve you right if it does get noised abroad that one weak woman made you measure your length. I guess as a champion the people that back you will find they have backed the wrong horse."

"Hat," cried the agonized Assassin, "you wouldn't have the heart—— Ain't it enough to send me to the pleasant places like this without you must—— My heavens, if a whisper of this gets round I will never be able to climb through the ropes again."

"It all depends on what are your intentions whether I say nothing and saw wood," said Mrs. Tyler. "What about the charge you've got against these poor men?"

"Silent; silent as the grave," whimpered the Assassin.

Mrs. Tyler said shortly: "I thought I would have you laughing on the other side of your face. 'Rush her now,'" she repeated, swinging venomously on her former employer. "So that was what you had up your sleeve in coming here? If I wasn't suffering everything with this thumb I should be tempted to put a worse crimp in you than the other one. You're all tarred with the same brush, every mother's son of you. As it is, you can pick up your traps and go home, and let it be known that a woman saved your scalp for once."

"Let it be known——" whispered Rackby. "Why, Hat, don't you intend to keep faith with Whalen here?"

"I don't know why I should," said Hat. "Perhaps you will be so good as to tell me what I have got to gain by it? As it is, I don't know, I'm sure, which way the cat is liable to jump."

A diversion was created at this point. Hat had been sucking for dear life at her left thumb joint, for, womanlike, she had tucked her thumb into the palm of her hand before starting that blow, and she was now suffering from the shock to the joint.

"I declare, I'm losing myself," she cried.

"Well," Elmer told Pearl in concluding his narrative, "according to Neeze's tell she hadn't any more than got the words out of her mouth than she took a slump, and down she went among the jellyfish, as white as plaster. So there those three went to slapping her wrists and ankles, and raising her up amidships, to their judgment, and letting her down again, and the like of that, and when that she opened her eyes Rackby says: 'Hat,' he says, 'you're amongst friends,' he says.

"'I want to know,' says Hat. 'How long since?'

"'Jest as soon as you feel able,' he says, 'you get your things together and go back on board the Minnie Williams, and let bygones be bygones.'

"So Hat she reached out one of those lovely great big arms to Furlong to steady her, and she says: 'That's two birds with the same stone in one evening, Neeze,' she says. 'And still people talk about women being the weaker vessel. Maybe she is,' she says, 'but she can show some of the men a clean pair of heels in a pinch, or I miss my guess.'

"The only wonder is you wasn't the third bird," said Pearl grimly.

Elmer drew down the lid of one eye, for there had been a gap in his narrative to Pearl.

"That's wherein I say," he concluded, "that there ain't nothing in this world that is against a full-bodied woman like Hat if only she ain't against herself."

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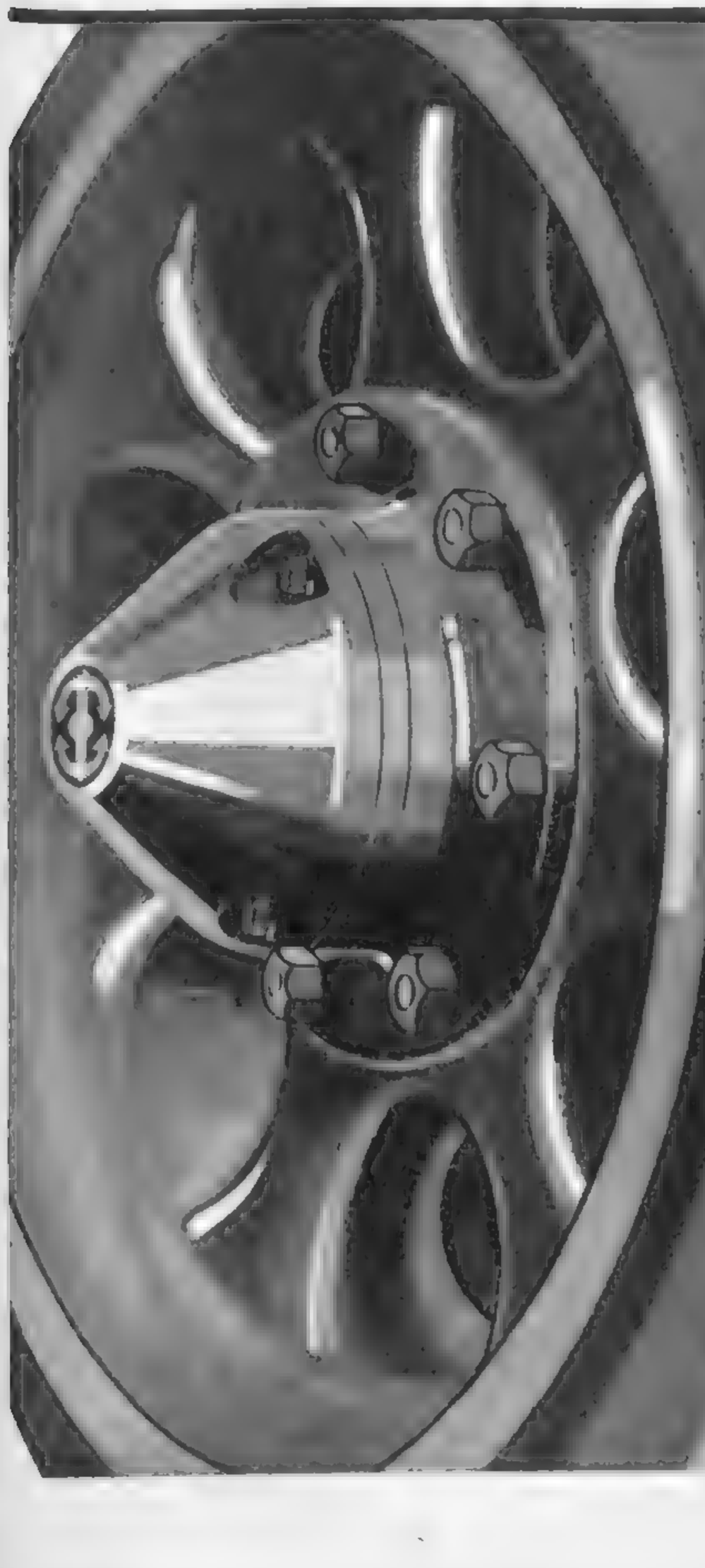

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THE GAMESTER

(Continued from Page 32)

There had been times when her fidelity was the one sure thing in all the world, but a man had to be somehow high in himself to know it. He was going home from the ditch, even fire-scarred and blackened with smoke. Phœbe would run from him. Chauvin would stand and look him over. His lip would curl at what he saw. Yet Bernie held on to the brass. Winning meant just that—to remember, when he could not see and hear, to hold on past mind panic and body break.

Death was in his feet and hands, but the rest was bared to unimaginable suffering. All the years were facing him now, demanding to be squared and straightened before they sank back, a host of forgotten meannesses and cruelties running past and out of him now, as if this suffering paid for them in full and set them free to go. How much could he stand? A score of old issues were answered in his mind—issues in which he had actually thought he was right—seen now in their true light for the first time—things that Phœbe had said, never understood before; things that Phœbe had suffered, never understood before.

Grind of brakes beneath. The stream of flashing cinders changed to the lights of a town. Bernie fell forward on his knees to the ground, as he dropped off the dark side of the train. His feet and legs wouldn't stand at first. In the shadow of the freight cars he tried to beat some life into his limbs in the three minutes of waiting. This was Montgardet—a savage fact to accept. Montgardet was so close to Chicago that passengers coming in from the East began to get their baggage together when the town was called. There were still two more stops—Winston and Leverette, before Corson.

"Four hours," he muttered as he swung on again, "but one of them's shot to hell."

At Winston a yard man without lantern caught his leg as he scrambled to the blind from the dark side. That instant Bernie knew what the blood lust meant—the thought to kill. All the currents of progress and purpose were stopped, failure and death of his own before his eyes. He was pulled back to the ground. The Boomerang moved. He had no weapon. Phœbe's white face was in his eyes.

"I've got to go. My last five, mister," he heard himself saying.

He was on again, and heard the words of the yard man, a chuckle about them, asking why he didn't ride on cushions behind, with a five to spare. Then for a few minutes he was warmer from the dirty heat of the lust in his veins.

"They can't stop me," he muttered in the rush of wind again, knowing now how dear the burn and cold were to him, compared to missing the train.

The second hour finished; the third eternity was entered upon. Up into the dreams he was carried, but the place now was like a city of empty houses. Down into the hells he dropped, and they were thickly tenanted. Somewhere in here, before Leverette, was the darkest place of the ride, and Bernie came up from that darkness with his hands still clutching the brass. Something new was with him. He was more keen to the cold and quite as keen to the torture from the burns, but more strength was in his limbs, something like clarity in his mind. Something in him wouldn't freeze. As for the hot peppering from the stack in front, he was coming up from behind.

He hid more craftily at Leverette, and was on again for the last quarter. He was thinking of coffee at Corson and buying his way up to Leeds, but the five was gone. He hardly dared to think of two hours at Corson, or how to steal his way on a local in daylight. Pride within him was putting up its last fight for life or death. Everyone knew him from Corson up.

In Michigan now, the Boomerang doing her best. He had always liked this stretch—from inside—the fifty-mile-sixty-minute stretch. Michigan—the old state lying out stark and white in level frost, and one of her sons coming home—hurtling across the border miles, a lamp in his vitals that would not blow out.

Brakes again and whistle to stop. This couldn't be Corson. It had been bitter long, but not long enough for Corson. The Boomerang came to a full stop. The engineer stepped down at the right, Bernie off at the left. Steps on the gravel; the conductor and station agent coming to confer with the engineer in front. Evidently the Boomerang had been ordered at Leverette to stop here for a telegram. Back from the engine on the far side Bernie heard the low discussion—that the strike situation was acute at Corson, that the Boomerang was to pass through a different part of the yards. The station agent was keenly aware of the crisis. His comments seemed to bother the cogitations of the two old masters. They weren't interested that the station agent hadn't been called to night service for several years.

Bernie whipping his arms in the dark just within vibration of their voices was now quickened by the nicker of a horse in a freight car, still farther from the engine. He spoke softly. The nicker came back to him with a rush, others joining in.

"Thoroughbreds," he muttered. "Thoroughbreds—thirsty and hungry and cold."

"What horses are those?" the conductor now asked.

"Race horses. Been hung up here a day and a half already," the station agent answered.

"They sound hungry—hostler with them?"

"No, the hostler was laid out at Leverette by the strikers, the stock shoved in here—to spoil."

The conductor cursed quietly. "Where are they going?"

"Marked for Chauvin in Bostock."

"The yard boys will get the worst of it for letting animals suffer like that," the conductor remarked; and added to the engineer: "Come on, Horace, we'll go."

Bernie turned from the freight car toward the blind, the protest of Chauvin's horses in his ears.

The train moved and yet Bernie stood between the engine and the stock car as one frozen. The blind meant everything that life meant to one caught in the toils of painful death. Yet the thoroughbreds were calling him. He heard their eager frenzied tramp upon the straw, the sharp crack of hoofs against the side boards. Hung up in the cold a day and a half already!

The brass rail of the blind went by his lifted hand, his knees bent to leap to it, but his feet held. A cry broke forth from his chest. The rest was sealed Pullmans speeding by.

That was the strangest and most perverted moment in Bernie Cave's life. He sank to the ground—beaten by a plan he could not read; utterly balked and thwarted by something more powerful than his own will—the neighing of the runners like voices of demons in his ears. A kind of oblivion rolled over him where he lay. The Boomerang was a mere twanging vibration in the rails when he roused. The little station was black, but he saw a swinging lantern down the path at the left.

He sat up and yelled. The lantern came to a stop. Bernie rose and called again, making for the light.

"Who is it?" a voice asked shakily.

Bernie was too near dead to call from a distance. He went forward at a limping run. The shaky voice said: "Halt!"

"Halt, hell!" Bernie gasped. "I want you."

And now he was looking into a medieval hand gun that shook. It was the station agent going home.

"I dropped off on account of those damned horses—the car for Bostock."

Bernie saw the agent's lower jaw drop and his eyes fill with a kind of insane intentness in the lantern ray.

"What—what are you?" he asked, still staring into the little man's face.

"I'm for Chauvin's horses."

"Did you fall out of the fire pocket?"

"Never mind that," Bernie said quickly. "I was late. I caught the blind at Leverette."

"You came through on the Boomerang without a coat?"

"Carload of young Southern horses," Bernie said quietly. "I traced 'em here. They did up the hostler who shipped with them. I'm here to take his place."

"Can't do anything till morning. Better come with me and get a cup of coffee."

"Nothing like that. Have you got the key to the car?" Bernie asked.

"It's open."

"And you—the town let those ponies stand in the cold and starve?"

"Everything's shot to hell. The town's with the strikers. You can't do nothing till

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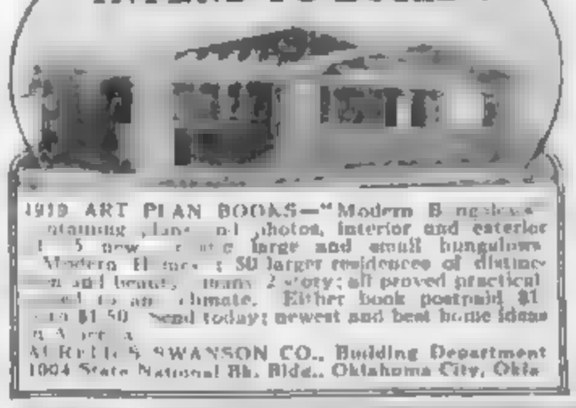

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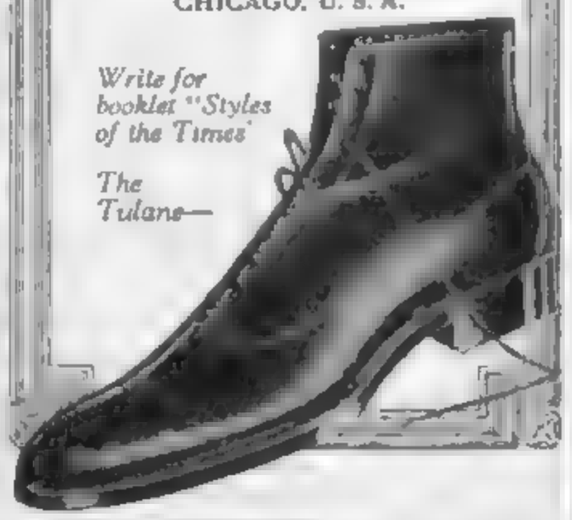

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daylight. Come along to the house with me." Bernie took him by the shoulders. The station agent's face blanched. He was looking into a diminutive death's head with some strange white fire burning far back in the skull. His broad shoulders were shaken by blue and crippled hands.

"Listen here," tortured lips said swiftly. "If I sat down now I'd die. A cup of coffee'd knock me cold. Forget your house for a minute and stay with me. You can finish off the night by a real piece of work for once in your life."

The man's eyes answered with a queer gleam. He saw what Chuck Cadwell had seen in the restaurant in Schwartz Street.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I want to take the horses out first to water—the nearest water—then to the nearest warm stables. Then I want to send a telegram to Chauvin at Bostock. After that ——"

Bernie's hand fumbled up to his brow. He never could speak the name of Phœbe to a stranger.

"My name is Bernie Cave," he went on. "After the telegram is sent and the horses are watered and fed and stabled I want to be taken home to Leeds. Remember the name?"

"Bernie Cave," the man repeated. "I've heard of you, mister."

Fowler, the station agent, became deeply absorbed as they walked back toward the car. There were sixteen youngsters in shipment—shaking and hungry and athirst. Mostly their blankets were kicked or twisted awry. Some were fighting mad; all were surprised and disappointed with life. Yet the little man went among them, without the lantern, talking, straightening their blankets. Then the agent helped him rig a gangway with heavy work, and watched, fascinated, as he held the light, while Bernie Cave coaxed the first runner down the abrupt grade. The others followed easily enough, but only hypnotism started the procession.

Fowler had had some experience with horses, more or less all his life, but two were all he cared to handle on the road to town, nearly a half mile. Bernie took four halter shanks and got by with it twice. A boy from the town livery stable went back with them to the car on the second trip. By the time the wintry dawn was gray the whole sixteen were slowly warming through, in deep straw and protected stalls. Then Fowler saw the little man glance round, brace himself against a partition and start for the office where the stove was lit and the fur robes were piled.

"No, you don't, Mr. Cave," he said. "You're coming home with me."

The burned and blackened face shook slowly in negative.

"No, I'm going home," he muttered, sinking down.

The station agent sent the telegram to Chauvin, and a rig was hooked up at the stable to take Bernie to Fowler's house.

A little later when a doctor from town bent over him the little man rubbed his eyes, saying: "No shot, thank you. Just my shoes. I'm not coming back."

That night a huge man in seal furs came to the house of the agent. It was the old horseman, Chauvin, who had driven over from Bostock. The face on the pillow studied him long before reporting: "Never happened before. I had him coming up from behind all right, but he wabbled in the stretch."

"Didn't look like that from the periscope, Bernie," the old man answered. "Your win scored clean, my son—from the judge's stand."

The next day the woman came from Leeds. She had risen to answer this call. Her light step was the rhythm of life to Bernie Cave; pain could not live long under the touch of her hand. She was always near. Sometimes in lamplight he would waken and listen. She was never long coming. She never failed. When gray daylight or sunlight was in the room he had only to stop and listen—presently to hear her step. During the days when he lost the purpose for a moment, and there seemed no reason why the needle should not ease part of the pain, part of the time, she would come and sit close. Presently the old twist of the mind would straighten out and the craving of the myriad cells would become less important than to keep the soft shining in her eyes. He had to figure it out a long time when they told him he had been in Fowler's house for six weeks.

"It only took Bert Goodrich two," he said, "but he had an overcoat."

On one of the last days at Fowler's, Phœbe whispered: "Oh, Bernie—it comes steady now, and I love it so!"

"What?"

"What the boys used to call The Gamester. I loved it then—those swift-passing moments—but now it comes and stays and lives. You're being born all over again."

He did not speak.

"But all the old that I loved so—all that is there just the same," she added in a whisper. So the dream was coming true down on the floor of things.

"Chauvin is coming with a machine tomorrow to take us home," she went on, "and it has come so wonderfully true—what you said—oh, quite beyond dreams."

"What, Phœbe?"

"What you said before you went away. Don't you remember—just as you left me in Leeds—that you would come back clean and a winner?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
More Than Two Million a Week

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Early Power Construction Job for S. D. Warren Company Brought Contract for Latest Water Power Plant

TWENTY-EIGHT years ago we carried out our first construction work for S. D. Warren & Company in connection with their great paper mill at Cumberland Mills, Maine. We also built their most recent water power plant at Dundee Falls on the Presumpscott River and tied it into the older system. Our client, now nationally known as S. D. WARREN COMPANY, writes:

"It was natural for us to turn to you again to build our latest water power plant as you had constructed for us in 1891 our first electrical development which was also the first high pressure line in New England. Your recent work at Dundee Falls was done thoroughly well in remarkably short time and the way you carried it on was beyond praise. We regret that Nature has not provided us with additional water powers to develop."

This power plant is typical of many we have designed and built for large industrial establishments compelled to generate their own power. Complete satisfaction with results, we find, is best assured if we work *with you* rather than *for you*, and if we begin when your plans for a plant or extension are first taking shape.

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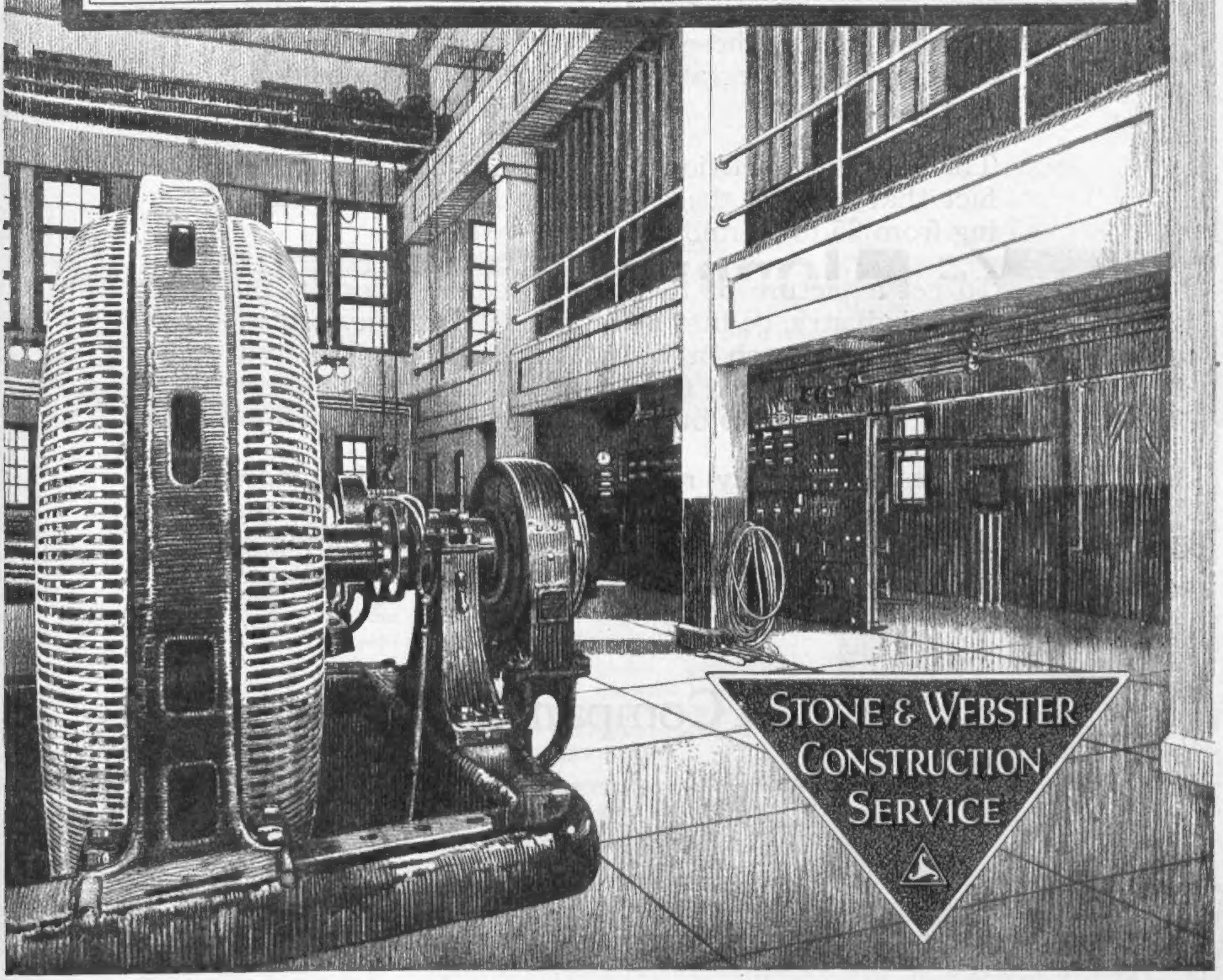


Many hundreds of packers compete for the nation's meat business

It has been said that the five largest packers have no real competition and therefore practically control the meat supply of the country.

Anybody who knows the real facts realizes how absurd this contention is.

Besides the five largest packers there are 266 other packing concerns doing an interstate business.

In addition to these, there are many hundreds of smaller packing establishments operating locally all over the country.

That this competition is real, is evidenced by the fact that some of these concerns do a business ranging from 25 to 50 million dollars yearly.

To get a picture of the intense competition in the meat industry, go into any Swift & Company branch house and watch a half hour's selling. You will realize that Swift & Company has to fight for every dollar's worth of its business.

There is probably no business in America more keenly competitive than the packing industry, and none that serves the public on a smaller margin of profit—a fraction of a cent a pound from all sources.

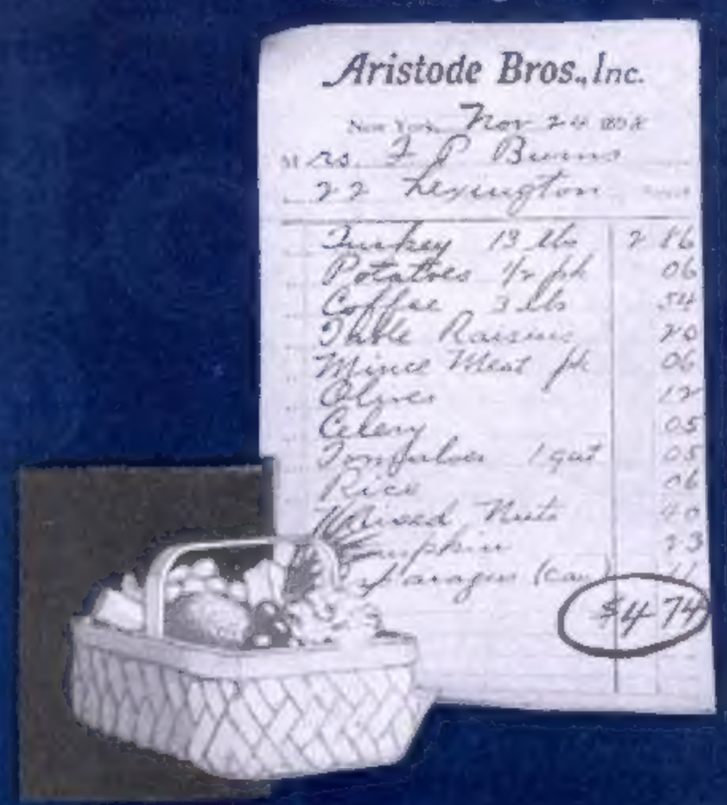
Swift & Company, U.S.A.

Founded 1868

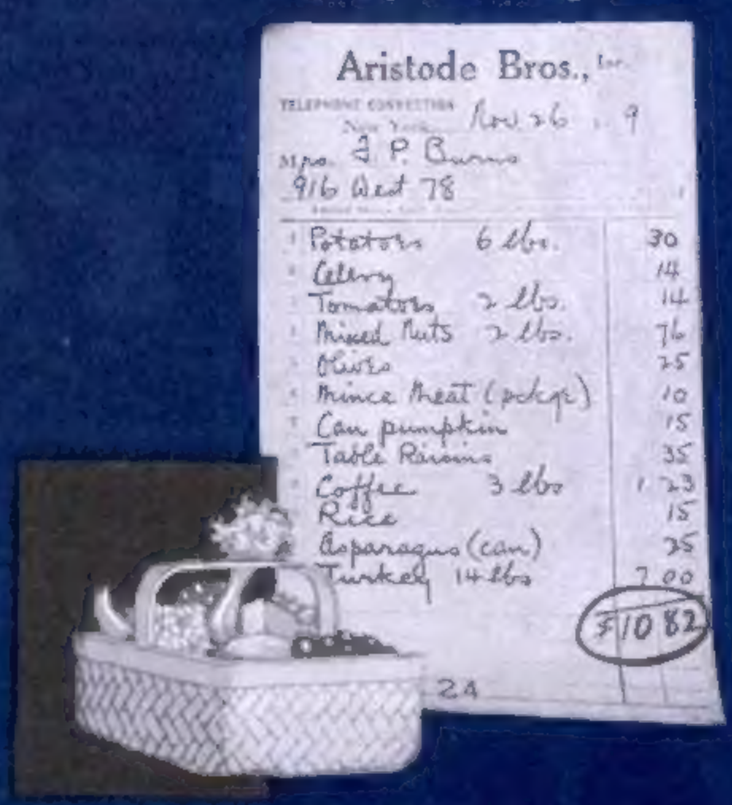
A nation-wide organization owned by more than 30,000 shareholders

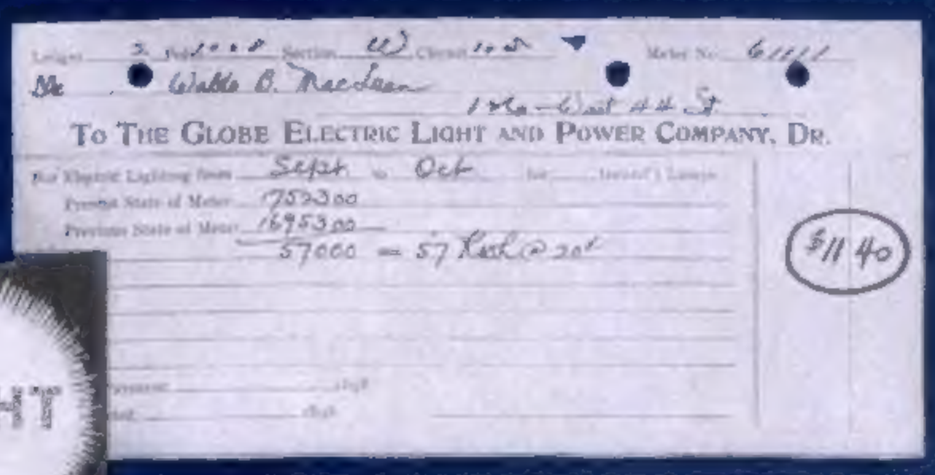
One Reason for Thanksgiving —

1898



1919

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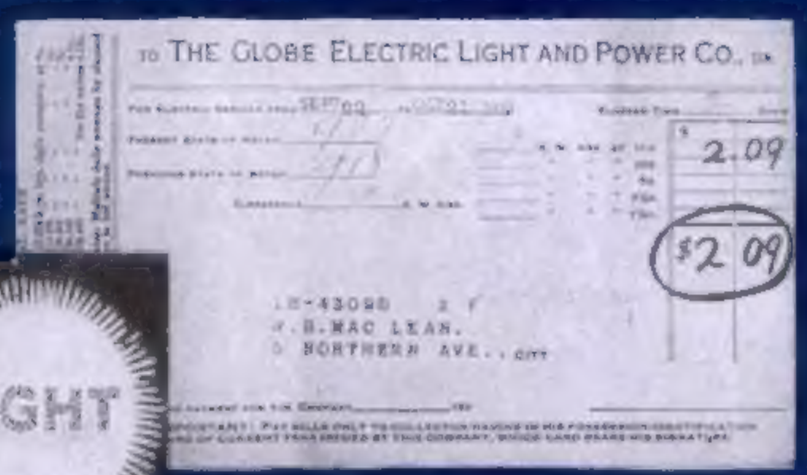
LIGHT



LIGHT

IN 1898—21 years ago—the cost of living began to go up—the cost of electric light started to go down.

This year—1919—six dollars *more* than in 1898 for the *same* Thanksgiving dinner—but nine dollars *less* for the *same* amount of electric light.

Thanks to MAZDA Service working constantly for better light, and to lighting companies working for better service, electric light is *one* commodity that has continuously gone *down* in cost while practically all others have steadily gone *up*.

EDISON MAZDA

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EDISON LAMP WORKS OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

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Which Grafonola will you give for Christmas?

The pure, sweet tone of Columbia Grafonolas, clear, resonant, and full, makes them a constant joy to hear. The beauty of their cabinets makes them a joy to see. The great variety of Columbia Models makes it certain that there is a Grafonola for every purse and taste.

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Thus there are many styles and prices to choose from when you select your Christmas Grafonola. But one thing is always the same with every model of any price—the satisfaction of giving and receiving a perfect musical instrument.

Look for the Tone Leaves

A standard Columbia Grafonola can be instantly identified by its Tone Leaves. This exclusive Columbia advantage, which permits the most exact and exquisite shading of tone volume, is a distinguishing feature of every standard model Columbia Grafonola at every price. Look for the Tone Leaves.

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